

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

December 26, 1962

PRICE

1/-

Santa's Australian Adventure

By OGDEN NASH

A Doctor writes:
**SELF HELP FOR
YOUR NERVES**

See page 4

A
*Merry
Christmas
1962*

Gulf Country Christmases

By ELIZABETH
O'CONNER





LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Father Knows Worst

I AM the father of a family of boys and I always seem to have been completely out of touch with them. They go to their mother with any problems or amusing incidents; my knowledge of them is second-hand. If I had a daughter, she might have been more of a companion to me—but perhaps this is a delusion. Are daughters more friendly to fathers? And do boys always go to Mum?

£1/1/- to "Problems" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Holiday for cooks

LAST week in a bus I overheard two women discussing Christmas plans. "Margaret has asked us there for Boxing Day," said one. "We don't much want to go. She never has anything but scraps left over from Christmas dinner." Surely visitors shouldn't begrudge the hostess a day off from cooking after the turmoil on Christmas Day and for weeks before that, too!

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Moffat, Pinjarra, W.A.

Female of the speeches

MEN certainly seem to have it all over women as far as clarity of speech is concerned. The only way I can understand what women radio announcers are saying is by standing right near the radio. If I turn up the volume and try to listen while working round the house I can't hear a word. Women announcers usually have pleasing voices, but seem to pay more attention to affectation than enunciation.

£1/1/- to "Interested Listener" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

Breaking the ice

FOR years I knew a woman who seemed very aloof. One day she officiated at a women's club. I found her address most heart-warming and inspiring, so I didn't hesitate to tell her so. It broke the strained feeling between us—and the result is I have a firm friend.

£1/1/- to "Try It Sometime" (name supplied), Blair Athol, S.A.

"Left out" feeling

IN my family of two children, one little girl is asked to birthdays and outings regularly and the other child is never included. The one who stays at home is well behaved and lovable, but, oh, so shy. Of course, this feeling of being "left out" doesn't help. We've tried many things to remedy this situation, but haven't found the answer. Can anyone help?

£1/1/- to "Worried Mum" (name supplied), Glen Waverley, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

"DAD! There's a washing-machine on!"

The call came from the TV room (formerly known as the living-room). I went in quickly to watch. One of my favorite things on TV is clothes being sloshed round inside a washing-machine.

This machine was one of the agitator type. It had a good mixture of clothes inside—a few white towels and pillow-cases, with dark-colored shirts and socks for contrast. They made striking effects as they rolled and wriggled in the water.

I don't know how they take these pictures, as there is no window on this kind of washing-machine. Perhaps they put a tiny waterproof camera in with the clothes.

It is a pity so many washing-machines are made without windows now. Ours, a fairly old one, has a window, and it gives us a great deal of pleasure.

When it is washing with its gentle tumbling action, the clothes flop about gracefully. You can see a pyjama cord winding itself round the

LOOKING IN

tea-towels, and make a guess whether they will get out again.

The spin-drying is less interesting, as the clothes move too fast to see them properly.

I think peek-a-boo washing-machines satisfy a natural desire to see what goes on inside things.

The idea has spread to stoves. Mrs. Donkling, near us, has an up-to-date stove with a window in the oven. She can play peeping Tom to a leg of lamb or spy on a batch of scones.

It hasn't improved her cooking much, but she has a lot of fun.

The same urge to look inside makes people queue up to see the Transparent Woman at the Sydney Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences.

You get a good view of most of her internal organs. She is interesting, though I don't think it gives her any extra glamor to have her liver open to the public.

Everyone to his own taste. Personally, I prefer the old-fashioned opaque woman.

With washing-machines it is different. The outside of a washing-machine—unlike that of a woman—is not interesting. The thrill comes when you see the clothes gambolling within.

Some people at our place like other things on TV. My daughters are keen on seeing girls washing their hair and having it sprayed with stuff. My son is fond of films in praise of petrol.

Shots of the inside of dish-washing machines are not bad. The trouble is the dishes stay still—there's not enough action. For lively entertainment give me some tossing singlets and T-shirts.

• "Daddy, Are You Married?" a collection of Ross Campbell's writings, is now on sale at book-shops. Published by Ure Smith. Price, 17/6.

Making money

I SUGGEST that Mrs. A. H. Vick (Brisbane), who wants to make 5/- grow for her group, buy a pair of guinea-pigs (male and female). As they are very prolific, sales of their offspring make quite a profit over a year. Another way to raise money is to make furniture out of matchboxes for dolls' houses.

£1/1/- to Ethel Woodbury, Katoomba, N.S.W.

IT would be a good idea to spend the 5/- on flower-seeds. Sow them in seedboxes filled with good, fine soil, and when the seedlings are large enough offer them for sale. Choose popular flowers and those which transplant easily. On the other hand, you might prefer to grow vegetable seed, such as lettuce and onion. These would find a ready sale.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. W. Turner, Launceston, Tas.

USE the 5/- to buy a few small prizes and have a social afternoon or evening. Make a small charge for entrance and have competitions. The money invested soon snowballs at this sort of function.

Mrs. E. Archer, Woodville West, S.A.

HAS your group thought of applying for a permit to have a street stall in your local town or suburb? Using her 5/-, each buys ingredients for sweets, cakes, biscuits, and even sewn and knitted goods, and work as a group instead of individually.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. G. Partridge, Burleigh Heads, Qld.

YOU can buy sheets of plastic foam rubber very cheaply at chain stores. Cut them out into sets for dressing-tables. They look so pretty with their edges pinked and trimmed with a plastic flower that they will sell readily for 6/- or 7/- a set.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Aimee McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

Feline forecasts

I NO longer have to listen to weather forecasts on TV or the wireless. The family cat seems much more dependable. When she washes behind her ears it is bound to rain. Has anyone a similar cat?

£1/1/- to "Cat Watcher" (name supplied), Naremburn, N.S.W.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 198 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4083WW, G.P.O., Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 188C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 31 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: O/o Newspaper House, 175 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

DECEMBER 26, 1962

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• One nerve-racking year, Father Christmas nearly failed to turn up in their part of the Outback, says Elizabeth O'Conner, author of "Steak For Breakfast," who wrote "Christmas in the Gulf," page 8.

SHE writes: Foolishly, I had sent my order rather late. On top of that, heavy rain washed away a railway bridge. "We'll never get the stuff in time," I said to Danny. "Whatever shall we tell the children if Father Christmas doesn't come?" "Tell them he got held up by floods." "But didn't you say that he always got through? Something about a helicopter, wasn't it?" "Cripes, so I did!" Danny scratched his chin.

On Christmas Eve the postmistress rang to say that the train had got through. "Yes," she said cheerfully, "there are several parcels for you. But no one will be going out until next week."

This meant a special trip for Danny at zero hour.

At four o'clock that afternoon the low dark ceiling of cloud burst like a wet paper-bag and I remembered the creeks that Danny must cross on his way home.

With a catch at my throat I watched the children hang their pillowslips. I listened with desolation to their excited chatter.

Danny got through, of course. He always does. At midnight we began untying string with feverish fingers.

Upstairs a board creaked. Julie's voice, high and clear, came from above: "Is that you, Father Christmas?"

Danny leapt up the steps and intercepted our daughter. "Father Christmas had a

Our Cover

• Attractive decorations wish "A Merry Christmas, 1962," to everyone. The tree (arranged by Mrs. Robert Reed), the Madonna (by Mrs. John Dunlop), and the choir-boys (by Mrs. Peter Blake and Mrs. Charles Neil) were exhibited at a "Festival of Christmas" at Orange, N.S.W., last year.

spot of bother," I heard him explain. "Helicopter bogged down by the lagoon. Unloaded his stuff here, but refuses to hand out the goods until you're sound asleep." To give a more realistic touch to this story, Danny plodded down through the slushy darkness armed with a shovel to make helicopter bog marks by the side of the lagoon. In the morning these caused almost as much excitement as the presents.

THE suggestion that we use the Ogden Nash verse (on opposite page) came to us from Mrs. O. K. Pedersen, of West Vancouver, Canada.

Mrs. Pedersen read the tale of the kangaroo helping to pull Santa's sleigh in "Family Circle," a little magazine distributed in American supermarkets.

She wrote: "I immediately thought that the story would be enjoyed by your readers."

We agreed, so bought the rights by cabling New York.

An unpublished adventure

of SANTA CLAUS

When witty American poet Ogden Nash wrote "The Unpublished Adventures of Santa Claus," he set one of them in Australia, "where the friendly city of Perth cheered Colonel Glenn with the lights of earth." The adventures, he claims, were told him by an elf who works for Santa painting the stripes on candy sticks. This Australian adventure recalls the time a reindeer went lame and a kangaroo helped to pull Santa's sleigh.

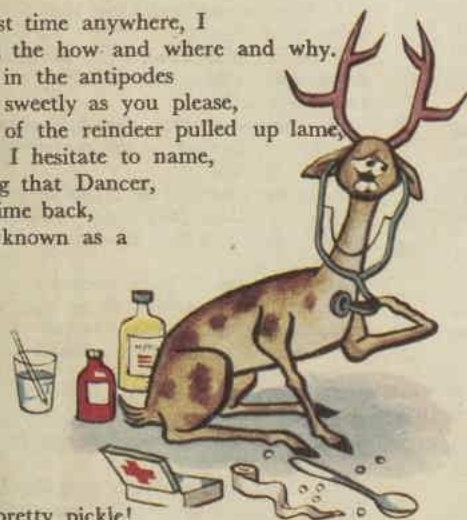
By Ogden Nash

Think back to a Christmas some years ago
When deliveries ran a trifle slow,
And children complained to their helpless mothers
Of presents clearly designed for others.
Tonight,

For the first time anywhere, I
Will reveal the how and where and why.
Santa was in the antipodes

Soaring as sweetly as you please,
When one of the reindeer pulled up lame,
A reindeer I hesitate to name,
Only noting that Dancer,
For some time back,

Had been known as a
Hy-
Po-
Chon-
Dri-
Ac.



Here's a pretty pickle!
What's to be done?
There's a race against the clock to run.
Santa halted beneath a eucalyptus,
And he groaned, "The clock will have soon outstripped us,
And children will weep
From attic to basement
Unless I can find a swift replacement."
He was scratching his head
And tugging his beard,
When a kangaroo
Up and volunteered.
Never had been
Such a friend in need;
Santa hitched him beside his complaining steed—
The kangaroo gave a mighty bound,
And the ill-matched team flew off the ground.
He leaped like a frog
Off a lily pad
Or a ballet dancer
Gone raving mad,
Like a tiddelywink
Or a whooping Sioux,
And especially like—
A kangaroo.
They popped from the earth
Like toast from a toaster,

Then swooped and looped
Like a roller coaster;
Dipping,
Swerving,
Hairpin curving,
Somersaulting and topsy-turvyng.
Swollen with pride
In his own kind action,
The kangaroo strove to give satisfaction.
He slapped his tail
On the Little Bear,
And cleared the moon with inches to spare.
The sleigh was like a boy at the tip
In a vigorous game of crack-the-whip.
And after a specially splendid hop
The bottom would often turn up on top.

Oh, what a jumble
In Santa's sack
As it bounced about like a jumping-jack!
Once it had been such an orderly space,
Every toy had its special place,
A bug in a rug
Was never snigger;
Now all was awry and huggermugger,
Littery,
Cluttery,
Joggledy,
Jiggledy,
Horridly-squiggledy higgledy-piggledy.
Trains and their tracks together fell,
Bicycles, tricycles,
All pell-mell.
Ice skates, roller skates,
Helter-skelter,
Mrs. Noah
Tossed from her shelter.
Tumbling dolls and teddy-bears
Played willy-nilly at musical chairs;
Nothing was in its proper location,
'Twas a scene of
Kangaruination.

Where, you may ask,
Had Santa gone?
He was busy simply hanging on.
The reindeer couldn't tell head from hoof,
What was cellar and what was roof.

Before their eyes
Were nothing but specks
As their collars pressed against their necks.
Indeed, they might truly have choked to death
Had Dancer not finally caught his breath.
He gasped as he'd never gasped before,
"I think—

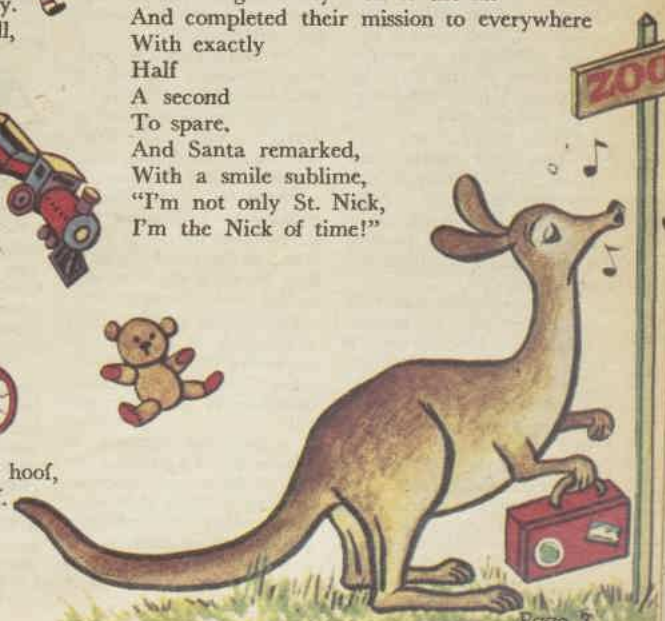
That I'm—
Not — lame — any — more!"
Santa roared an overpowering "Whoa!"
Then headed the sleigh for the ground below.
They paused to unhitch the kangaroo,
Who told them he'd like to enter a zoo,
And by way of saying farewell he trilled a
Kangaroo version of "Waltzing Matilda."
Dancer firmly stated,

There and then,
That since he would never go lame again,
Santa needn't resort,
On his account,
'To a grizzly bear
Or a catamount.

Said Santa, "My pack is in a mess,
But it's got to remain that way, I guess.
There's no time to rearrange the toys,
So there'll be some astonished girls and boys.
I'll never know which was meant for who
Because of that kindly kangaroo!"

So once again they took to the air
And completed their mission to everywhere
With exactly
Half

A second
To spare.
And Santa remarked,
With a smile sublime,
"I'm not only St. Nick,
I'm the Nick of time!"



A doctor offers: SELF HELP

● Nervous breakdown! To the average person the expression has an ominous sound, veiled in mystery and confusion. Yet anyone, given enough strain, sorrow, or conflict, could experience one. There is no precipice over which we need fall — if we read the signs correctly.

By WINIFRID MUNDAY

DR. WEEKES describes the case of a male patient in such a state of tension through "nerves" that he was unable to walk or feed himself.

After learning the trick of freeing his muscles by floating past obstructive thought, he was feeding himself unaided, and announced he was ready to walk.

No sooner had the patient stood up than a nurse, seeing him sway, said hurriedly: "Look out — you might fall!"

Facing . . .

The patient, describing the event, said he nearly crumpled to the floor until he heard a voice in the background saying, "Float, and you can do it. Float past fear," and he walked down the hospital ward and back.

Dr. Weekes describes how a woman, in a similar state of tension, was reduced to tears because her shaking hands could not find a car key in her bag.

How, on another occasion, after learning to "float" past her worries, she was able to say, "The keys can't be too far away. I've floated past two bills, a lipstick, and a purse. I'll float around a bit longer and soon find them." Her hands were almost steady: she had learned to float past tension.

Both of these people had been stricken by a nervous breakdown — and cured by accepting, instead of fighting, their nerves.

"Many people," says Dr. Weekes, "are tricked into breakdowns. Continuous fear, whatever the cause, gradually sensitises their adrenalin-releasing nerves to produce a set pattern of disturbing sensations."

"If asked to pinpoint the beginning of a nervous breakdown, I would say it is the moment when the sufferer becomes afraid of the alarming, strange sensations produced by continuous fear and tension, and so places himself in the vicious circle of fear-adrenalin-fear."

"In response to fear more and more adrenalin is released, and organs are thus stimulated to produce more intense sensations, which in-

spire more fear. The circle goes round and round and so does the sufferer, lost and confused."

Dr. Weekes says that the sufferer from "bad nerves" is neither a fool nor a coward, but often a remarkably brave person who fights his nerves with commendable, although often misdirected, courage. He may fight every waking moment with sweating hands and tensed muscles.

But the harder he fights the worse he becomes. Fighting means more tension, more stimulation of the adrenalin-releasing nerves.

The sufferer may develop severe headache like an iron band encircling his head or a weight pressing on top of it. He may be giddy, nauseated, have difficulty in expanding his chest to take a deep breath, feel a heavy soreness around his heart.

He may also have "funny turns" such as abnormally slow or "missed" heart-beats, and weak, trembling turns. He loses interest in everything and everybody and is easily upset by trifles.

The symptoms are the same whether the breakdown is mild or severe. Dr. Weekes describes two main types of breakdown, the simpler type caused by fear of the physical sensations of breakdown and the more complicated type caused by problems, sorrow, guilt, or disgrace.

She summarises the treatment of "nerves" and nervous breakdown (the difference between them is only one of degree) under four headings: facing, accepting, floating, and letting time pass.

Facing up to symptoms, learning to understand and accept them, instead of being afraid of them and trying to fight them, is the first step on the road to recovery.

Dr. Weekes advises sitting comfortably in a chair and examining the upsetting sensations, analysing each and describing it aloud to yourself.

A churning stomach, so frightening to a nervous victim, is not so very different from an ordinary pain when you analyse it and stop shrinking from it. It is not some monster trying to possess you. Be prepared to

accept and live with it for the time being.

Hands may sweat and tremble, but they are still good hands to use.

Acceptance of the sweating, trembling hands will bring a little peace, and so begin to still the outflow of adrenalin, and the sweat glands will calm down. It is as simple as that.

Dr. Weekes goes through the list of symptoms, explaining them and advising how to accept and let time pass, how to live and work with the symptoms without paying them too much respect.

Describing the magic "floating" formula, Dr. Weekes says, "To float is just as important as to accept, and it works similar magic."

"Let 'float' and not 'fight' be your slogan. When you fight you become tense, and tension inhibits action. When you think of floating you relax, and this helps action."

"Masterly inactivity is another way to describe it. It means to give up the struggle, to stop holding tensely on to yourself, trying to control your fear. It means to stop meeting each obstacle as if it were a challenge that must be overcome before recovery is possible. It means to by-pass the struggle, to go around, not over, the mountain — to float, and let time pass."

The more complicated nervous breakdown, brought on by deep sorrow, harrowing guilt, disgrace, or insoluble problems, is described in detail.

An apparently insoluble problem is the commonest cause of complicated nervous breakdown.

Accepting...

"Most of us," says Dr. Weekes, "shrink from a distressing problem at first, but we eventually solve it or compromise, if necessary. The person in danger of breakdown dwells more and more on the unbearable aspects of the problem, and finds no solution."

"When he thinks of it, he panics. He begins to feel the physical strain of continuous fear and tension and his hands sweat, he feels nauseated, his heart pounds. His day becomes colored by his 'tragedy'. He may forget it for a few moments, only to remember it suddenly in the midst of happiness, and his heart sinks like lead,

"He may continue for weeks, even months, trying to work, but gradually losing all joy in living. Eventually his work suffers, his appearance suffers, and his colleagues notice his strangeness."

Such a person becomes sensitised to his imagined unworthiness, and sub-conscious guilt raises its head.

The guilt is rarely as great as the sufferer imagines. He has lost his ability to keep it in proportion, because his emotional reactions at the memory of it are so grossly exaggerated. His life to him may seem all guilt.

The victim has to understand that his tired mind has lost its resilience, and because of this his thoughts race on automatically, seemingly beyond his control.

At this stage he loses all confidence. The past months have been spent in unending hesitation between two paths, so that now decision, even about small things, requires herculean effort.

He is constantly trying to prove that he is still master of himself, and not the coward he is beginning to suspect he might be.

Obsession is another frightening aspect of complicated nervous breakdown. This, more than any other symptom, convinces the sufferer that he must be on the way to madness.

"Most of us have a mild obsession or two," says Dr. Weekes. "For instance, there is the woman who, on going out, must return and check the taps and gas jets although she knows perfectly well she turned them all off before leaving."

"Obsession that comes with nervous breakdown is more demanding than this and is characterised by repeated compulsive thought or action which is always distasteful, even fearful, to its victim."

There was the patient so afraid of a stroke that it developed into an obsession. When he stooped, blood rushing to his face reminded him forcibly of his blood pressure and a possible stroke. He ordered new power-switches in his home to be placed waist high so that he need not stoop.

There was a sick nurse who had babies under her care who could not pass a

14 DO'S AND DON'TS

1. Don't run away from fear. Analyse it and see it as no more than a physical feeling. Don't be bluffed by a physical feeling.

2. Accept all the strange sensations connected with your breakdown. Don't fight them. Float past them. Recognise that they are temporary.

3. Let there be no self-pity.

4. Settle your problem as quickly as you can, if not with action, then by accepting a new point of view.

5. Waste no time on "What might have been . . ." and "If only . . ."

6. Face sorrow, and know that time will bring relief.

7. Be occupied. Don't lie in bed brooding. Be occupied calmly, not feverishly trying to forget yourself.

8. Remember that the strength in a muscle may depend on the confidence with which it is used.

9. Accept your obsessions and be prepared to live with them temporarily. Do not fight them by trying to push them away. Let time do that.

10. Remember your recovery doesn't necessarily depend "entirely on you," as so many people are so ready to tell you. You may need help. Accept it willingly, without shame.

11. Don't be discouraged if you cannot make decisions while you are ill. When you are well it will be easy enough to make decisions.

12. Don't measure your progress day by day. Don't count the months, years you have been ill and despair at the thought of them. Once you are on the road to recovery, recovery is inevitable however protracted your illness may have been.

13. Never accept defeat. Remember, it is never too late to give yourself another chance.

14. Face, accept, float, and let time pass. If you do this you must get well.

window in the hospital without feeling the urge to throw the baby in her arms into the street below.

"It is a revelation to the victim of 'nerves' to learn that his mysterious and bewildering symptoms have been experienced by many before him," Dr. Weekes explains.

"When the whole box of tricks is laid out before him and he understands what he is facing, it loses much of its terror."

Dr. Weekes has reservations about shock treatment. She acknowledges its value in giving effective and quick

relief to many, but points out that: "Many people who have had shock treatment wish, deep in their hearts, that they could have recovered without it."

"They realise that had they recovered by their own efforts they would know the way back to health," she says.

"When a person knows the way back he loses his fear of becoming ill again. In place of apprehension he has a confidence nothing can destroy. He may know the way in, but he also knows the way out."

"The man or woman

FOR YOUR NERVES

● Dr. Claire Weekes, a Sydney doctor, in her book "Self Help For Your Nerves" tells how anyone can unwittingly fight themselves into a nervous breakdown and, with understanding and help, "float" themselves out again and back to health. This is a book for everyone, whether they suffer from bad nerves or not, because it could be an insurance against a future breakdown.

cured by shock treatment has not this same sense of satisfying achievement or self-mastery."

The object of Dr. Weekes' book is to cure people without the aid of shock treatment.

The patient who has had shock treatment will find much in the book to help him. It will clarify the origin of his illness, and show him how he could have cured himself without the aid of shock treatment. It will also teach him how to avoid future breakdown, helping him to find confidence.

Dr. Weekes has four rules for encouraging breakdown sufferers:

● Carry out instructions wholeheartedly. A half-hearted try is useless.

● Never be discouraged by apparent failure. Failure is only as severe as you will let it be. The decision to accept and carry on turns the worst failure into success. There is no "point of no return" in nervous breakdown. A day of deep despair can be followed by a day of hope, and just when you think you are at your worst you can turn the corner to recovery.

● There must be no self-pity, no dramatisation of self. No thinking, "How little the family understands, how little they realise how ghastly this suffering is." Self-pity wastes strength and time and frightens away those who would otherwise help you.

If you are honest, you will admit that some of your self-pity is pride; pride that you have withstood so much for so long. Of this you can be justly proud, and let recognition of this endurance give you confidence when you approach this new method of treatment.

● There must be no sighing, "If only . . ." What has happened, if it cannot be remedied, is now past, finished. The present and the future must be your main concern. Life lies ahead. So remember, no more "if only."

One of the commonest symptoms of nervous breakdown is loss of confidence. Dr. Weekes discusses its manifestations, the feeling that the victim's personality is disintegrating, the quick, fierce flashes of emotional reaction to the slightest unpleasant stimulus, the lack of clear thinking, the mental tiredness which is accompanied by headaches.

She says, "Pull yourself together" describes so well what the victim feels he should do. It is as if he must gather the scattered pieces of his personality together and fit them into place before a confident, integrated person can emerge.

"Do not be alarmed by the term 'disintegration' if you have not heard it before.

"Your personality has not truly disintegrated. Your adrenalin-releasing nerves are merely oversensitised by fear and continuous tension, and your mind slowed by fatigue. This creates the illusion of disintegration.

"When your emotional reactions calm, you will feel integrated again. You are now passing through a temporary phase. Integration and confidence return together. One depends on the other, and both depend on peace of mind."

Dr. Weekes warns that the system of "facing, accepting, floating, and letting time pass" may seem to be simple. But it may be necessary to turn to the book for help, again and again.

It will take time to recover from a state of nervous oversensitisation, and the road to recovery may be beset with many temporary failures.

One patient complained, "I'm tired of being up one minute and down the next. I'd almost rather stay down

however small, gives you courage to try again."

In a breakdown, normal emotions seem frozen. Many feel no love, even for their own children. It is as if they have a vacuum where their feelings should be. Such a person has merely exhausted his capacity to feel normal emotion, because he has felt fearful emotion too intensely and too long.

It is a mistake to try to force normal feelings when this happens. One must wait for their return, as they inevitably will return with recovery.

Floating . . .

One patient complained that she had felt no contact with her husband and children for months. After six weeks' treatment away from the family she began to worry about their visit, whether she would feel closer to them at last.

Dr. Weekes warned her to wait for more time to pass and not demand progress from herself day by day. Reconciled to waiting longer for normal feelings to return she would be free of much tension and anxiety.

In contrast, some nervously ill mothers complain of being too aware of the family.

not necessarily to the country, Dr. Weekes says.

She advises a mother to leave home for two months, if possible, and not to think she is "deserting the ship" by doing so.

If the mother has to stay at home, she must accept it with as little frustration as possible.

She should remember that it is not so much getting up to the children that keeps her awake but the lying in bed afterwards, burning up with the thought of how she would like to hang, draw, and quarter every one of



DR. CLAIRE WEEKES

happily only emphasises their own isolation and misery.

Some find that although they lose themselves in a movie, to come back to reality when the performance is over can be such a contrast, such a shock that their illness seems more overwhelming, more hopeless than ever.

It is strange experiences like these that make a nervous breakdown a bewildering maze, a constant source of torture. To get out of this maze you must go forward and meet these experiences when they come, says Dr. Weekes.

Do not try to avoid them, but do not challenge them and seek them out unnecessarily. Accept them, and be prepared to let more time pass until you can face them without suffering.

self a small, daily self-indulgence.

"When she saw violets on the flower stall, instead of thinking 'Such a price to pay for violets! What an extravagance!' she bought them, and made a point of enjoying them throughout the day, stopping to smell and admire them. She was changing the pattern of her emotions by purposely introducing happy moments.

"Indulge yourself in this way, so that you will grow used to the feeling of happiness again," Dr. Weekes says. "It will gradually replace anxiety."

Idleness can be torture to the "nerve" sufferer. Occupation in the company of other people is his best crutch.

But it is essential that he is not still bewildered by his problems, and is not throwing himself into occupation as a way of fighting them. This leads to greater exhaustion and more bewilderment.

For the housewife, Dr. Weekes tries to find creative occupation, different from housework and yet not demanding too much concentration.

"It is sometimes difficult to convince a husband that it is better for his wife to attend a class in making artificial flowers than to be home cooking his dinner," she says. "His attitude is often: 'If she can fiddle with flowers, why can't she cook supper?'"

"If you are a nervously sick housewife, do not feel guilty if you want to leave the dishes, make artificial flowers, breed dogs, or dig in the garden," she says.

"Housework is rarely interesting to a woman with a breakdown, and since interest is the force that will lift you back to normal, find it where you reasonably can."

And letting time pass

all the time and be done with it!"

It is true, says Dr. Weekes, that just when you think you have turned the corner you can have your worst setback. Don't waste time and energy trying to discover why, she warns. It is only important to realise that tomorrow is another day and could be the best yet, however severe your setback today.

Don't measure progress day by day. "Looking forward hopefully is a tremendous help," says Dr. Weekes. "It draws you past the yesterdays, past today, past the tomorrows, until you find recovery."

"When you have achieved confidence by your own effort, nothing can quite take it away again. No future defeat can quite destroy it. It may seem in moments of despair that it is gone, but the memory of past successes,

They feel, "It isn't fair that I should be made to feel everyone else's happiness depends on me. Why can't they try to make me happy for a change?"

It is easy for a person with a nervous breakdown to become sensitive and suspicious. He may think his friends are talking about him, and sometimes they are.

Dr. Weekes says, "Do not be disconcerted by, or question, what you think is strangeness in the behaviour of others toward you. Accept it all."

"Shrug your shoulders and think, 'I'm not going to be silly. It will come right in time. Time will fix it.' It will. Look ahead to the peace of recovery and let time carry you there."

If possible, the patient should go to new surroundings to speed recovery—but

to be dragged back into the quagmire before you can save yourself," says Dr. Weekes.

"Change refreshes—even such small changes as these."

Working out of doors is particularly recommended for depression. The brightness, the expanse of sky, the absence of restraining walls, the movement, all help to keep spirits raised and troubles in proportion.

It is often better for a depressed person to sit in the local movies or have a meal in a busy shop or restaurant than to rest in the lonely peace of solitude.

Some people with nervous breakdown refuse to visit the movies. They say the feeling of unreality they experience there makes them more aware of the frightening, unreal feeling of their breakdown. Others say that to hear people laughing

CRAVEN FILTER

Christmas gift packs



Festive packs of
50 Craven Filter cigarettes — **8/7**



Ideal plastic gift pack of 30 Craven Filter
cigarettes and pocket lighter — **10/6**



Special Christmas carton
of 10 packets of 20 — **32/6**

A complete lift-out novel, "LEAVE IT TO THE TOFF," by JOHN CREASEY, will be in our next week's issue. (Details page 10.)



MR. AND MRS. JOHN CREASEY and their two sons, Martin, 19, and Richard, 18. It is a working trip for the whole family.

Author on a crime safari

WHEN globe-trotting crime writer John Creasey and his family arrive in Sydney soon they will have with them two cars, two typewriters, scores of notebooks, a tape-recorder, a camera, a complete set of recommended spares for each car, and a first-aid box equipped for everything from seasickness to snakebite.

Mr. Creasey is on a 15 months' working holiday which will cover 75,000 miles of Africa, Asia, North and South America, and Australia at an expenditure of £12,000.

But when he gets back to England and tots up the actual cost to the family he's not expecting it to be more than £1000.

The other £11,000 will be accounted for by the six books he's writing en route and the new markets he is opening up for his crime novels and travel books.

Every member of the family is working on the trip.

Evelyn Creasey takes notes in diary form and acts as her husband's secretary; 19-year-old Martin writes and paints, illustrating books and articles for newspapers in the cities they visit; while Richard, 18, also writes and helps with the typing.

Since 1932 John Creasey has written almost 400 books under 14 different names, making him one of the world's most prolific writers. He is now 53.

Gordon Ashe, Michael Halliday, Anthony Morton, and J. J. Marric are just a few of the pen-names he has used.

On board ship on this tour he has been writing up to 10,000 words a day.

"You have to be a bit of a freak to write as I do," he says, "I never think out plots, I just let them develop as I write."

When he says write, that's just what he means — by hand, in notebooks. (He's just a two-finger typist. "And, anyway," he explains, "it's difficult in hotels to find

● "You have to be a bit of a freak to write as I do," says John Creasey, author of more than 400 "whodunits," who will visit Australia soon.

a place to balance a typewriter.")

Sometimes a book started at one weekend is in the air-mail back to England by the following one.

Before he left England, John Creasey was interviewed at his 30-room mansion in Wiltshire by a London reporter, Rhona Churchill.

He told her he turned out 24 thrillers during the past two years — four more than usual — to offset the fact that he will write only six during the tour.

This keeps up the Creasey income of about £35,000 a year.

"On the days when we're touring," he said, "I'll aim to stop driving at about four o'clock, relax for a couple of hours, then write for

two hours either before or after dinner. When we are staying in hotels for a few days I shall try to write for four or five hours."

He hopes to have reached his fifth book by the time he gets to Australia.

The family will spend three months here, motoring in every State.

Ever since he began writing professionally, about 30 years ago, John Creasey has kept a record of his progress in his notebooks.

When he first started keeping notes in his battered reporters' books one entry read: "52,000 words, payment £13." That's £1 for 4000 words. A recent entry said: "5000 words, payment £250" — which is £1 for every 20 words.

He also records how many

words he has written — more than 35 million.

John started work as an office boy at 14, and lost 24 jobs because he used to sit up half the night writing and was too tired to do his work properly during the day.

By his mid-twenties he was earning only £3/10/- a week as a clerk, but had managed to save £50 from contributions in the form of articles and poems.

"I decided to set up as a full-time author on that," he recalls, "and started writing at the rate of 20,000 words a day."

To remind himself that he hasn't always had it so good, he has kept the rejection slips he has received over the years—700 in all.

To maintain his output he keeps yet another notebook in which he plans his work a year in advance. For instance, one year he set himself a target of 15 books, working out in advance the date for the beginning and ending of each.

One of his best-known detectives is "The Toff." Creasey has written more than 40 books featuring him, and more than 30 have featured the police Department Z.

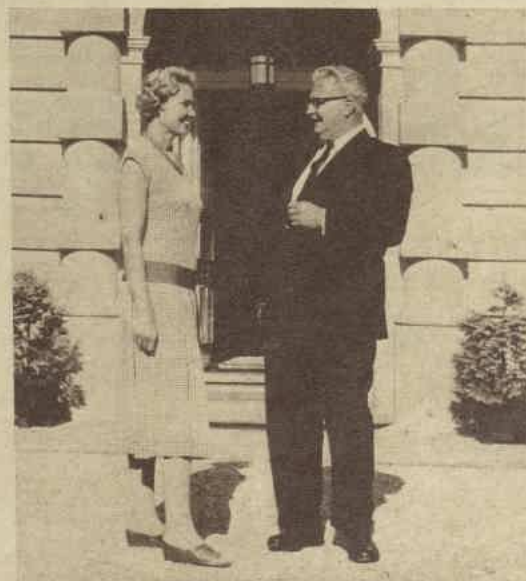
Inspector West and Dr. Palfrey are other well-known figments of his lively imagination and are household words to readers of his "whodunits."

He is chairman of the Crime Writers' Association, the only British member of the Western Writers of America, and a member of the board of the Mystery Writers of America.

In 1961 the Mystery Writers awarded him an "Edgar" for the outstanding crime novel of the year. The book was "Gideon's Fire," written under his J. J. Marric pen name.

An Edgar is a statuette of Edgar Allan Poe, father of American mystery fiction.

John Creasey denies that he is a "writing machine," and with typical British understatement sums himself up as a "reasonably simple, naive kind of fellow."



AUTHOR John Creasey with his wife (and secretary). He averages ten books a year.

DON'T
RISK
INFECTION
...COVER
EVERY
HURT!



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Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



Here are true stories
of a Christmas spirit
that prevails over
place and circumstance,
climate, and even creed.

When Santa came to the Gulf country

CHRISTMAS in the Gulf country on a large company-owned cattle station. What memories are stirred up by these words, what fantastic incidents are brought to mind! For in this unpredictable month of December, when anything from fires and drought to sudden flood rains can descend upon us, we approach the festive season with an unquenchable determination to keep it merry.

It has also been a time of uncertainty about domestic help. Our normal staff goes away at this time of year for a well-deserved break. A temporary cook must be installed and someone to help me in the big house and a man to milk the cows and chop wood. Once when the children were small we rashly decided to do without this transitory labor, which had not always proved a success.

"It'll be so nice," I prattled gaily to my husband. "Just ourselves and no one to bother us. I don't a bit mind the cooking and housework for that short time. And it will be a change for you, dear, to chop the wood and milk a few cows."

"Yes?" replied Danny in a tone I did not particularly like. He cocked a doubtful eye at me. "You might find that you've bitten off more than you can chew. The cooking and housework, you say?"

"Of course. There'll only be ourselves and the children. Rather fun, I think. A sort of picnic."

Danny cheated on his end of the bargain. He kept a young aborigine known as Spike for the milking and chopping.

For the first couple of days after the cook had left and the aborigines had returned to their respective missions there was a delicious sense of freedom and peace about the place. I could run through the house on bare feet, singing out of tune at the top of my voice, with no one to comment sourly, "Has the Missus gone mad?"

The cook, a good, considerate soul, had left me well stocked with bread and tins of biscuits. It wasn't until three days later that life became real and earnest.

"You didn't tell me," I accused Danny, "that these men were going to turn up." Four brawny types with healthy appetites had arrived to rig a windmill.

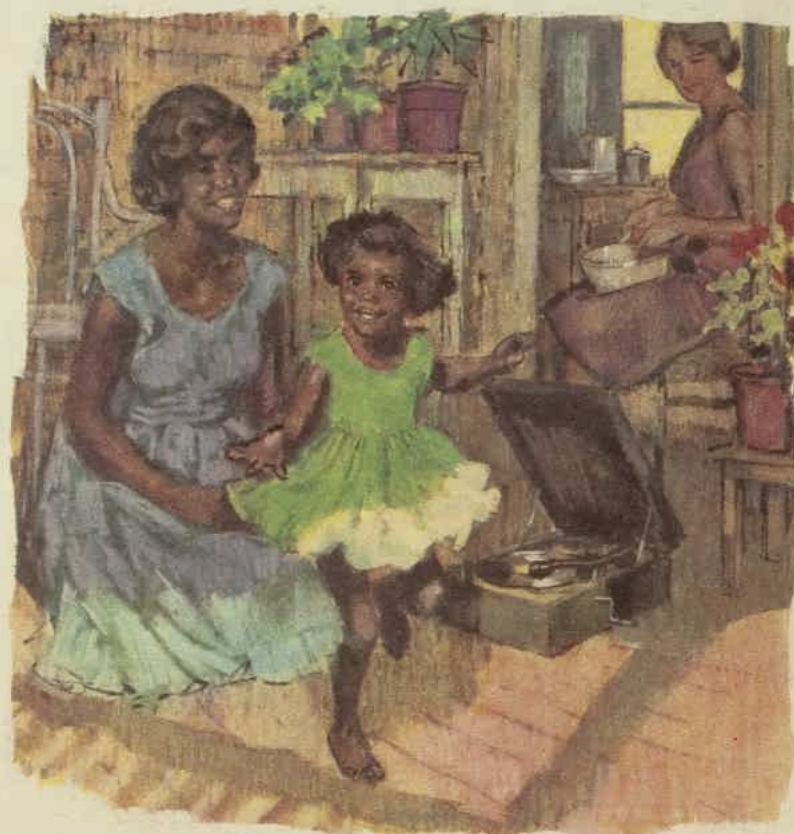
"They are not contractors," said Danny. "They will be working for wages, so we've got to feed 'em. As a matter of fact," he added more kindly, "I didn't think they were coming just now. But you'll manage, dear."

THE storms that had muttered with such promise did not come and the smoke of bushfires drew closer, so that the atmosphere was stifling. The house was beginning to assume the rather dreary look that goes with lack of constant scrubbing and polishing. The children were noisy and, left so much to their own devices, littered the long verandahs with such oddities as rusty wheels, nails, cut-out paper dolls, and syrup tins filled with sand.

However, when I realised that Christmas was only a few days off I rallied.

"Never mind," I said with a good deal of bravado, "we'll have a really slap-up, first-class Christmas dinner!"

Everything was to be cold, so that the day before I was in a flurry and the four men working on the mill got sketchy meals. But the fowls were cooked to perfection and the ham looked succulent. I stacked tins of fruit-salad into the fridge with the happy thought that all I would have to do



● Through that Christmas Day she danced like one possessed.

on Christmas Day would be to decorate the table, a job much to my liking.

On that scorching, dry twenty-fifth of December the house became more unruly than ever. Trumpets blared, balloons burst, and the children argued, but I worked contentedly in the coolness of the pantry.

Nuts and lollies in the silver dishes, olives in the little blue bowl, gherkins and pickled onions in the sweet little plates that Mother had sent, fluted paper table napkins in every glass tumbler; white damask, gleaming silver, a centrepiece of pink oleander flowers.

The windmill workers were invited to

By
**ELIZABETH
O'CONNER**

—author of "Steak for Breakfast"



dinner. "They've probably never seen a table like this," I thought smugly, and set down my crystal bowl with cold potato salad. Cold beer in the fridge. Soft drink for those who liked it. I looked about me with satisfaction.

Now I would slip upstairs and change into something fresh and cool while Danny carved up the poultry. And here he was.

"Darling, if you'd carve the fowl I'll just slip up."

"That blinkin' Spike! Going like a train right down through the horse paddock!"

"Who? Spike?"

"Cripes, aren't you listening? This fire that Spike started!"

"Oh, a fire. Yes, they're everywhere. Well, I'll just slip up..."

"It's got to be put out. I'll get hold of the boys. If it goes across the creek there'll be the devil to pay."

"Of course it's got to be put out. But dinner is ready. Christmas dinner, Danny. See the lovely table?"

"Nice," said Danny with a quick glance. "Well, look here, we shouldn't be gone more than half an hour."

It was four o'clock before the men returned, blackened and weary and far from merry.

Through the long hot afternoon, while particles of burnt grass drifted in on to my damask cloth and my dress grew limp, I watched the oleanders wilt and the olives wrinkle until they looked more like green prunes. The fluted table napkins fell sadly from the tumblers as a hot wind crept maliciously through the gauze door.

"Never mind, Mummy," said Julie, patting me with a warm, sticky hand. "You're the bestest cook! Better than Mrs. Biggs. She never has things so pretty."

NOT all our Christmases have been dry and hot. It was during one of those lush, damp, stormy Decembers that I had for help in the house a 16-year-old aboriginal girl called Ruth. A letter from the Protector had arrived on the same mail car as she did. She was to be paid very little, which seemed to indicate that he was glad to get her off his hands.

"Ruth is a difficult girl," he wrote. "She needs careful supervision. We have had a spot of bother with her and would be grateful if you could keep her well under your eye." He did not say what the bother was. We assumed she had an eye for the boys, or was light-fingered. Perhaps both.

As there were no other aboriginal women on the place at that time, I fixed up a small room for her in the house. I made it attractive with flowered curtains and

painted deal furniture, with sheets on the bed. These she discarded at once, saying with a shudder, "Them sheet like for dead person." All the aborigines preferred the rough, friendly feel of blankets, even in the hottest weather.

Ruth was tall and thin, with lank black hair that fell to her shoulders. She had a broad smile that revealed teeth large and dim, like old ivory. Her legs protruded from her short cotton skirt, slim and straight as a crane's. Always she wore a pair of down-at-heel white shoes a size too large.

It was true that she had to be constantly watched. She was untidy and not too clean about her person. She was slapdash with her work. But with the children she was an absolute triumph.

Throughout the day they hardly left her. Often during the hot afternoons I would see them crouched in the shade of the garden, three fair heads and one dark greasy one, an exclusive circle from which could be heard low muttering and then sudden bursts of laughter.

Ruth's hair would swing as she nodded with great energy. Her thin arms would work up and down like pistons as she plunged her hands about to emphasise a point. If I drew near, the pantomime would cease. I would be welcomed with silence and bright smiles.

"Goodness knows with what she is polluting the children's minds!" I complained to Danny.

"What do you talk about all day with Ruth?" I asked Susan with cunning nonchalance.

"Oh, nothing." She seemed surprised at my question.

"Just fings," said Julie.

"We only talk," said Robert with vague irritation.

RUTH was a great smasher of crockery.

Her favorite subjects were the lids of vegetable dishes and cups. When reprimanded the children came quickly to her rescue. "It wasn't her fault!" they would shout at me, grouping about her like workers protecting their queen bee.

The night before Christmas a storm as violent as any that I can remember burst upon the homestead. It battered at the tall house and shattered glass. It blew pot-plants over and created dreadful havoc in the garden. When the first savagery of the wind had died the rain came pelting down. I hurried the fearful children to bed. "The worst is over. Only the rain now. Listen to the river roaring. Sleep tight, tomorrow is Christmas."

When they were settled I returned to my bedroom to survey the wreckage of a long glass door. Looking up I was surprised to see Ruth, her straight hair sleek with the rain that had swept in upon her as she came along the open verandah. She grinned nervously, hunching her shoulders and scratching her long arms.

"I thought you had gone to bed, Ruth. Do you want me?"

"Yes, please, Missus."

"What is it, then?" Some confession of guilt, I supposed. A job forgotten? A jam-dish broken? Something must weigh heavily upon her conscience. It was unusual for her to seek me out.

It was Christmas! Whatever she had done would be forgiven. "Tell me," I said and smiled encouragement.

Ruth sighed and scratched vigorously.

"Dyer reckon ol' Daddy Christmas'll git through tennight?" asked this dark-skinned delinquent of the outback, with anxiety cracking her voice.

She could not guess at the shame that suddenly dimmed my eyes and made my

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1962

... and a Christmas fairy danced in Bombay

ON the approach of Christmas I have been buying Christmas cards and posting them to people in the countries I've been to since I started travelling about. It pulls at my heart, the thought of all the people I would like to be with.

Naturally, I think of Australia and my family—that seems the obvious place to want to be at Christmas. Yet I find myself thinking, too, of a Christmas I spent in India, that land of religions and heat.

I was staying in Bombay at the Taj Mahal Hotel, the great hotel overlooking the bay, with its lovely garden, which some people say was laid out at the back of the hotel by mistake.

It's a fascinating hotel and people from all over the world stay there. It has a vast staircase and a great dome, and long wide corridors arched and white, with tiled floors, and Indian bearers squatting here and there outside some rich sahib's door, and it has wide lounges and banquet halls, writing-rooms, and a long dining-room with an orchestra, fans moving softly all the time, and a palace of ice, made freshly every day, in the centre of the room, around which the salads and cold meats and fruits are placed.

The whole hotel smells of sandalwood, and the very thought of it now makes me feel nostalgic.

It was in this dining-room that Dorab and Boris began to discuss their annual Christmas party for orphans. It seemed that Dorab, an Indian citizen of the world and a director of the hotel, always gave this party to the girls of a Christian orphanage; it gave them pleasure and he enjoyed it very much himself.

His friend Boris, a Russian, was an officer in the Indian Army. He wore a monocle, played the piano—sadly and romantically and nostalgically, letting his monocle fall as the crocodile tears moistened his eyes, and taking a sip of his cocktail.

But he was a dear person. He and Dorab always had arguments about the Christmas party.

Boris always suggested bringing a magician to entertain the orphaned girls, and Dorab wanted something different this year: a film, for instance, or a dancer. Strangely enough, neither of them wanted to be Father Christmas, although they both wanted to distribute presents. They had a life-size two-dimensional Father Christmas, who was brought out every year, and a three-dimensional tree, which was decorated with candles and colored balls.

We were sitting at a table for four, Laura and Dorab, Boris and I. The discussion had been going on all through the meal, so as soon as I could make myself heard I offered to be the Christmas fairy and do a dance. Laura had already offered to buy and wrap the gifts.

Dorab and Boris accepted our offers, spooned up their *peche melbas*, and went on with their argument about whether to have a magician or a film.

Boris said that a film would shock the Sisters of the orphanage, but Dorab said that the Sisters only brought the children to the hotel, left them, and sent the bus for them after it was over, and that he would try to find a nice unshocking film. In the end they got the same old magician who came every year.

But Laura (who is a singer) and I went to work and organised a little programme of our own.

THAT Christmas in the Taj Mahal Hotel was to be an especially festive one, for men had been working for weeks stringing tiny lights from window to window and around the great dome, and on the little balconies, turrets, and minarets.

Dorab had a suite on the top floor with one of those small balconies, and while

would be invited to take their seats on mats and wait for Dorab and Boris to greet them with a fanfare of music.

The first game was to be Musical Chairs. I arrived rather late, because just as I had finished dressing myself in the ballet costume and was trying to fix my wings the man from the carpentry department (a great gloomy room in the basement of the hotel) came up to ask if I wanted the star of my wand nailed flat on the end of the stick like an umbrella or sideways like a signpost.

"Like a signpost!" I cried. "But haven't you finished it yet? I'm on. Here, give me the nail and the hammer—I'll do it."

"No, Memsahib, I did not bring the nail with me."

"Then please go and get it and make haste, because I'm on." The excitement of a First Night was creeping over me.

Indians are very sensitive. The carpenter caught some of my excitement and rushed along the corridor ignoring all invitations from porters and bearers to stop and have a chat, saying, "Memsahib is on! Memsahib is on!"

But it was some time before he returned and I couldn't possibly be a Christmas Fairy without my wand, so I had to wait. When he came back the wand was very nice, all glittering with frost and silver.

I ran down the corridor, sped down the stairs and along the wide tiled corridor on the first floor, passing startled hotel residents on their way to tea in the lounge, and entered an ante-chamber next to the Small Banquet Hall. I could hear Dorab and Boris still arguing—about the Musical Chairs this time.

Dorab was saying, "No, no, Boris, when the music stops, each child should sit down." And Boris was arguing that there weren't enough chairs for each child—there was one short.

"Yes, yes, Boris, that's the whole point," Dorab said patiently. "The whole point of Musical Chairs is that there is one short."

Then I heard him say, "No, no, little girl, you must not sit on that other little girl's knee. I'm afraid you're out."

After that there was a long wail, and I looked through the curtain separating the two rooms. I wasn't really on yet. I was to come in after the game and tell a story, sing a song, and dance.

I saw that the wail had come from the little girl who was "out." She was the first one, but was soon followed by others, and, of course, there was a lot of noise and chairs were being knocked over. Boris and Dorab seemed to have their hands full.

But Boris had seen me and soon his head

● "They screamed around us like hungry little lions."

shot through the curtains and he said dramatically, "You're on."

I sprang through, all smiles, and, of course, there were shrieks of delight from the orphans. This was the first good view I had of them. They were little Anglo-Indians and somehow had the look of orphans.

They were dressed in straight little dresses of cotton, perfectly clean, with their long hair tied back, and most of them had kicked off their sandals during the game. One or two wore a slim bracelet, or fine gold earrings. Most of them had pale creamy brown skin and dark eyes.

But their age-old strangeness and wildness was overlaid by a certain mild colorlessness.

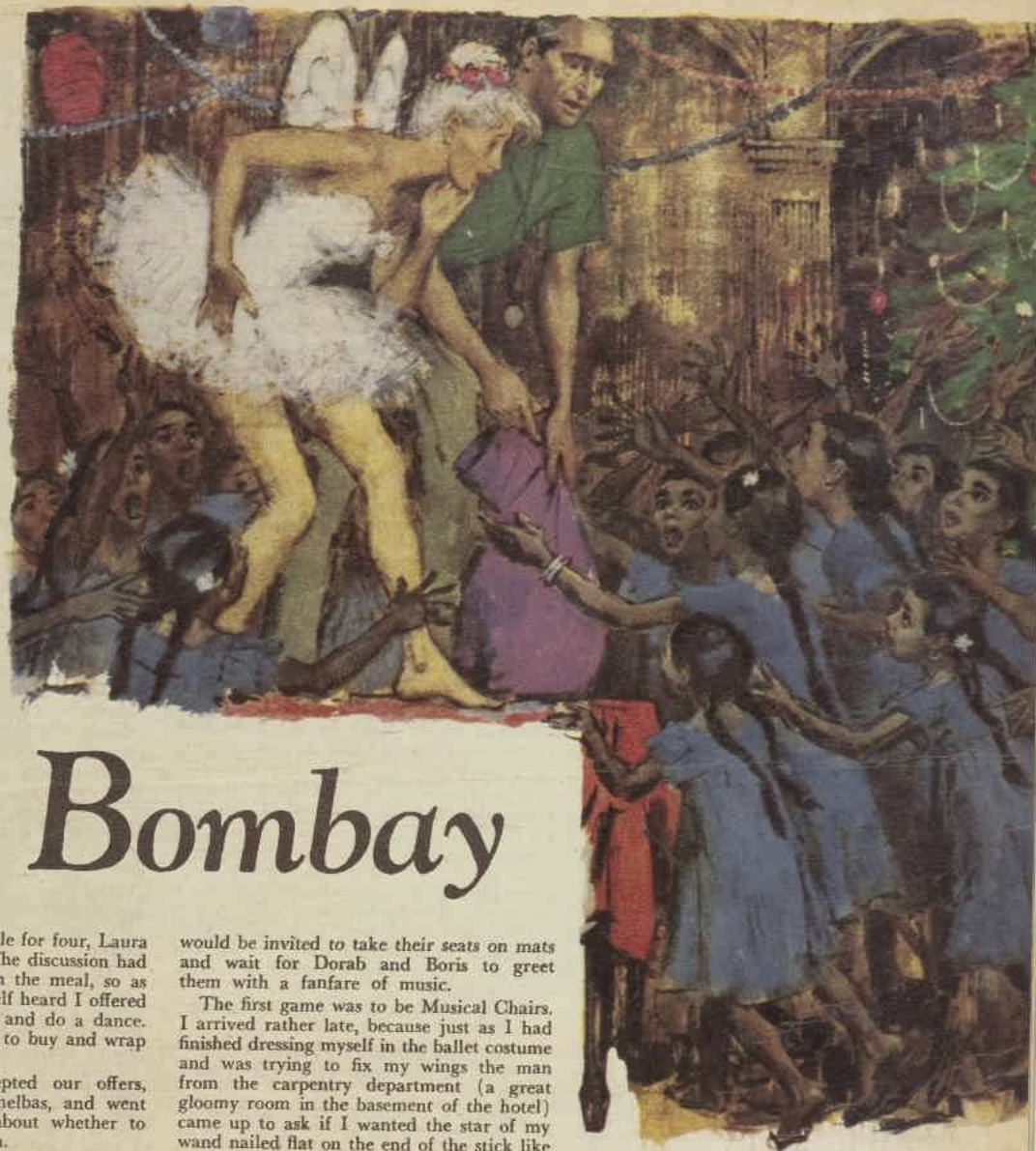
THEIR faces were full of delight, the delight that a Christmas party brings to all children, yet they remained in their places, seated on little mats, quiet after the excitement of Musical Chairs. After their first Ohs and Ahs, they waited expectantly for me to begin.

I made up a little story about Father Christmas. Then Laura put on a record and I danced on bare feet, twirling about in the ballet dress, which they, like most children, found a wonderful garment, and pointed my wand at them, saying they would all grow up to be delightful young ladies and very beautiful.

My turn was over, and now Laura and I had simply to act as hostesses. The drinks and cakes and jellies were brought in, and they all sat before a long mat on which all the food was set.

None of the Sisters were there, and Dorab, Boris, Laura, and I served the children. There was one very small boy (the only boy) who began to cry and had to be taken to the "Ladies" by Laura, where he hid himself of his hastily eaten ice-cream. Otherwise there were no mishaps,

To page 10



By
EILEEN
CRAMER



Laura and I were rehearsing there and using his piano we were constantly startled by a brown face and body passing by the windows.

By Christmastime the work of decorating the hotel, and the garden as well, was finished. We could not help being affected by the activity, and we fell completely into the festive spirit.

The programme for the orphans was to run like this: On their arrival they would be escorted up the wide staircase (not through the garden—that was to come later), and there they would be allowed to linger just a little to crane their necks and look upwards at the soft light that filters through the semi-transparent dome.

Then they would be led through the wide lounge and reading-room into the Small Banquet Hall (which is, in spite of its name, a very large room), and there they

When Santa came to the Gulf country

From page 8

ears ring. "Of course he will come. Of course," I stumbled over the words, so light, so inadequate for the compassion that swelled my heart.

"Them kids, they reckon 'e come here every year," She looked wistful. "E never ever come to me," she said, looking down at her terrible shoes.

"Is this what you have been talking about down there in the garden?"

"Yes, Missus. An' then I tell them kids as how I once seen a ghost."

"But, Ruth..."

"It was a good ghost," she said quickly. "It was me mother what died in the mission. She telled me about the things I oughter do."

"What sort of things did she tell you, Ruth?"

She looked at me with her beautiful, fathomless, prune-colored eyes. "Same as you," she said.

I wished with all my heart that I had something better for her than the cheap string of beads wrapped in pretty paper. Late that night I delved through my cupboard and found a small bottle of scent and some new handkerchiefs. These and the necklace and a packet of brightly colored sweets I stacked on the chair beside her bed where she lay tousled and fully dressed and peacefully snoring.

SO many Christmases! So many scenes that remain in clear relief like cameos in my mind!

It is only a few years ago that Sarah and her charming little six-year-old daughter, whose name was Angelina, worked for us at Silver Ridge. Sarah and her husband were a handsome aboriginal couple from a faraway mission on the Peninsula.

When our cook went on holidays she sent Angelina a gift in the form of a small gramophone record called "The Purple People Eater." It was one of the new sort that have to be played at 45 revolutions per minute. I tried to explain this to Sarah and her small daughter. But, undeterred, Sarah brought along her old portable gramophone and set it down on the verandah near the pantry so that all could hear.

Off went "The Purple People Eater," a peculiar song at any time. But turning

briskly at 78 revolutions per minute, with a heavy steel needle burrowing into its frail grooves, it was like the cackling of a thousand maddened hens. I watched Angelina's pretty face; I waited for delight and anticipation to turn to disappointment and tears. Not a bit of it.

Angelina smiled, an expression of perfect bliss glowed in her dark eyes. Lifting her slim arms, she began to weave her hands like dusky flowers above her head; her short skirt swirled, her feet shuffled, and her tiny slim body moved with utmost grace; she danced through the entire mad babble of the record.

Her mother, who had listened to the thing in some doubt, shrugged her splendid shoulders: "Some new t'ing, I s'pose, eh? The rock-n-roll dance, might be?"

All through that hot Christmas Day "The Purple People Eater" gabbled and Angelina danced like one possessed.

DURING our last Christmas at Silver Ridge we had, as relieving cook and housemaid, Effie and Miranda. They had been employed for many years in one of Victoria's stately homes by one Lady Pottington, who had now gone on a world tour. They were touring North Queensland.

If they expected Silver Ridge to be anything like the cool, carpeted residence of the Pottingtons they must have been sadly disillusioned. However, under the circumstances, they bore up rather well, although they obviously disapproved of my casual and friendly approach.

"We always called Lady Pottington 'Madam'," said Effie, standing in the kitchen with folded hands, dressed in a crisp white uniform.

"Well, I'm just plain Mrs. O'Conner," I smiled.

"Very well, Mada... Mrs. O'Conner," said Effie and lowered her eyelids in resignation.

She was a wonderful cook and Miranda the absolute essence of the perfect housemaid.

"On special days," Effie told me, "such as birthdays and Christmas, Sir Arthur Pottington always sent one single beautiful flower up to his wife on her breakfast tray."

I learned a lot about Lady Pottington and knew that I could never live up to

her; nor would Danny ever possess the finesse of Sir Arthur.

Miranda and Effie were kind and soft-voiced as well as efficient. "We want to do something special for you on Christmas Day," they said.

"Breakfast in bed," said Miranda. "No worry about the dinner," declared Effie.

"I will decorate the festive table," said Miranda. "Lady Pottington often said to me, 'Miranda, you have a flair.' I always arranged her table for special dinners."

"Also," said Effie in a firm tone that brooked no argument, "we will wait on table. You and dear funny Mr. O'Conner are not to do a single thing."

"The serving is our job," said Miranda, holding me with a strict eye.

To all this I could only reply with a weak and confused "Thank you." Then I went off to tell dear funny Mr. O'Conner what was in store.

On Christmas morning my breakfast tray arrived as promised. On one side lay a red bud from my one and only thriving rose bush. Beside it was a small gilt-edged card on which was neatly printed, "From your loving husband."

"How sweet of Danny," I thought tenderly—and then, "But how unusual."

When at last I descended to the lounge, feeling relaxed and looking forward to my day of inactivity, Danny was playing checkers with Robert.

"Did you," I asked, "place a rosebud on my breakfast tray?"

"Good Lord, no!" He looked quite shocked.

"Don't talk about it now," I whispered, and lay back in my chair. Beyond the lattice, white-clad figures fluttered back and forth like good fairies from kitchen to pantry and back again.

Dinner was, I feel sure, everything that Lady Pottington would have wished, except that her fruit-salad would not have come out of a tin.

Effie and Miranda stood like soldiers against the wall and our every need was

anticipated. Glasses were filled almost before they were empty. Plates were whisked away and others appeared as though by magic. The children were deeply impressed and ate stolidly with round eyes and almost in complete silence. Danny, I am sorry to say, showed signs of poorly suppressed mirth, which I found a great strain.

I grew very fond of Effie and Miranda, and every now and then I wish that, just for a little while, I could be Lady Pottington.

IT is five years since we left the Gulf country. The children are growing up. Father Christmas only visits our youngest, David, aged nine. But now that the festive season is almost here again, memories come crowding back.

With a catch at the heart I think of Ruth, of Angelina dancing to the insane babble of "The Purple People Eater," of a red rose on my breakfast tray. I think of bushfire smoke and heat, frightening storms, and the unconquerable spirit of Christmas that remains through it all.

Here on the basalt, two hundred miles from Silver Ridge, the heat is not so severe, but as I look up from my writing I see smoke from bushfires darkening the sky.

The storm bird who has been haunting the garden for many weeks still gives his persistent, changeless call, which always sounds to me like "Roper River! Roper River!" Perhaps he comes from there; but his presence, which the aborigines say heralds the rain, has become a mockery.

The only clouds that we can see are the clouds of smoke.

But Christmas will soon be here. Two ducks are fattening in the pen. We have sent for ham and nuts and figs.

And there is always the hope that we will get the very best Christmas present of all. Rain. Inches of rain, so that once again we shall see the miracle of blackened paddocks turning to green.

We shall then be able to say with extra heartiness, "A Merry, Merry Christmas to All."

Christmas in Bombay

From page 9

and we went along the line saying as we passed each other, "What charming girls, how well-behaved."

So it was with great confidence that we started to distribute the presents. Laura and Dorab stood by one bag and began to hand them out, and Boris and I stood by another.

When the great tearing rush started I leapt to a table to save the ballet dress (borrowed from the wardrobe of the hotel). Boris soon followed with the bag. The children screamed around us like hungry little lions.

Perhaps we had all forgotten what it is like to be a child at a Christmas party? Their screaming and clutching and lack of restraint held up the presenting of the gifts, and the four of us were very dishevelled at the end of twenty minutes.

At last the children became tired, and when we saw it was safe we came down from our tables—for Laura and Dorab had had to take to one of them also.

Even then a couple of the older girls came up with suitably tragic expressions, asking, "Can you give me another present, please? My little sister lies ill (dying, with a broken leg, with malaria, or typhoid, or going blind) and I would like to take one home to her, please."

We pulled ourselves together, although visibly shaken by our experience. We told the children to form a double line again so that we could lead them down into the

garden, where the lights had just been switched on.

To get to the great staircase we had to cross the wide lounge, and we hoped that we would be able to keep the children going straight across the lounge to the staircase and that none of them would break away, for they were no longer as shy as when they came in.

Several did break away and ran through the room, and I had to chase them. Distinguished-looking residents of the hotel looked up from their copies of the London "Times" and New York "Herald-Tribune" just in time to see a fairy, with bare feet, waving her wand and shouting, "Come back, come back!"

AT last we got all the children down into the garden, and here the lights and enchantment delighted us all. The orphans were quietened by the sight and forgot their former greedy excitement.

With wide eyes they wandered under the archways and looked at the lights strung through the jasmine. In this dream-like mood they allowed themselves to be led right around again to the front of the hotel, where the bus was awaiting them, with two of the Sisters standing beside it.

They all got in, and when the oldest girl looked out to wave goodbye I couldn't help it, I believed for a moment that my wand was real, and thrust it at her and told her to wave it over them all, until next Christmas.

NEXT WEEK:

COMPLETE LIFT-OUT NOVEL

To entertain you during the holidays, a complete lift-out novel, "Leave It To The Toff," the latest in John Creasey's famous "Toff" series, is in our next issue.

Just pull the novel from the paper, fold it, and carry it in handbag or pocket. It's the first in a series of first-class novels we will publish in our January issues to make sure you have plenty of reading material for leisure hours. In "Leave It To The Toff," the Hon. Richard Rollison is left a strange bequest—from a man who hated him. It's an exciting, fast-moving story.

● New serial

Beginning "The Ticking Clock," a chilling suspense serial by Frances and Richard Lockridge.

When Constance Dale goes to inspect an enormous old house left to her in a will, she has an uncanny sense someone is living in it. At first her only clue is the big grandfather clock, steadily ticking away. From this beginning, tension is kept at high pitch.

Also in this issue are two complete short stories.

● Holiday hazards

Specially prepared by the Australian Medical Association, the common hazards that confront holiday-makers and how to cope with them.

Included are the symptoms of bites and stings and what to do, advice on sunburn, sunstroke, glare, eye-strain, and suggestions for a summer first-aid kit.

● Fragrance calendar

In the perfect garden there are sweet-smelling flowers and shrubs for year-round fragrance.

Illustrated in color are fragrant plants for every month with expert advice on their planting and care.

● Benaud pin-up

On the cover of the television section—a color pin-up of Australian Test captain Richie Benaud, plus a color picture of England captain Ted Dexter.

WOOLSHED DANCE IN CANBERRA



BELOW: Sydney visitors Mr. Peter Macneil, of Potts Point, and Miss Susan Lancaster, of Woollahra, chat between dances. The woolshed was decorated with flowers and gum leaves and sacking covered the shearing equipment pushed into corners.

ABOVE LEFT: Chef Charles Elliott serves steaks to Capt. John Rowe and his attractive wife, Marianne. Capt. Rowe is from Seaforth, but they are living in Canberra while he is stationed there. Mrs. Rowe's dress was brilliantly colored heavy linen.



ABOVE: Among the energetic Twisters on the dance floor were Lieut. Harry Swales, from Melbourne, who is stationed in Canberra, and local Canberra girl Miss Pat Bath.



COUNTRY boys and belles with their cousins from the city danced the whole night through when the Canberra Bachelors and Spinsters' Committee held their dance in the Yarralumla Woolshed.

Heavy rain during the day and early hours of the evening had turned the track and ground around the woolshed into a quagmire; however, "clued-up" local girls arrived in galoshes and sensible shoes and put on their party shoes inside.

With the music blaring and the dancing (Twisting in particular) in full swing, the patter of rain on the tin roof added to the outback atmosphere.

★ ★ ★
LOTS of Sydney girls flew down for the dance, and they stepped off planes with dresses draped over their arms. But I noticed pretty blond Anne Hall, of Wollstonecraft, carrying only a handbag-size beauty-case. "It's all I need," she explained. "I'm wearing a 'dressy' muu-muu and it rolls up into a tiny ball." Anne was escorted by young-man-about-the-country Joe Manning, from Cootamundra.

★ ★ ★
SPIED Dr. and Mrs. David Nott, who were recently wed in Sydney, dancing cheek to cheek in a quiet corner. Mrs. Nott was formerly Caroline Nisbet, of Woollahra. For the dance, she wore a lemon wool dress gathered into the waist and full bell-shaped sleeves.

—Diane Roberts

AT RIGHT: A happy foursome at the woolshed dance were, from left, Mr. Colin Campbell, of "Yeumburra," Yass, Misses Elizabeth and Penny Whitelaw, of "Wendouree," Merriwa, and Mr. Dick Newman, of Woollahra.



ABOVE: Mr. Max Brunninghausen, of Bellevue Hill, chats with Sydney girls Miss Roslyn Walton (left), of Darling Point, and Miss Ann Bochore, of Bellevue Hill. Roslyn wore a cotton dress and Ann chose an exotic muu-muu.



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It seems to me

THIS time last week I was peering through the hedge of Henry J. Kaiser's two-million-dollar home in Honolulu looking for pink flamingos.

Yes, I was, too. In the interests of clarity I should explain that I was in Honolulu as the guest of Pan American Airways, one of a party invited on the inaugural jet flight via Samoa.

In the further interests of clarity I'm going to leave the rest of that story about industrialist Kaiser and the flamingos till next week.

(An acquaintance once asked me how to write the story of her life. In desperation I suggested that she begin at the beginning. She seemed to regard this as brilliant. On reflection it's not a bad idea.)



WHEN I heard that our Pago Pago stay was to be 40 minutes in the middle of the night I feared that Samoa would go into my travel memories as one of those countries I'd set foot on but never seen.

(Like Egypt—a glass of orange juice in the Cairo air terminal; India—a 4 a.m. bath at Karachi; and Greece—well, it was daylight, and flying out of Athens we did glimpse the Acropolis.)

But Pago Pago did its best, with high-school boys in blue lava-lavas singing songs by torchlight; with native dances, leis of frangipani, and strings of beads; and what looked like the whole population out on the tarmac to see the big jet.

Darkness hid the beautiful harbor and there was no sign of Sadie Thompson. But Somerset Maugham was wise to write "Rain" before the days of airliners. Nowadays that missionary could fly away fast from temptation.

IT was 11 years since I had last stayed at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, then also as a Pan Am. guest.

Hoteliers have built them bigger and fancier since the pink stucco palace rose in 1927 on the shore of Waikiki, but it still holds its place as one of the world's glamor hotels.

Modern buildings are expected to accommodate a lot more people to the square foot. Those high-ceilinged rooms and spacious gardens belong to the past.

It's probably the only place where I'd rather get up for breakfast, to sit on the terrace of the Surf Room, looking across to Diamond Head, with the waves lapping a few yards away.

And even those who abhor mixed drinks must enjoy sitting at the canopied open-air bar and watching someone drink a "mai-tai," a deceptive mixture of hard and soft liquor decorated with a slice of pineapple and a floating mauve orchid.

CHRISTMAS shopping in Honolulu (more fun than Sydney, but the prices are higher), I suddenly worked out the perfect round-world travel wardrobe—a muumu and a mink coat.

It could be a cashmere coat; or, coming down to tin-tacks, any cover-up, warm travel coat.

By muu-muu I don't mean the full-length Mother Hubbard, which is less common now in Honolulu, its home town, than the comfortable short version that fills the racks of stores from Sydney to San Diego.

Jet-travel hops are too brief for climbing in and out of dresses or slacks. The muumu or shift (as long as it's really loose-fitting) is ideal.

In Honolulu nowadays the girls use the abbreviation "muu" for any variety of shift or sack as well as the traditional cut falling from a yoke. Some styles resemble the Chinese cheong-sam.

Which reminds me of one of the most-told anecdotes of the tour. One pretty girl guest wore to dinner a pale blue cheong-sam from Hong Kong. When she got up to dance, a man at the table stared in admiration. "Margaret," he said earnestly, "you look wonderful in that sampan."

IT was a crowded five days, with two Tuesdays and no Saturday.

There is no horse-racing in Hawaii. "No gambling," said one man.

"Nonsense," said another. "Wherever there are human beings there is gambling."

THOUGHTS after filling in "Passenger's Declaration of Baggage" and negotiating a virtuous and speedy passage through Customs:—

No, I haven't a dagger, a bludgeon, or gun,

Not a cosh, nor a knuckle-duster, The trip, on reflection, was innocent fun,

My baggage, it seems, should pass muster.

No animal products, salami, or drugs, Not even an outboard motor.

No microbes or plants, horse-brushes or rugs,

Cigarettes? Four hundred—the quota. So the man at the barrier, wasting no talk,

Queries, "All of these things as per list, Miss?"

And I nod with a smile as he picks up the chalk

And he wishes me, "Merry Christmas."

Student's £5 statue is now worth more than £5000

By DIANA WYNNE

● A Boys' Own Annual story came true when Adelaide boy Alan Myren bought a statue of the ancient Indian god Vishnu in an Adelaide antique shop.

MANY of us dream of unearthing something in an antique shop for a few pounds, only to discover it's worth a small fortune.

Alan Myren, formerly of Adelaide, did just that. As a boy of 16, he bought for £5 a figure of the Indian god Vishnu. Experts on oriental art say it is worth at least £5000.

Not only could the figure make Mr. Myren a neat profit—that's if he could bear to sell it—but perhaps in its way the little four-armed god has had a greater influence on his life than he cares to admit.

Tall, dark, and studious, 28-year-old Alan Myren is assistant in Indian Studies at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, one of the most important museums in the world, with probably the largest collection of Indian art outside India.

"It's strange," he ex-

plained, sitting on one of the museum's benches surrounded by showcases of gold and jewelled treasures, "but when I was ten I read a story in the Boys' Own Annual about some children who discovered an oriental idol. As in all good children's stories, the idol turned out to be rare and extremely valuable."

"This fascinated me, and I used to daydream about having such an adventure myself."

Door-stop

He laughed and took off his spectacles. "About six years later I practically relived the whole story."

Always a keen collector (he began with spiders and progressed through books and objets d'art to oriental sculpture), he was browsing round an antique shop in Adelaide and saw the small metal figure of Vishnu which was being used as a door-stop.

The shop's owner, an ex-

pert on antique English furniture but knowing little about oriental art, said Alan could have it for what he paid for it—£5.

Alan tried in vain to discover its history. He put the figure into his collection and concentrated on his medical studies at Adelaide University.

A few years later, in 1958, he decided medicine was not for him, and with no set plans went off to England.

He took his collection and asked authorities at the Victoria and Albert Museum for information about the figure. They were most interested. In fact they wanted to buy it.

"My curiosity was roused," Alan Myren explained. "I had no intention of selling, but felt I had to know what sort of a treasure I'd got. One reputable dealer said he thought several hundred pounds, but a little while after I discovered that several thousands would be nearer the mark."

"It's difficult to put a value on these things."

To the inexperienced eye, the figure is not exciting. It is made of dark metal, pure copper and zinc, and has two tiny red stones for eyes—they happen to be rubies—and is about 14in. high.

It is delicately formed, with pretty hands (all four of them) and slender feet, and it's easy to see how it could be tossed on one side to join the conglomeration of bronze figures found in most antique shops.

The Keeper (head) of Oriental Studies at the museum was disappointed at Alan's refusal to sell, and there the matter rested.

A few months later Alan was in the middle of making his bed when he decided he'd like to work in England. What would be better than working at his hobby, oriental art, at a museum like the Victoria and Albert?

"Not you!"

"I left the bed unfinished," he said, "and rang the museum at once. By coincidence, a chair (museum language for a post or position) had just become vacant, and I went along for an interview."

Alan laughed. "Who should interview me but the very person who had wanted to buy Vishnu."

"My goodness," he said when I walked in, 'not you!'"

Whether the figure of Vishnu actually had any influence in getting him the sought-after job, Alan Myren wouldn't say, but in spite of enormous competition he got it.

"Working in a museum is really like being at university," he said. "You never stop studying and learning. At the same time I became a history student at London University's School of Oriental and African Studies."

Recently he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society. There are only six Australian members in several hundred—a situation Alan Myren feels is wrong.

"We Australians should be more Asia-conscious. After all, we must identify ourselves with this area. These countries are our neighbors."

He has learned a certain



STATUE of the Indian god Vishnu.

amount about his valuable statue.

It was made during the 11th or 12th century somewhere on the north-west frontier of India, most probably for a rich merchant. All this sounds straightforward until you know the history of that period, for during this time the Moslems were invading the area and destroyed all images of the god Vishnu.

Not only has this statue survived, but it was actually made during the persecutions, when men produced such images at great risk of their lives.

Once buried

The original gilding is still intact in places and there are traces of dirt which prove that it was buried at some stage, either purposely as a safety measure against discovery by the invaders or by accident.

Alan Myren has managed to find out how it appeared in Adelaide.

A British Army officer brought it and another unimportant statue of Vishnu's consort out of India at the beginning of this century. He was short of money and persuaded the antique-dealer to buy his souvenirs.

The dealer took them and eventually sold the unimportant statue, but no one showed any interest in the Vishnu until young Alan Myren came along.

Keen collectors might note that oriental art is increas-

ing in value by leaps and bounds each year. So much art has been taken out of China and India and the surrounding countries that the various governments have forbidden the export of any more. In fact, their museums are now buying it back in an effort to build up their collections.

"A great deal of oriental art can be found in the eastern part of Australia," Alan Myren explained. "It was brought back by tourists as souvenirs before World War II. Some of it is worthless, but much is valuable and interesting."

And what of the future of the 14in. statue? At the moment it travels round wrapped up in a yellow duster whenever its owner wants to display it, but eventually Alan Myren plans to give it to an Australian museum.

In about a year's time Alan will be returning home.

"I'm still very much an Australian and want to go back to my parents and friends. I'll work in one of the Australian museums if I can, and continue with oriental studies."

He plans to drive part of the way from England, taking a car across Europe and Asia into Persia, and then down to India.

But the Vishnu will be shipped back to Australia.

"If I took it into India they might refuse it an export permit," said Alan.



ALAN MYREN with his "find." He is now on the staff of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, which tried to buy the statue.

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A MERRY TV CHRISTMAS

● Television's Christmas Day fare is as rich as a formal Christmas dinner, with large helpings of traditional pantomime, music, and carols, topped off with the best of 1962's TV entertainment.

CHANNEL 9's Christmas starts on Friday, December 21, with the special Christmas edition of "Singalong" at 7.30 p.m.

This promises to be Christmas music at its best, with every kind of music presented.

The highlight of the show is the male choir's presentation of "Christians Awake," Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and the Halle-lujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah."

Other suitable festive songs are also sung in a gorgeously costumed tavern scene. They include "Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl," "Drink to Me Only," "The Holly and the Ivy," and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen."

The show closes with everyone's favorite carols, "Silent Night," "Good King Wenceslas," "O Come All Ye Faithful," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," and "First Noel."

It sounds a wonderful start to the Christmas season.

On Sunday, December 23, at 4.30 p.m., Channel 9 presents the first of its Christmas pantos, "Cinderella," sure to whet the children's appetite for the next day's presentation of "The Golden Princess" at 5 p.m.

"Silent Journey," an hour Christmas drama, will be telecast at 8.30 p.m. on December 25, and the day will finish with the melodic film "Night and Day," the story of Cole Porter, at 9.30 p.m.

Channel 2 will take the children off your hands at



● "Singalong" stars Bill Newman (left) and Ross Higgins get in the mood for the show's Christmas edition, to be seen on Channel 9.

2.30 p.m., right after Christmas dinner, with "The Adventures of Alice," a TV adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass."

The two big TV events of the day from A.B.C.-TV are the telecast at 8.45 p.m. of Handel's "Messiah."

The telecast was made from the Llandaff Cathedral, Wales, and is sung by a choir of 70.

For those who prefer the merry side of the season, there is the "Bing Crosby Christmas Special," to be telecast at 7.40 p.m.

The programme, which will feature Bing and Mary Martin, stage and screen star of "South Pacific" fame, will be made in America on December 22 and rushed by air to Australia for Christmas Day telecasting.

Slant on interviews

ALAN MOOREHEAD, the famous Australian author, shed a new light on interviews last week when he said he didn't think all the famous people he had interviewed — including Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery — were completely honest.

Enlarging on his statement, he said he believed that sooner than being honest, they built up pictures of themselves that they thought their public wanted to see.

Interviewer Gerald Lyons, of A.B.C.-TV, asked Moorehead was he going to be truthful.

"I'll tell as much of the truth as I am prepared to give away," Moorehead said.

I couldn't help cheering Mr. Moorehead for such doughty honesty, and I enjoyed every moment of the 40-minute interview. But I have been seized with doubt ever since.

Was he honest, I wonder, or was he building up a picture that I liked?

With due respect to Gerald Lyons, I won't be satisfied in my own mind until I see Mr. Moorehead face to face with the B.B.C.'s John Freeman.

I'll defy anyone to hide the truth from Freeman's analytical probing that unobtrusively pins his subject down like a butterfly on a specimen board, exposed to the public gaze.

Such probing is certainly against Australian tradition, but it makes wonderful TV.

★ ★ ★

IF you're the Scrooge type and want to get away from Christmas, make a date with your TV set for 10.30 p.m. on December 21, when Channel 9 presents one of the best N.B.C. documen-

taries yet, "Cops and Robbers."

Narrated by Edward G. Robinson, "Cops and Robbers" is the story of crime in America.

Underlining the horrifying picture of crime revealed, Robinson points out at the start that during the 60 minutes of the telecast there will be 190 burglaries and robberies, 15 assaults, two cases of rape, and one murder in the U.S.

See what I mean? Not a Christmas bell or a Santa Claus in that hour.

New Film and Gossip

★★ CARRY ON CRUISING

Dear old Sidney James manages to steer an undisciplined crew through a Mediterranean cruise with himself the captain of the ship. For one horrified sequence he finds himself the objective of a matrimonially bent woman passenger, but manages to extricate himself with the maximum of discomfort. The humor is English, the color photography is attractive, Sid's supporting cast do not let him down, and there is a pleasant ending with a sentimental flavor.—State, Sydney.

In a word . . . FUN.

★ ★ ★
AUSTRALIA won't be seeing Elizabeth Taylor's "Cleopatra" till October next year. There's still quite a bit of work to be done on the film, though the main shooting is over, and even Americans won't see it till next June.

★ ★ ★

DAVID STORY, who is currently scripting "Ned Kelly" for Albert Finney, is to script a modern screen version of "Wuthering Heights," filmed some years ago by William Wyler. Laurence Olivier and David Niven headed the previous cast.

Story's version will star Richard Harris as Heathcliff, but a suitable co-star has yet to be decided. Lindsay Anderson will direct. The film will be a partnership production between Story, Harris, and Anderson, who teamed up to make "This Sporting Life," which will be seen early next year in Britain and Australia. Before making "Wuthering Heights," Harris will work in Samuel Bronston's major epic, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."



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Hanlon at 6 p.m., Christmas Day

● A special Christmas treat for husbands and workers who hear about, but never see, the fabulous Tommy Hanlon daytime show, "It Could Be You," is a Christmas show to be telecast from Channel 9 on Christmas Day at 6 p.m.

THE big audience certain to be watching will be treated to one of compere Tommy Hanlon's heart-warming reunion segments.

It will involve members of the Christmas studio audience—pensioners and servicemen.

More than this, Tommy and producer Myke Dyer will not tell. "That would spoil the surprise," Tommy said.

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without children, so the Hanlon team visits the founding hospital and infants' home, Berry Street, East Melbourne, to enjoy the excitement of the youngsters there and to deliver gifts.

As well, Tommy will welcome to the show guests who have appeared during the year, and Bill McCormack will contribute some Christmas songs.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1962

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A Star for Christmas

THIS is the story of that year when Mary Jean Porter was afraid of Christmas.

The casual observer, smug in his home with a wreath on the window and a turkey in the oven, would have said Mary Jean had no reason whatever for her apprehension. After all, New York is a Christmas city. The shop windows glitter like jewels; the ladies on Fifth Avenue, and even the squirrels in Central Park, wear their furs with a difference, and at night the two great rivers that loop Manhattan Island are twin ropes of tinsel.

It is a good city to be in at Christmas, but perhaps it is not a good city to be in alone. And Mary Jean Porter was alone in New York. She sat now in her small apartment, and the chill that ran through her bones was not the fault of the janitor.

It was a neat apartment and not uncheerful. The curtains were bright, and there was a philodendron plant on the bookcase and an African violet on the window-sill. There was even a bowl of feathery pine on the centre table with a red ribbon to match the season.

Mary Jean herself was as neat as the room. She was a small girl with a pale oval face and dark brown hair, and her figure was perfectly acceptable.

If you looked at her twice, you might even think she was pretty, but who had ever looked twice at Mary Jean?

The advertising agency where she typed all day long was full of young people, and occasionally some of the girls would suggest she join them for lunch. She would sit shyly quiet, eating her sandwich and trying very hard to belong to them, but somehow no one would think to ask her a second time.

Outside the office she hardly knew anybody. She saw the janitor occasionally, the janitor's wife, the postman, the man at the corner news-stand, the man who ran the self-service laundry. At the chain-store grocery there were several efficient young clerks and one large grey cat. Mary Jean always spoke nicely to the cat, but she never knew its name.

She wanted very much to be a part of the city she lived in, but the free-and-easy ways of the girls in the office never came to her, and when she went to the water-cooler she always looked first to be sure none of the young men were hanging around, not because she wouldn't very much have liked to talk to the young men but because she never knew what to say.

It wasn't a bad job at all, and it paid enough so she could send money back home to her family in Meridian, Wisconsin. But if she had disappeared overnight New York would never have noticed her absence, any more than it would have noticed a snowflake that had melted. Usually she was almost grateful to be left alone in the house by herself, but this was Christmas, when no house should be empty.

No one had asked about her plans for Christmas. Mrs. Evans, the large and rather alarming woman whose letters Mary Jean typed, regarded her only as a dictaphone. Across the hall, Mr. Overstreet, who had two telephones on his desk and a secretary as slick as a fashion advertisement, did no more than nod vaguely when Mary Jean passed his door, and it was a big day if he said "Good morning." And now, after the awful thing that had happened at the office party, he might very well never say that much again.

She had held high hopes for the office party. She had worn her green dress with a little sprig of holly pinned to it, and when the chattering rush of girls jumped up from their desks at three o'clock on Friday afternoon she had been swept along happily into the big boardroom that had been cleared for the annual riot.

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"Hello," Roger said to Mary Jean. "I'm sorry the place is in such a mess, but I've been working."

An appealing short story by B. J. CHUTE



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THE TRAVELLERS

An enchanting short story

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IT was nearly dawn when the three great kings said goodbye to the carpenter and his wife. For the last time they knelt by the stall where the Child slept. The smell of dry hay, freshly cut, was stronger now in the stable than the scents and perfumes they had brought and sprayed on their arrival. The donkey and the cow with its calf, the small kids and lambs brought into shelter from the desert night still slept.

Humbly they left, the three great kings, travellers from afar, and mounted their camels. Blue shadows still held the small white houses in Bethlehem, and the olive trees kept their silhouettes of a southern night. But below, where the barren heights dropped to the green fields, the sky was promising dawn.

Their way home was long, and their need was speed now, for they knew in their wisdom and by the stars that treachery and danger would stalk them on their journey.

"God speed," the carpenter, awed by the night of glory, saw them to their mounts and stammered his salutation.

"You take care now," Balthasar, Lord of the Treasury in his own land, wise and old, spoke softly as deaf people speak in fear of shouting. "Are you quite sure you won't let me give you something to help pay your way to hiding and exile? For hide you must for a time, for the sake of the Child."

Joseph, the carpenter, merely shook his head, but his eyes shone his gratitude.

Melchior, who was known as Lord of Light in his own land, looked down from his high seat on the camel. "You must hurry," he said. "Take your leave of this place as soon as you can. For the sake of the Child who will bring light to the world."

Caspar, whose name meant white in his own land, put his arm briefly over the shoulder of the carpenter. "We would have liked to help you," he said, "but perhaps you are right to do it on your own. You are a proud man, Joseph, and rightly so."

Their little caravan gathered, sorted itself out, and with the swaying camels marking the pace, set down from the hills of Bethlehem. Deep and companionable was their silence, and what each of the three thought was a secret within his heart.

They set their course north-east, toward the River El Ghor, riding fast. Without consultation they all knew they could not return along the Great Mecca Route they had taken following the star. Danger and death was their reward for having found and recognised the King of the World, in the Child of the carpenter's wife.

They rested for the hours of the greatest heat, and then pressed on to the valleys of El Ghor. At nightfall they came at last to the ford they sought, and watered their animals. Across the river lay the mountains and the long desert; and the parting of their ways.

For the last time for many days they would see this abundance of water, this verdant greenness, and the flowering. As their attendants lit fires to prepare their first meal of the day, they stood in the shadows of the palms and the flowering shrubs and then, with one accord, turned to look up at the Star of Bethlehem, their guide and companion for so long, now growing brighter again in the southern sky.

Melchior, the sad young king, looked up long and gravely, and then he said, "I'm glad we came. It's a long journey, we may yet be ambushed and done with, but I feel in my heart we have achieved the purpose of our days even should they end now. The Child is truly the King we sought." But also he thought to himself: I had to leave her for too long. My poor beloved.

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Inspired by the knowledge they had seen the Child the three kings faced the perilous journey ahead.



Something Wonderful

A short short story

By KAATJE HURLBUT



Paul gazed in wonder at his new baby brother in his father's arms.

IF Paul had not made the mistake about his brother, he might not have made the wonderful discovery.

Paul was not quite five and he had been told only this: that on Christmas Day he would have a brother. That was the day his mother would bring the baby home from the hospital. And it was the morning of Christmas Eve that Paul made the mistake.

The warm Sunday-school room and the dry rustle of Miss Carrie's voice had made him drowsy. And then her voice seized his attention: "Christmas is His birthday. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given . . ."

In slow astonishment Paul raised his head and listened. " . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor . . ." Paul looked at her again when she said "the Son of God." A son, he knew, was somebody's boy. So his brother was God's little boy. But even if he is, he assured himself, he's still my brother.

That night in bed he talked about it to Joe the lion, who was made of plush and was a good listener.

"I'll have my brother tomorrow, Joe, because Christmas is his birthday. Mummy's bringing him home."

He had Joe say in an interested voice: "That so?"

"Yes. And his name shall be called Wonderful! And he's God's little boy."

When he awoke in the morning and remembered what day it was, he was alarmed that everything in the room seemed the same. He was feeling among the covers for Joe when his father came in, smiling.

"Merry Christmas, Paul," he said. Then he stopped smiling and came slowly to Paul and sat down, looking at him with a watchful look. "What's the trouble, Paul?"

"Where's my brother? It's Christmas, isn't it?"

"I'm going to the hospital for Mummy and your brother right after breakfast," his father answered quickly. "Santa

Claus was here last night. See how fast you can dress."

After breakfast his father left for the hospital. Paul opened a present and then ran to the window to watch.

It seemed to him that one moment he stood with his head against the cold window-pane, numb with waiting, and the next moment the room was full of confusion. Granny was bustling about opening doors, his father carried in his mother and put her on the sofa, while a strange woman in stiff white stood in the hall with a blue blanket in her arms. Then Granny spoke to the woman, who followed her upstairs, still carrying the blue blanket.

In the sudden quiet Paul looked at his mother. She smiled and said softly: "Hello, Paul."

Her voice circled him and he was drawn to her. "That was my brother," he whispered. "Today is his birthday."

"Well, no, dear. He was born six days ago."

"But Christmas is his birthday," he explained, "and he's God's little boy. The son of God. And his name shall be called Wonderful!"

It was a moment before he realised that no one had spoken and that the silence was growing stiff. He drew back to see his mother's face. She was looking at his father, frowning, and almost smiling, too. Then she placed her hands on Paul's shoulders and looked into his eyes and said quietly: "His name is John. And he is our little boy, just as you are. A little boy just like you."

Paul backed away from her, a feeling of alarm growing in him. He wondered where he had left his lion.

"Why don't you go with Granny now and see your little brother?" his mother said.

As they climbed the stairs, Granny scolded him in a hushed voice. "Your brother is not the Son of God, Paul. The Lord Jesus was. And Wonderful is a name given to Him in the book of Isaiah. Do you understand that?"

A ripple of fright sped through him. His brother not the son of God! Not God's little boy? And Wonderful—that wasn't even his name!

The fright rushed into anger and he snatched his hand from Granny's, shouting, "No!" He scrambled up the stairs and ran to the room where the cradle was.

He burst into the room and stopped, glaring at the strange woman in stiff white, and when she bent possessively over the cradle he knew it was true; this wasn't God's little boy with a wonderful name like Wonderful. He was a plain dumb baby named John.

He ran to his room and found Joe beside the bed. He grabbed him and sat down on the floor, holding Joe fiercely and resting his forehead on the top of Joe's head.

When his father came in and sat down on the floor beside him Paul didn't raise his head. He peeked sideways and saw that his father held the blue blanket in one arm. The other arm went around Paul. Presently his father spoke.

"Here's John. You know, just because his name is John doesn't mean he isn't wonderful. All the mothers and fathers in the world know that their little boys are wonderful. And we couldn't all be wrong, could we?"

Paul didn't answer.

"We know this because we love them. That's how love is—it shows you what is wonderful when other people can't see it. He's wonderful, all right, and so are you. I know."

"Me?" Paul whispered guardedly.

"Yes. And you were right about another thing, Paul. He is God's little boy. All little boys belong to God. Isn't that what you meant?"

Paul hesitated. It didn't sound the same, but it meant the same. That was what he had meant, except . . .

"Me, too?"

"You, too," said his father. "Of course, the most wonderful little boy ever born was the Son of God."

"I know," he said. "That was Jesus. But why—"

"Why? Well, for one thing, He taught us a better way to love. Another thing, He gave us His birthday—Christmas is a special birthday that belongs to everybody. All the best things in people are born again every Christmas."

Paul raised his head and looked into the blue blanket. He caught his breath as a pair of calm bright eyes opened and wisely regarded the ceiling, and a droll elf face twitched in a fleeting grin.

He bent his head again and whispered to Joe: "See? I was right. And remember something else, Joe—his name is John."

"It's a wonderful name," whispered the lion.

(Copyright)

He'll wonder how you knew...

But of course, Monopole or Midway must be his favourite cigars. Monopole are Australia's largest selling "classic" cigars. Midway are the clever new "little cigars", that are packed like a cigarette. In gay Christmas wraps at any good tobacconist. Monopole or Midway, you can't go wrong!



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25 in cedar box 33/4	20 in flat carton 10/0
25 in plastic cannister 33/4	10 in flat carton 5/0
10 in flat carton 13/4	Midway —
4 in flat carton 5/4	30 in flat carton 7/6

Monopole Majors — 25 in cedar box 27/6



NIGHTMARE

WHILE touring the British Isles, American PAT CARROLL decides to visit MRS. TREFOILE, the widowed mother of her dead fiance, STEPHEN. Buying a new sports car and driving to Wales she meets ALAN GLENTOWER, a novelist, whose car has broken down. Pat gives him a lift, and they have dinner together that night. As she leaves the inn the next day, she agrees to meet him in Newcastle the following Thursday, if she can end her visit in time.

In Llandudno, Pat finds she has had the address the wrong way round and should have gone to Aberwy. There she finds Mrs. Trefoile is a religious recluse, with three servants, ANNA and HECTOR FIELDS, and a simpleton named JOSEPH. On their way to church the next day, Pat chats to MRS. EVANS in the local store while she buys a couple of postcards, and later a boy, GARRY, talks to her about her car, but is brushed off by Mrs. Trefoile, who continues her own conversation with Pat, telling her she must never marry.

Alarmed by this statement, and realising the old lady is a little more than "touched," Pat decides to pack. Ready to leave, she is amazed to find her door locked from the outside. Later Mrs. Trefoile and Anna come in, attack her, move her to another room, and lock the door. The old lady carries a loaded revolver, and Pat learns she has some hold over the Fields', so no help can be expected from them. Although she calls to Joseph and he has found her ring which Anna has thrown out, she cannot make him understand, but later throws a postcard (addressed to Alan) near him, hoping he will at least post it.

Days later, with no word from Alan, Mrs. Trefoile forces Pat to write, putting Alan off. In this note Pat manages to send an obscure message which she hopes Alan will understand. This he does, but finds no trace of her at Welshpool, where the card was posted. He decides to go on to Llandudno. Meanwhile, Pat has tried to escape, but has been caught and locked in her room again.

NOW READ ON:

GLENTOWER dropped downhill into the village of Llandudno at just on a quarter to six; you could make good time on these lonely North Wales roads, where there was seldom much traffic. He thought Llandudno was the most forsaken hole he'd ever come across, but that couldn't matter less. Pat had been here, and someone here knew — must know — where she'd been going when she left.

It was awkward that he didn't know the woman's name; Pat hadn't mentioned it. But he knew enough of the circumstances, surely, to identify her.

He parked the car a door down from the inn and went in, to a subdued mutter of talk and a smell of ale and feeble electric light. The man behind the bar was a little bantam of a fellow with bright red hair. There were only three other men in the one public room. Every eye went to him as he came in; strangers would be a rarity here.

Two men at one table were talking Welsh; the barman and his third customer had been using the same tongue, and the former broke off to ask Glentower in English what he might serve him.

"Whisky, please, straight. And perhaps you can give me some information, I'm looking for a lady who lives here, or near here, and I don't know her name, but she's a widow, and she had one son in the R.A.F. who was killed in America last year." Sufficiently unusual circumstances that any resident should be able to tell him the name at once.

"There's no one like that in Llandudno. You'll have the wrong place, sir, very likely. It's maybe Llandaff you want."

"Damn it, I know it's Llandudno. She was coming here, my — this friend of mine to visit the old lady, I mean. She said so."

They went on saying no. Glentower felt blank dismay; and all the while that sense of urgency kept pushing at him. It hadn't occurred to him that there'd be any difficulty about finding this woman; just ask, to learn the name. Damn it, she had said Llandudno.



"Miss Carroll has left — I would not have her in my house any longer," Mrs. Trefoile lied glibly to Alan Glentower.

"It'll be Llandaff or Llandyllid you want, sir. There's a widow or so here, and a couple of sons in the R.A.F., too, but all alive and well, save poor Dave Jones and that were in the Battle o' Britain as they call it. Nobody just like her you're looking for in Llandudno."

Had he got it confused? He wasn't sure now; they had made him unsure. Llandaff, Llandyllid?

He had driven a hundred and forty miles and had an unpleasant, annoying session with that police inspector in the last six hours; he realised that he was tired and hungry — the meal in Welshpool had been meagre. He asked if the landlord could give him a scratch dinner. "Anything'll do."

"I reckon, sir. A bit later or now? If you're figuring to go on tonight — It's a fair eighty miles to Llandaff, we could put you up the night."

"No. I'll go on, I'm in a hurry. I must go on tonight."

"I'll see what I can do, sir."

He sat smoking nervously; presently the barman brought him a plate of cold beef, half a fresh loaf of home-baked bread, and the inevitable watery boiled potatoes.

He ate and listened to slow speculation as to how Daffyd would do with the sheep — the flock could be better this year . . . A great pity it was about the Reverend, poor chap, flat on his back with what they called this virus. Aye, but Mary Tresswell was a good nurse, she'd have him fighting fit in no time. You couldn't keep the Reverend down, fat as he was — the gallant old boy (this with affection). Indeed, Llandudno was lucky in him, a reasonable sort of minister not forever preaching at folk, and him appreciating a drink or a pretty girl as much as any man.

A general chuckle. "Isn't that so, now, I mind how gallant the old chap behaved to that pretty American lass last week. You was here, Garryd, you'll —"

"What's that?" exclaimed Glentower excitedly. "An American girl? When? Where did she go from here, d'you know? That's — it's an American girl I'm — she's the one I'm looking for, really, who was going to stay with this woman. What . . ."

"Oh, indeed? Well, it was Daffyd and the Reverend talked with her mostly — the Reverend took her off to his house for lunch before she started on. A lovely new red sports car she had."

"Yes, that's — go on, what . . .?"

The barman was summoned to tell what he could. "The young lady, she was looking for a Mrs. Something as she thought lived here — now I think, much the same as you, sir — only she didn't say 'twas a widow and so on.

I misremember the name. It was Daffyd thought to ask Morgan the Post about any misdirected letters he might've sent back, and in the end they got it straightened out where it was likely the young lady'd find the right house . . . I couldn't say, I don't remember the name at all."

"The minister will, or . . ."

"I doubt whether you could see Mr. Fallow, poor chap — I hear from Mrs. Tresswell he's been delirious — a bad case of this virus thing. And Daffyd being away — but Morgan the Post might remember, so he might."

"Where does he live?" Glentower abandoned the meal and sprang up. "I must see him, find out . . ."

"Take it easy and finish your dinner, man," said one of the others, friendly. "I'll slip up the road and fetch him, he'll be here in five minutes and we'll see does he recall the name of the place."

"I've no doubt he will, for he's not the brainiest fellow in Cardigan, but once he hears a thing he never forgets it. He'll be able to tell you where your young lady went."

"Anna." She looked up; it wasn't often he called her in her right name like that, and he sounded fretted about something. "Well?"

"The girl hurt any by that business last night?"

"I dunno, didn't ask." She looked back at her mending.

"Didn't ask!" he said. "That's a Christian way to go on. She didn't look so good to me, look I had at her just bringin' her in. She didn't get that knock on the head fallin' last night, it was a day or so old by the color. Anna, girl — what's the old woman up to with her?"

"I — dunno, really, Harry. Jus' preachin', like I said, I guess."

"Don't try t' put me off on that. Preachin' don't knock no 'un on the head. You're there ever time she goes in, you said that. Tell me straight, now — she's tormentin' the girl some?"

"She — well — some," she nodded reluctantly, driven to admitting it.

"I don't like that," he said in a troubled voice. "Not right, you can't get round it."

"Oh, don't take on about it!" she said crossly. "What can we do, any road? I say anything, do anything, she's on us like a knife — an' you back in t' Moor . . ."

"That's maybe better nor you in Holloway!" he said brutally.

"Oh, shut up about it!" Anna said, putting her hands to her face.

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Final instalment of our serial by ANNE BLAISDELL

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PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

PART THREE

• When King George II of Greece was in London one night he was about to leave a ball, and footmen passed the word down to summon His Majesty's car.

WHEN the request reached the man on the steps outside, he said, "Well, 'is Majesty come in a taxi, so I s'pose he'll leave in one. Taxi!"

This was typical of the King's modesty, and one of the reasons why I respected and admired him.

After the German invasion of Greece, King George was nearly captured in Crete, but escaped to England. At the end of the war he was staying with his cousin, Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, at her home, Coppins.

When the Greek people voted to invite him to return home, he asked the Duchess' steward to recommend a senior servant he could take back to Athens—and that's how I came to work in a royal palace.

After five years' hard work with Mr. Philip Hill, the millionaire, I had decided to take a 12-month holiday, but as soon as I met King George, when he summoned me for an interview, I changed my mind and accepted the job of running his household.

The King flew to Athens in a Lancaster bomber lent by the British Government. I travelled by sea from Hull with all the Royal baggage. Also on board was the King's Scottish housekeeper, Mrs. Manuel, who had been with him in Athens before the war and afterwards in London.

Our ship was an old German cargo boat that had been requisitioned, and I had to share my cabin with a mass of cockroaches, some of the finest and fattest I've ever seen.

After our ship berthed at Piraeus a car took Mrs. Manuel and myself to the Palace. I was shown to my quarters, a sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom.

There was a strong smell of paint. I was told later that as soon as His Majesty had arrived he had inspected my rooms and ordered the decorators in next day.

The King was very anxious that I should have some recreation, so I told him I played a little golf.

ERNEST KING, the veteran British butler, continues his inside story of the rich and the Royals. After working in Athens for King George of Greece, he returns to England, where Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip appoint him steward of their first household.

"Excellent," he said, "There's a golf course here. Just ring up General Melas and tell him I said you were to have a car and chauffeur any time you want to go to the golf course."

Food was still not plentiful by the time I arrived in Athens. Though there were currants and raisins galore (which were not to be seen in Britain), eggs were out of the question. The Germans had eaten all the chickens.

The manager of the King's country estates, however, soon got hold of a couple of hens and sent a few eggs to Athens for the King's breakfast.

"If the King has an egg for breakfast, why can't we?" asked one of the servants, and complained to the King. When he found out there was not enough for all, the King said: "Right. I don't want any more eggs." If others had to go without, so would he.

But when eggs became plentiful it was all the King often had when dining alone—a boiled egg, toast, and coffee—even though it was eaten in state with three footmen and myself attending him.

Then I had to observe a long-established and rather mystifying custom. I had to slip out at one door, walk round to the main double-doors into the dining-room, and open them when I heard his steps approaching. As he passed me he would say, "Thank you; goodnight."

Carpenters in livery to assist the footmen

That goodnight meant my work was finished for the day. What happened if he were hungry after that frugal repast I don't know. But of his 13 A.D.C.s one or more was always on duty, as well as 10 footmen.

I sometimes went out in the evening with senior members of the staff. Whisky cost 8/- a nip and the beer was not very interesting.

One night I was introduced to a bottle of ritzine. It cost 4/- a bottle. I thought it ghastly, but on a second tasting I developed



ERNEST KING

quite a liking for it, despite its beeswax bouquet.

Some weeks later the King said to me, "They have a drink here called ritzine. English people seem to like it, but I want to warn you it's nothing but furniture polish, turpentine."

It must have been instilled into the King as a boy how much a household owed to its servants. His sisters, when young, for instance, all had to clean their rooms out, dust and polish them once a week. Queen Sophie, their mother, insisted on it.

His upbringing had left its mark, he knew how to handle servants, he had the right sense of discipline and the gift of appreciation. Servants respond to that.

When there was any large official function, the non-domestic members of the Palace staff, the carpenters, the electricians, the mechanics, and the odd-job men in the Royal garages were all dressed up to assist the footmen. Spare liveries were kept in readiness for such occasions.

All were on duty when Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery came to lunch, with more than 100 guests.

The King sat in the middle of a long rectangular table with Viscount Montgomery opposite him. The Field-Marshal ate but a mouthful of each course, and when I offered wine he refused, drinking only water.

That night the King said to me, "I expect you noticed the great General had very little for luncheon.

He ate practically nothing and he drank nothing. D'you mind telling me, King, what he does do?"

The King had his own apartments and these he regarded as his home. "Nobody passes this door unless I wish to see them," he had told me.

Once his valet had to go into hospital for two days, and I decided to carry out his duties. When the King was out I went into the apartments with the valet to find out where everything was, but the King returned unexpectedly. When he saw me he looked as black as a thundercloud.

Then his valet spoke to him in Greek, and the King turned to me with a broad smile. "Are you really going to do this for me?" he said. He was so surprised and pleased that he presented me with a box of 100 Corona Coronas, each one a foot long.

I have never known a man who was so tidy. The first morning I came in to prepare his clothes I found his coat neatly hung on the back of a chair, his shirt folded on top of his trousers, and his underclothes on top of his shirt. His socks were turned ready to pull on, his shoes were under the chair.

But no servant had done this. He had done it himself on going to bed.

The political situation was extremely sticky. A new Government was formed almost every three weeks, with every Cabinet Minister trying to be Prime Minister. Sometimes he was in conference all night.

Overlooking a side door of the Palace which the Royal family used was a row of houses. I soon noticed that three men sat at the window of one of the houses, always watching this entrance. I was told they were Communists.

Financially, too, Greece was on a shaky wicket. A few months after my arrival the Palace menservants tackled me about a rise in pay. I told them they would have to see the Keeper of the Privy Purse.

When I told the King, he said, "I have every sympathy for them, but what can I do? D'you know, King, that since my return



KING GEORGE of Greece, who gave Ernest King his first job in a royal palace.

I haven't received one penny piece for my private purse."

As far as I could see, all he received was his board, lodging, and laundry.

The King and his sister, Princess Katherine, observed between each other an extraordinary formality. She had her own suite in the Palace and would never enter his apartments except by invitation.

"Do you know what Princess Katherine is doing for lunch tomorrow?" the King might say to me at dinner. "Perhaps you would ask if she would care to lunch with me tomorrow, if she is disengaged."

Red spies force the King to ban a friend

Invariably he would be detained in his audience room and the Princess would have to wait and wait. To begin before he arrived would be an unpardonable liberty.

But once, to keep an appointment, she did order lunch to be served without him and was on edge until she finished.

"Please have everything tidy before the King comes," she told me. "And, oh, King, will you apologise to the King and explain to him why I had to leave."

And then she laughed. "It's really too funny, isn't it? I mean, King, will you tell the King . . . I mean your name being King, too."

Although the Palace postmaster had been warned about my name he put many of my letters in the sealed envelope reserved for His Majesty's correspondence.

Once the King's footman brought me an opened envelope addressed to me and explained that the King had opened it by mistake. Later the King apologised. "I'm so sorry," he said, "but I assure you I have not read it."

The King missed his friends in England. One day he said to me: "Aren't you lonely out here? Why don't you get your wife to come out? I know I'm damn lonely myself."

I was deeply touched by that. The King chose apartments for my wife and myself, arranged for her to fly out, and she was to do no housework—the Palace staff could take care of that.

He also insisted that I have a footman as my personal valet. He had the ingenious plan that I should train the man and, when proficient, take on another and another. "Like that," he said, "we can build up a trained staff."

All the Palace footmen were fine, well-built, good-looking men. They wore a light blue tailcoat with light blue striped trousers and scarlet waistcoat, except at full-dress functions, when the trousers were replaced with white breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes.

Soon after the King's reference to his loneliness I noticed that flowers were regularly placed in the suite adjoining his. I surmised that a friend from England was expected. I had met her once or twice before sailing.

But after a short while the flowers were not renewed. Two Communist newspapers were then published in Athens, and her arrival

To page 26



CURT JURGENS plays Major-General Blumentritt, who pleaded with Hitler for tanks.

THE LONGEST DAY . . .

. . . is the grand-scale re-telling of the events of D-Day, June 6, 1944, when the Allied Armies began their invasion of Nazi-occupied Europe. The 20th Century-Fox film has 167 speaking parts, of which 57 are played by major stars. Producer Darryl Zanuck went to fantastic lengths to give the film authenticity.



ROBERT MITCHUM is brave Brigadier-General Cota of the U.S. 29th Division. The General inspired his men to follow him off Omaha Beach.



STUART WHITMAN is Lieutenant Sheen, one of the men who parachuted into Normandy on D-Day. The film was shot on authentic European battle locations, and five directors were used to cope with the five-nation force involved.



BEACHES were studded with about four million mines by Field-Marshal Rommel, who commanded the Atlantic defence perimeter for the Germans. It was Rommel (played by Werner Hinz) who gave the book, and the film, its title. He said, prophetically, "The first 24 hours will be decisive . . . it will be the longest day."



IRINA DEMICH, top French model, plays the great resistance worker Françoise Bresson.



Supplement to
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



SANTA KNOWS THE ANSWERS

PREVIEW of Christmas: Santa Claus Jimmy Hannan, compere of the national TV daytime quiz "Say When" (and shown here with and without his flowing "beard"), and his family—wife, Joanne, three-year-old Mark, and Melissa (six months), plus the aptly named Hannan pooch, Woolie. Mark knows what he wants for Christmas: that plane looks just right, thank you; and oh, you really are my Daddy Christmas! Baby Melissa is very taken with that soft cuddly doll she's holding (happily, she chewed the yellow ribbon around its neck; result, yellow mouth and chin and dress for Melissa). The Hannans recently moved to the Sydney suburb of Willoughby, and staff photographer Ron Berg took this festive picture in their garden.

● TV CHRISTMAS QUIZ, SEE OVERLEAF.

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE WHISKERED

● The merry men (and woman) tumbling round here
are well known to Australian TV viewers, and
it's easy to identify them — isn't it?

HERE'S our Which-Santa's-
Who, beginning at the left,
and going anti-clockwise:

Michael Charlton, who is not a
square though he has Four Corners,
listening for the latest news.

Bobby Limb's ringing in Christmas
cheer (his arm is a Mobil-Limb,
naturally).

Malcolm Searle, plus tree laden
with £3000 Questions.

Eric Jupp rates two bells to help
with The Magic of Music.

Lionel Long, upside-down but still
able to Sing, Sing, Sing.

Graham Kennedy tips his cap
(polite; that's The Best of Kennedy).

Bill Newman lighting the way so
he can see to Singalong.

Bryan Davies Show-s he can branch
out (this year, into pantomime).

Lorae Desmond hasn't a beard, but
she still fills a stocking neatly.

Terry Dear's thinking about the
Christmas season with Concentration.

Bob Dyer chooses a holly wreath;
he didn't Pick-a-Box of goodies.

Brian Henderson: He (Band)stands
for a cool Yule.

Bill Acfield, plus bell (to help
people find his Letterbox).

Tommy Hanlon? It Could Be,
You know.

Merry
Christmas
from all
of us

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 26, 1962

The film was shot on authentic

SHE loves big business

LUCY VERSUS THE BULLS (AND BEARS)

From **ROBERT FELDMAN**, in New York

● A sizzling big bomb has just landed in the middle of the small, staid coterie of Hollywood movie and TV moguls — and they don't know yet if it's a blockbuster or a dud.

THE bomb is red-haired. It is named Lucille Ball and if it doesn't blow the Hollywood bosses into eternity it will at least turn the scene into a Marx Brothers circus.

Lucy—the latest and most astounding tycooness ever to swing a million dollars around like a wet dishrag—has truly set the big men back on their heels.

Having bought out ex-husband Desi Arnaz for about 5,000,000 dollars (£2,500,000, roughly), lovable Lucy is now both president and chief asset of Desilu Productions, Inc., the vast entertainment factory that straddles the TV world like a colossus.

Well preserved at 51, Lucille Desiree Ball, who once almost, literally, starved to death trying to crash Broadway, has become one of the wealthiest and most powerful women in the business world.

As a comedienne, critics agree Lucy is tops. Her new weekly series, "The Lucy Show," in which she continues the same wacky style of 10 years of "I Love Lucy," opened on American home screens last month to high praise.

Men "terrified"

But will the Clown Princess be able to cope with the real-life role of company president, directing a multimillion-dollar enterprise and making daily decisions about the dozen-odd shows taped at Desilu (including the top-rated "The Untouchables," "My Three Sons," "The Andy Griffith Show")?

Quite likely, yes. The established Hollywood moguls—traditionally men, permanently wreathed in cigar-smoke, and removed, by mutual consent, from the public gaze—are taking the vivacious bombshell in their midst quite seriously.

They are reported to be slightly terrified at the prospect of competing with the woman whom they have thought of

for years as an orange-tressed scatterbrain with 36-23-36 figure to match, hilariously and perpetually visible to anyone owning a TV set anywhere in the world, but utterly dependent on her astute Cuban-born husband of 20 years for business guidance.

Lucy is biding her time, letting Desilu's board of directors temporarily run the complex show while she listens and learns the ropes.

As she put it the other day: "Up to now I've been vice-president in charge of dusting. Now I'll have to sweep up, too."

Lucy took over as boss on November 8 when Desi, in a surprise move, announced his resignation as president and director of the company he and Lucy formed in 1950 to produce the all-time hit TV series "I Love Lucy."

Arnaz was reported eager to shed his administrative burden.

Since Lucy took over the chair, however, the board meetings haven't been the same. The stockholders are reaping an additional dividend—laughter.

But the first serious word Lucy spoke was a tribute to the retiring president and his business acumen. Yet it must have been obvious to the investors that, with all the genius in the world, Desi couldn't have done it without his talented wife.

In the new "Lucy" series, our heroine shows up with a new surname (Carmichael) and a new role, that of a widow with two teenage children—and without her dashing Desi. But she still has her favorite foil and friend, Vivian Vance, who plays a divorcee in her familiar frenzied manner.

Lucy and Vivian cope with the assorted problems of raising their children in manless households. On the inaugural show, as part of an agreement to stay out of the way when her 16-year-old daughter brings a boyfriend home, Lucy finds herself locked out of the house and soaring skyward on a trampoline in the yard. With each ascent she manages to conduct a conversation with Miss Vance on the second floor.

It was a half-hour of the

wildest improbability, and in less skilful hands the programme would have fallen apart. But Lucy's inimitable technique of staying in character and enjoying the ridiculous made the episode not only seem quite likely but zany fun in the bargain.

With the first 16 programmes made, Lucy took off for New York recently for a round of reunions—and to celebrate the first anniversary of her wedding to nightclub comedian Gary Morton. She had also just completed making the film version of the Broadway comedy "Critic's Choice" with Bob Hope.

To reporters, Lucy admitted that she would have been quite willing to continue her business partnership with Desiderio Alberto Arnaz de Acha the Third. She denied that Mr. Morton would become an executive in Desilu.

On the other hand, Desi's walkout was reportedly prompted by more than just a desire to be free of business responsibility. He apparently suspected Morton was giving Lucy advice that caused conflicts at the top level.

In addition, there was a recent story that Lucy and Desi had a showdown over "The



LUCY on the horns of a TV dilemma, literally.

Untouchables," with Desi wanting to pep up the slipping gangster series with more violence. She was against it, it said.

With both marital and business ties now severed between them, Lucy nevertheless retains a fierce pride and admiration for the dashing Cuban who has done his dash.

She revealed that he's planning to marry Edie Mack Hersch, the estranged wife of a wealthy horse-breeder.

Actually, Lucy's off-screen personality is a far cry from the zany she appears to be. She has a cold, shy manner, smiles rarely, and shows clearly the signs of suffering.

Pose for fans

A year ago I watched Lucy emerge from the New York church where she had just been married—and, to the cheering fans waiting in the bitter cold outside, put on her perfect, warm "Lucy Ricardo" personality.

Later, however, at a private reception in her apartment, she was restrained, not very communicative, and far from full of fun.

The fact is that 20 years of marriage to Arnaz was not the idyll everyone supposed it was.

Ten years together on the "I Love Lucy" show and as co-bosses of Desilu kept their marriage alive, as did their two children. But when it finally came down with a crash the lighthearted Lucy of the early years was through.

Today Lucy says sadly of their madcap antics on screen as the happily married Ricardos: "It was nice to pretend. It helped."

With her new husband Lucy has apparently found just what she needed. She says of Gary: "With him, home isn't just a place to change your clothes."

And, despite Desi's suspicions, Gary's influence over Lucy may be rather limited.

Morton, who has been only moderately successful in his field, was called to the phone while a reporter was interviewing the couple in New York. He returned shortly to tell Lucy lightly: "That was an offer for an engagement in Milwaukee."

"Forget it," replied the red-haired tycoon with a wave of her hand. Morton did.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma has asked me to pass on her special Christmas message to you:

To my dear friends in Australia, here is my fondest wish for all of us . . .

May this New Year be one in which there will be no more talk about bombs and wars. May this New Year be the one in which all the nations of the world, big and small, finally start thinking about living in peace. May this be the year they find cures for those dread diseases that have taken so many of our dear ones away from us. And, finally, may this be the year for all of us that we have dreamed of having all our lives . . . And so from my son and myself to all of you . . . Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

make it a Fruit Juice Xmas

with .. *Golden Circle*



PARTY SIZES

PERSONAL SIZES

IDEAL FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES - IN TWO WAYS!

First—Golden Circle Pineapple Juice and Pineapple and Orange are smooth, wholesome health drinks. Kiddies can have all they want, and be fit and healthy next day. Second — boisterous kiddies' parties are no place for your best glasses, so what a blessing is the current young folks' fashion for "can and straw" drink service. Keep the family fit through holiday festivities with Golden Circle's delicious Vitamin-C-rich health drinks.

Golden Circle
Tropical
FRUIT DRINKS

they're rich in vitamin 'C'

C.O.D. Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

December 26, 1962



**BRYAN DAVIES
IN CHRISTMAS
PANTOMIME—page 2**

LETTERS

Should pocket-money be earned?

SOME teenagers receive an allowance of up to 10/- weekly, and never even think about earning it.

I am 14, and one of a family of six, and we all receive pocket-money, according to our ages. We have our set jobs and are expected to do them. If we are lax in this, our pocket-money is cut.

I think this is very good training and helps us to realise that money doesn't grow on trees.

Do other teenagers think pocket-money should be earned? —S. Murray, Miranda, N.S.W.

Manly custom

I AM surprised to see the number of boys and girls who walk along the streets together with the girl nearest to the road.

The custom that the boy should walk on the outside of the footpath is not superstition. It probably originated when horses and carts, travelling on the old dirt roads, often splashed mud on to the pedestrians. The gentleman therefore walked on the outside to protect the lady.

The modern youth should take more notice of this custom. By observing it he shows his manly qualities. —"J.B.," Brighton, Vic.

Christmas pantomime

THE three teens on our cover are playing the star roles in this year's Christmas pantomime at Sydney's Phillip Theatre, "A Wish Is A Dream."

From left, they are Jackie Weaver as Cinderella, Bryan Davies as Buttons, and Terry Mitchell as the Sad Prince.

Bryan, at 18, is right on top of the TV tree, but the others are playing their first professional roles.

Jackie, a 15-year-old schoolgirl, was chosen from 100 who were auditioned for the role.

Terry, 17, is studying singing at the Sydney Conservatorium.

The play was adapted by William Orr from the Cinderella story — with music written by Dot Menzies. Neva Carr Glyn and Dolore Whiteman play the ugly sisters and Valda Baginall is the wicked step-mother.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

"No trash"

I HEARD the following interview, quite by accident, when I tuned in to an A.B.C. broadcast recently:

Interviewer: And how much do you spend on records every week?

English youth: Oh, about thirty bob.

"Are you interested in the classics?"

"Yeah. I buy Frankie Sinatra albums and things like that. Never buy no trash, though."

"And what do you regard as trash?"

"Oh! Planer playin' and symphonical things."

I would be most interested to read comments on this from Australian teenagers. My husband and I are still shaking our heads sadly whenever we recall it.

Apart from thirty shillings seeming a large sum to spend on records every week, I wonder what teenagers regard as "trash." —Mrs. V. Price, Brisbane.

Tints for boys

WHEN I first discovered that boys were blonding and tinting their hair, I was amazed and a little horrified. However, after I'd thought about it, I decided, well, why not?

Some boys have mousy or streaky colored hair, too, so if we females can change our hair color as often as we please, then the boys can go ahead and do theirs.

Probably some of them would look much better with darker or lighter hair. So, boys, if you want to color your hair, go to it! —"Barbara," Banyo, Qld.

Long words

SURELY it is about time something was done about simplifying the English language.

While reading an old newspaper recently, I came across the word "antidisestablishmentarianism," which has 28 letters and refers to a movement that opposed the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland during the last century.

According to the newspaper there are even longer words than this! —Michael Dugan, Canterbury, Vic.

Seats for girls

MY brother is always courteous, but he says he shouldn't have to give his seat in the bus to any girl younger than himself.

Girls are always being urged to act like ladies, but they need to be made to feel like ladies from their earliest years. —"Carol-Anne," Geelong, Vic.

White Christmas

AT school in our art lesson we were asked if we would like to draw and paint a Christmas card. Our teacher suggested that we draw something like singing Christmas carols in the snow.

Why should we paint a cold Christmas when we are living in Australia with such a warm climate? —Margaret Atkinson, Surry Hills, N.S.W.

Hairstyles

IN front of the mirror all evening I sit,

Rolling my hair up bit by bit, Teasing and back-combing this way and that,

Piling it high, it musn't be flat. Next comes the lacquer, a sweet-smelling spray,

Drowning the perfume you bought yesterday.

You smell like a flower, you look like a charm, In walks your darling, you run to his arms.



He touches your ears, he says you look fair, His manly brown fingers he runs through your hair. Your time and your trouble all seem to be vain, But in spite of it all you love him the same. I wonder if Helen of Troy felt distress, And Lady Godiva, what of her tress? So, even though piled-up coiffures beguile, Please let us go back to a simple hairstyle. —"Kitten," Manly, N.S.W.

Fab-mad

WOULD some kind person please discover a new word which means the same as "fabulous"? —"Aggie," Sylvania Heights, N.S.W.

Next week

• Four glamorous frocks featured in our next issue prove that there is nothing more refreshingly chic than WHITE for a big deal on a warm summer evening. And for a hot day on the beach Carolyn Earle has some special tips on beauty care.

I am driving everyone mad with this word. All other words similar to this are all right, but they don't seem to emphasise things as much as good old "fabulous." —"Aggie," Sylvania Heights, N.S.W.

Parents and teen parties

• "Interested" (T.W., 21/11/62) asked if teenagers wanted their parents to stay home when they gave a party—or did they regard those who did as kill-joys. The unanimous verdict—"Stay home."

MY teenage friends and I have had several parties at my home, where my mother and father are host and hostess, making everyone feel comfortable, sensible, and sociable.

Rather than being "wet blankets," they mix well with everyone, help the gay atmosphere, and give us a sense of proportion and sensible fun. —M. Barnden, Barmera, S.A.

PARENTS should stay at home for teenage parties. Things will be under control, yet they'll still have fun.

Staying home does show you are interested in them, but being interested doesn't mean joining in the games or dancing.

It means sitting in another room, playing cards perhaps with a couple of your neighbors, then helping with supper when it's required.

And nothing is wrong with peeping in now and again to see how things are going. Leaving the guests entirely to

themselves gives them the idea that you don't care what they do. —"Frecks," Carlton, N.S.W.

FOR the young teenage party, parental supervision is a necessity. A guiding, controlling hand is essential, as there is usually at least one boisterous youngster who can spoil the enjoyment of all and annoy the immediate neighbors.

Older teenage parties should not need supervision if they are well conducted, but parents invited to act as host and hostess can make a party memorable. —Sylvia Dunstan, Goondwindi, Qld.

WHEN I give a party, we have lots of fun and my friends are all pleased to come. After Mum serves supper, she and Dad retire to their room, only coming back again to wish everyone good night with these words: "Do come again soon; we enjoyed having you." —"A Daughter," Cullerim, N.S.W.

IF the parents are out, some teenagers think that they are able to do as they please. At all the teenage parties I have attended, the host's parents are in the next room or join in the fun of the party, and no one minds in the least. So why not stay home and show that you are interested in your children? —"Teenager," Lakes Entrance, Vic.

PARENTS who stay home for parties are not kill-joys. I know I'd much rather be at a party when I know the parents are at home. —B.D., Geelong, Vic.

IT is part of the parents' duty to stay at home and supervise a party held in their home. The party could be gate-crashed or the house severely damaged, whereas if the parents are at home this is not as likely to happen.

The presence of parents also indicates that they are interested in their child's activities. —M. Polglase, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

With the New Year
just around the
corner, now is the
time most teenagers
are asking themselves...

How grown-up am I?

By KERRY YATES

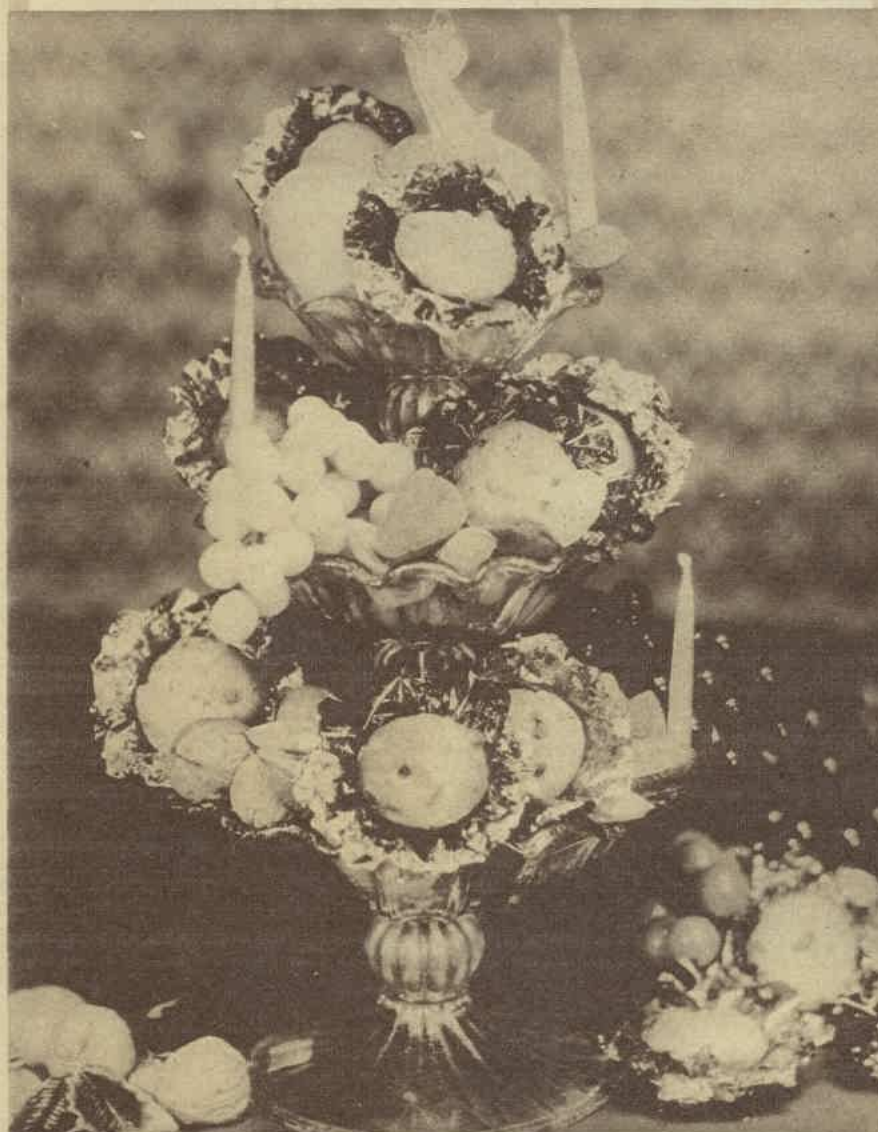
● A ruler measures how tall you are and the school report card shows how bright you are. But how do you tell just how grown-up you are?

It's not easy! But there are ways to tell when teens are really growing up. You won't find them listed in a book, they may not be conventional ways, and they're sure to differ from teen to teen.

But if you've already reached some of the signposts listed below, it's for sure you're on the right road to "growing up."

- When Mum calls that there's a cream or cake basin to be licked in the kitchen—you prefer to remain seated reading a novel, with a "let the others have it" attitude.
- You are interested to chat about the day's events and world affairs with your parents each night after dinner.
- You start to hang up your clothes when you take them off, and even give your bedroom a weekly clean-up.
- You begin to back up your parents in punishment of younger sisters and brothers.
- You find the words "mummy" and "daddy" dropped from your vocabulary. It's "mum" and "dad," or even "mother" and "father."
- You often like to be alone in your bedroom. This gives you privacy to study, read, try new beauty hints, or just to be able to sit and think in peace.
- You begin to value responsibility. Looking after the home when your parents are on holidays, and holding unchaperoned but well-conducted teenage parties are good tests.
- You start to think of the future. Plans to buy a car or to travel abroad will set you saving money each week.
- You find you have a sense of rhythm in dancing, and begin to enjoy a jazz waltz and the Canadian two-step at the more formal dances and parties.
- You find it easier to control your emotions. If someone disappoints you or your plans don't work out, you begin to realise there's no point in making a fuss about it.
- You begin to take your parents' advice on new friends, clothes, and hairstyles. You even volunteer to help mother with a few household jobs.
- You don't mind if your parents are a little strict. It's comforting to know someone is worrying about you, and a parent's curfew on dates saves you the responsibility of setting the time to leave a party.
- You try to stop criticising different people and their ideas. This can hurt a lot of people, and the time comes when you suddenly realise this.
- You plan your clothes, hairstyles, and ideas as an individual, and it's no longer important to think exactly the same as your best girl-friend.
- You find yourself offering advice to the youngster next door, and even commenting: "they didn't do that when I was at school" when pupils start yelling on the bus.
- You may start to feel bored with the company of school and childhood friends. It's natural to want to mix in wider circles and join new crowds.

A CHRISTMAS COOKIE TREE



● Dreaming of something special for this year's festive season, Debbie, our teenage chef, hit on this colorful idea of a tree made out of Christmas cookies.

FRUIT COOKIES

YOU'LL NEED: Eight ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 4oz. white sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5 eggs, 5 tablespoons sherry, 8oz. cherries, 8oz. finely shredded peel, 4oz. walnuts and almonds (mixed), ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. raisins, 12oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

METHOD: Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar and white sugar, lemon rind and vanilla, and add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well.

Mix cherries, peel, nuts, and fruit well together and add to the creamed mixture. Fold in half the sifted dry ingredients, followed by the sherry and then the balance of dry ingredients. Place spoonfuls in greased patty-tins and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

COOKIE-CASES

Cut required number of circles (approximately 4½in., depending on size of patty-tins used) from both aluminium foil and colored transparent wrapping. Slightly scallop or pink the edges and place one colored wrapping circle on top of each foil circle.

Cup these around the underside of each fruit cookie, using the thumb and forefinger in circle fashion to produce the required paper patty-case shape.

Turn back and slightly flute the edge to give a frame effect around each cookie. Secure with an elastic band at the back of each fluted section.

Debbie arranged her cookies on a special cakestand from David Jones' Ltd., Sydney. The same effect can be got by using suitably shaped dishes—but make sure they're firmly taped together.



DRESS UP



● A few sprigs of holly . . . bright shiny red ribbon . . . a shimmering collection of Christmassy baubles (ours cost a little under £1), and there you have it, a workable basis for an enchanting collection of party decorations—for you! A little money and a bit of imagination will make you a real Christmas Belle, 1962. The ideas pictured on these pages—simple to make, inexpensive, and highly practical—were designed by staff reporter Patricia Kent, photographed by Don Cameron.



TWO SPRIGS OF HOLLY and a length of red ribbon (top left) will go to any girl's head. The ribbon we used was the self-adhesive kind, which made the job easier, but a few strategically placed bobby pins through the ribbon will give the same result.



TINY WAIST (left) is accented by a wide strip of ribbon and dangling, jangling collection of bells. We threaded silver tie through the bells, and attached it to the back of the ribbon with adhesive tape.

STAR PERFORMANCE is guaranteed with this belt-with-a-difference (right). Red ribbon ties behind the waist and stars are glued on or fixed with adhesive tape.



LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE



BRACELET that shimmers with every move (above) is made by threading brightly colored balls with silver tie. All these ornaments are available at small cost in chain stores throughout Australia.

NECKLACE of shining cones (right) accents a pretty frock. We used silver tie again and knotted it at each cone to keep it in place. Use these for bracelets or try them for earrings.



EARRINGS with the real Christmas spirit (right). These sprigs of holly had long stems which we slid behind the ears and caught with a bobby pin or two.



SANTA CLAUS buttons have a gold thread which loops over the buttons on a blouse or dress. You could try these little decorations as earrings, too—just wind the thread over a pair you have already.



PRETTY FEET can dance all night through (below). The long stems of each sprig were turned under the front of the shoe. "And very comfortable, too," reported our model.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Two boy-friends

"I AM 17 years old and like two boys. I have been going with one for 12 months and the other was my girl-friend's boy-friend. He has been in hospital and since he's recovered has written to me several times and not to my girl-friend at all. Actually, she hasn't liked him for some time, so it is not as if I am trying to take him from her. Both the boys are very nice and I want to remain good friends with them. There is a dance and a party coming up shortly and I would like to go with one to the dance and with the other to the party. Can you please advise me?"

"Bothered," Vic.
Why not do just what you suggest — ask one to escort you to the dance and the other to the party — and let the boys take it from there?

Air hostess details

"COULD you please give me some details on how to become an air hostess? How old must you be? How tall? What education is necessary? And could you please tell me where to write to apply for this career?"

J.G., N.S.W.
The basic qualifications for air hostesses are much the same for Australia's internal airlines, T.A.A. and Ansett-A.N.A., and the overseas airline, Qantas, although they differ in a few details.

Girls must be single, well groomed, and attractive, with a pleasant personality. They must not wear glasses or contact lenses and must have a well-modulated voice for speaking on the aircraft's public-address system.

Good health is absolutely essential and applicants must pass a medical examination.

The basic education required is the N.S.W. Intermediate Certificate or equivalent. General nursing training or a St. John Ambulance First Aid Certificate is also necessary.

Qantas considers the knowledge of a foreign language an advantage.

This airline accepts air hostesses between the ages of 21 and 26. T.A.A. has a minimum age of 21 and maximum of 27, while Ansett-A.N.A. employs hostesses between 19 and 30. If accepted under 21, girls must have the written consent of their parents.

Applicants must be between 5ft. 2in. and 5ft. 6in. (T.A.A.), between 5ft. 2in. and 5ft. 7in. (Ansett-A.N.A.), and 5ft. 3in. and 5ft. 7in. (Qantas).

Besides the medical examination, applicants have to go through intensive personal interviews before they are accepted by the airlines.

This is necessary because there is too often a tendency to glamorise the life of an air hostess, which really consists of a lot of routine and sheer hard work.

Applications should be addressed to the personnel officer of the airline, in the capital city of your State. You can obtain the address from the telephone book or through your local airlines office.

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Simple devotion

"A BOY living in the same suburb often sits next to me at church, and afterwards walks the mile home with me. He always goes out of his way to wave and speak to me. This boy is not the best looking in the world, but I am no tonic myself. At a party I went to he was extremely friendly and had every dance with me. He also held my hand. Do you think he likes me?"

"Wondering," Vic.
Yes.

How many dates?

"WE are two average-looking teenage girls, both aged 15. We board away from home and attend high school. Our parents permit us to go out with boys, and we would like your opinion as to how many nights a week we should be allowed out. We go out only three or four nights a week, till only 10.30, but our parents think we go out far too much for our age. What do you think? Also we should like to know what is the correct thing to do when you're attending a sad movie with a boy and start to cry?"

"Gay Teen," W.A.
I agree with your parents that you're too young to be going out so much, particularly while you're going to school and should be studying at night.

Once a week is quite enough during term.

However, during the school holidays, when you're at home, I'm sure your parents will agree to two or three dates a week.

As to the second part of your letter, do try to wipe your eyes surreptitiously — most boys die of embarrassment if you ask for a hanky in the movies. If you really can't control your emotions, avoid sad movies and go where you can laugh.

Unhappy fiancé

"COULD you please give me some sound advice? I am very much in love with a man who is very unhappily engaged. He is 21 and old enough to know what he wants but he does not wish to hurt his fiancée by breaking off with her."

H.R., S.A.
Perhaps I'm getting a bit cynical, but I find it very hard to believe that anyone can go on being unhappily engaged just because he doesn't want to hurt his fiancée. This is just plain stupid.

If they're unhappy now their married life would be misery. No matter how it will hurt to break it off now, how much better it is for both—and the quicker the better.

Somehow this boy doesn't ring true. If he's really unhappy he'll be disengaged quick smart. And until he is I would advise you to have nothing to do with him.

Family tree

"ALTHOUGH my problem is not an affair of the heart, I am writing to you in the hope that you can assist me. I am interested in tracing my family history and wonder where I go for this information."

B.J., Qld.
The Registrar-General's office in the Treasury Building, Brisbane, which has all records of births, deaths, and marriages, would be the best place to start tracing your family history.

Beauty in
brief

MAKE-UP TRICKS

YOU needn't have a drawer full of cosmetics to achieve different "looks" in make-up or even to improve your current technique. Clever juggling with the ones you have will often do the trick. For example:

A shiny face in summer can be an attractive, healthy glow. But if yours tends to be an oily shine, clean your skin thoroughly with astringent, apply a thin layer of liquid powder foundation, and pat again with astringent.

This, plus lipstick, makes a nice finish for any young face.

And speaking of lipsticks, every girl has more than one or two colors on hand at a time, and can make good use of them by wearing two different colors at once. For instance, a soft coral with real red over it.

Perhaps you'd like to try the new pale-as-a-lily look for a change? It's easy as wink; all you need is a film of vanishing cream on your own young skin, a touch of lipstick—nothing more.

To give your skin a light, transparent finish, use a vanishing cream



or even a dry skin cream base and press loose face-powder on top.

If your skin is dry and your make-up cakes or gets discolored when it's hot, use a colorless powder base and a slightly more coarse-grained powder that can't be absorbed by pores, which often become relaxed in the heat.

For the lucky, perfect-complexioned girl, a touch of moisturiser and powder is just about the coolest idea in make-up technique yet invented for any hour of the day.

—Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie



FRUIT salad wins my vote for the most delicious (and easy to prepare) summer dessert. And here's a novel way to serve it, specially for Christmas parties:

Cut the top off a fresh pineapple, carefully preserving the tufts of green at the top.

Scoop out the flesh of the pineapple and chop it up into cubes.

Then mix this with cubed peaches, bananas, melon, apples, seeded grapes, and trimmed sections of oranges and grapefruit.

Add castor sugar to taste.

Mix well, but carefully, so the tender fruit doesn't break or become too mushy.

Spoon the luscious mixture into the empty pineapple shell. Cover with the top and place in the refrigerator for an hour or more before serving.

P.S. — A little lemon juice sprinkled over the fruit will keep it from darkening. Do this as you cube it.

Love or stupidity?

"I HAVE heard that time will make a person forget, but somehow that doesn't seem to work for me. For almost two years I have not been able to get the thought of a certain man out of my mind. He is 23, I am 19. For the first seven months of this year I saw him almost every day and know he likes me, but since neither of us is in a position to be serious I decided it would be better not to see him and have not for four months. He has tried to contact me several times, but I have been away—fortunately or unfortunately. I go out with other boys but always compare them with him without realising it, and it always seems to be to their disadvantage. If any one of these boys shows signs of getting serious I freeze. Is it really love, puppy love, infatuation, or just plain stupidity, and what can I do about it, anyway?"

A.C., Qld.
I can't tell you if this is really love or just infatuation, merely wanting him because you know you can't have him. But imagine that something completely unexpected happened and you were suddenly able to get married immediately—would you really want to? Has he no faults which might make you hesitate to spend the rest of your life with him? Do you really love him enough to settle into the humdrum everyday life of marriage, talking across the marmalade every morning? Or are you just carried away with wonderful dreams of life together in a rose-covered cottage?

Not seeing him will only build him up in your imagination, making him more romantic than perhaps he really is. I think you should go out with him, casually—not every day—and go out with the other boys, too.

You must give the other boys a chance, you know. Of course they're not like him, but in lots of other ways might be even better.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

He kept on trying, and won a contract

● Two years after he first failed to make it at one of Festival's Friday night recording auditions, 19-year-old singer Laurie Saxon went back to try again—and is he glad!

FOR now he has got a newly signed recording contract, a disc coming up, and what seems to be a bright future.

Hoping to make a fresh start, Laurie used an assumed name for his second try—but was spotted right away. The Festival people hadn't forgotten him, and were rather hoping he'd be back.

In between the two auditions he'd been getting valuable experience singing at dances around the Sydney district of Blacktown, where he lives. And that, it seems, made all the difference.

Like most people, Laurie occasionally indulges in Walter Mitty-type dreams. In his favorite, and most frequent one, he's conducting a symphony orchestra.

His interests are Rugby League, swimming, and playing snooker. He plays guitar and does quite a lot of composing. He's 5ft. 10½in. tall, and weighs 10 stone.

An old boy of Westmead Technical College, Laurie's playing it safe by continuing to work at a chain store until he sees just how his singing career shapes up.

Local talent: Right up to its release, no one connected with the new instrumental single by Digger Revell's *Denvermen* could decide which was the side likely to go best—the up-tempo "Lisa Marie" or the dreamy, atmospheric "Surfside."

Among those who couldn't make up their minds were Johnny Devlin, who wrote both numbers, and the recording company, H.M.V.

This is the group's second disc. The first, "Outback," went well in Melbourne, following some Festival Hall appearances, but didn't ever get really going in Sydney.

Digger has been on a South Australian tour with Barry Stanton and Paul Wayne, was on the bill for Johnny O'Keefe's comeback shows in Adelaide, and now is doing a Christmas tour of western N.S.W. towns for Ted Quigg.

Carols: For sheer vocal quality and beauty, "Christmas Carols" (R.C.A. LP), sung by the great Marian Anderson, must be the Christmas buy of this year. Her unique depth of feeling gives even such old favorites as "Silent Night" and "Away In A Manger" a new bloom.

As well, there's the less well-known "Angel's Song," "The Twelve Days Of Christmas," and a new version of "Ave Maria."

Pops: Nashville identities heard on Festival's LP, "The Best of Nashville," include Kitty Wells ("How Can I Believe In You"), Bill Anderson ("Flowing Water and Shifting Sand"), Patsy Cline ("Lovin' In Vain"), and Roy Acuff ("I Like Mountain Music").

There's a "Grand Ole Opry"-style introduction of each singer, and audience applause.



LAURIE SAXON, whose first disc will soon be released.

SINCE his visit to Australia in 1960, Harry Belafonte has made some interesting additions to his repertoire, and the pick of his new songs are on "The Many Moods Of Belafonte" (R.C.A. LP).

He swings "Who's Gonna Be Your Man?", pours out his heart in "Summertime Love," lifts the lid off with a terrific, dramatic "Dark As A Dungeon."

It's a fine disc and old admirers will be pleased to find a couple of calypso tracks.

AN instrumental LP that's different, melodious, and maintains a romantic mood is Earl Grant's "Beyond The Reef" (Festival). The difference comes from the fact that the only instruments used are organ (Grant), tenor sax, flute, guitars, bass, and drums. The romance is in such numbers as "The Very Thought Of You," "Yellow Bird," Mood Indigo."

ANOTHER hit could be on the way for Dion with "Love Came To Me" (Festival 45), a tune with one of those tantalising beats that keep you playing it over and over. There's a beautiful, romantic guitar and piano backing to "Little Girl," and there's a real sob in Dion's voice when he sings this one.

IF you're still in the Bossa Nova learning stage, jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins' beaty "Brownskin Girl" (R.C.A. 45) should get you off the ground. "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," the flip, appeals to me more as a sort of jazz instrumental. Both tracks are from the Rollins LP "What's New."

PIANIST Liberace gives four specially pretty pop standards the concerto treatment on a Coral EP, "To Each His Own." Other tracks are "Too Young," "Near You," and "I'll Be Seeing You."

WORTH HEARING

PROKOFIEV: Suite from "Love for Three Oranges"

SERGEI PROKOFIEV'S "The Love for Three Oranges" is one of the oddest operas ever written. It is based on a play by the 18th-century Venetian writer Carlo Gozzi, and its plot is a wildly fantastic fairytale about a prince who falls desperately in love with three oranges as a result of a spell put upon him by a witch.

Its cast includes a party of "spectators" who have seats on the stage and keep getting into the act. It also has a female role sung by a bass—a reversal of the old operatic custom of giving male roles to female singers.

Prokofiev wrote it for the Chicago Opera in 1919; it baffled the audience then, but has been revived with success since—mainly as an opera for children, although Prokofiev meant it as a sophisticated satire.

Most listeners know the March from this opera, a piece that is typical of the brisk and pungent sort of music that Prokofiev wrote at this time. There are several other entertaining orchestral excerpts from the opera and this whole suite has a lively performance by the Boston Pops Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler on a new R.C.A. release. (The reverse side of the disc carries the oft-recorded "Les Sylphides" ballet music.)

—Martin Long

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PUTTING BEST FEET FORWARD

● You can say I'm cynical, but I'm convinced that some new dance crazes are just business ventures, created coldly and calculatedly.

ID therefore like to suggest how a new light and really fantastic step could be born...

SCENE I: Conference room of an American publicity firm. The staff is led by the Chief, Mr. N. Ducement Tobias.

N.D.: "Well, boys and girls, I'm going to throw a loose ball to you and I want someone to carry it over for a touchdown."

"Our recording account, the Sticky Label, has a problem—Double Decker's new disc, 'Rub Noses,' needs a gimmick to make it sell, sell, SELL. Well?"

R.J., crushing out his ivory-tipped cigarette (for the makers of which he had devised the slogan "We, too, smoke Elephants"): "Well, Chief, I'm talking off the top of my head, but I'll run up the flag and see if anyone salutes. Let's have a dance—called The Rub—to go with the disc."

N.D.: "I'll buy that if you can deliver the goods."

K.B.: (who is a sort of Freud-egghead): "Interesting... we will have progressed from the American negro influence, through the Afro-Cuban impetus, to be impelled now by Polynesian courting overtures."

N.D.: "Quite... But what do the dancers do?"

R.J.: "That's the beauty of it—nothing... except move their heads as they rub noses. Think of the wonderful warnings doctors can issue to people about cricking their necks!"

A.B.: "Well, I like the way good old R.J. hasn't fumbled the pass, but I'd like to blow the referee's whistle on one point—is the dance suggestive enough? I mean, a dance craze has to be criticised as a moral danger before it can be really big. Just like banned books."

R.J.: "Sir, I'd like to fend off that tackle—we just have to get psychiatrists and a retired Pacific Islands missionary to attest to the wild, untamed significance of rubbing noses."

D.C.: "And think of the evergreen tunes we can suggest Sticky adapt—'Nobody Nose the Trouble I've Seen,' 'Sneeze Up, Mother Brown,' 'The Breathe and I'..."

N.D.: "I like it—one of the best ideas I've ever had."

SCENE II: R.J.'s home, where he and his wife are getting ready to go out to celebrate the success of his (sorry, N.D.'s) idea...

Wife: "What will we do, would you like to teach me The Rub?"

R.J.: "Naw, let's go somewhere they have that old foxtrot and quickstep jazz. I want to relax."

—Robin Adair

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman. No. 24

Revival of Gothic designs

ALTHOUGH England has some interesting Baroque buildings, that ornate style did not last long and was soon replaced by more sober and dignified buildings.

After the year 1800 England had a series of styles in its architecture now known as the Revivals.

Architects went back consciously to Gothic and Classic models for their ideas almost as though they were sorry to have ever left them.

The old Gothic Palace of Westminster in London served for meetings of Parliaments for centuries, even though it had once been in danger when Guy Fawkes tried to blow it up.

In 1835 it was accidentally burnt to the ground and the Government decided to replace it with an imitation Gothic building.

An architectural competition was held for its design to which 97 entries were submitted, the winning architect



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, London, are Classic in form, with elaborate Gothic details. From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).

being Charles Barry. A quarrel over the award held matters up for years, but finally the building was started in 1840.

Although the Houses of Parliament have elaborate Gothic details, they are nevertheless Classic in form, with all parts equally balanced about centre lines.

The only unequal parts are the huge

Victoria Tower and the other tower, at the other end of the building, known as Big Ben. This name really applies to the greatest bell in the wonderful set of chimes in the tower, but gradually the name has come to be applied to the tower itself.

In 1840 it had been so long since Gothic buildings had been erected in England that special schools had to be

set up for the masons who built the Houses of Parliament.

No wonder the building cost £2,500,000 and took 20 years to build. For his work on this building the architect was knighted to become Sir Charles Barry.

NEXT WEEK: The British Museum





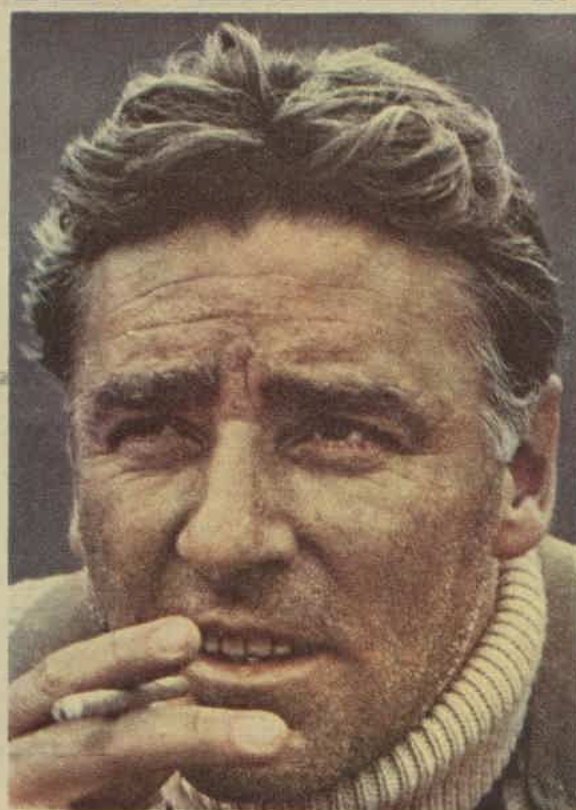
LEO GENN (left) and MEL FERRER play two top officers in scenes of Eisenhower's Allied headquarters map-room.



PAUL ANKA, Robert Wagner, Tommy Sands, and Fabian appear as some of the American soldiers who gained the 100ft. Pointe du Hoc cliff in the face of enemy fire in 43sec.



JOHN WAYNE stars as Lt.-Colonel Vandervoort, who despite a broken ankle led his men into battle at Ste. Mere-Eglise, a little Normandy town.



PETER LAW-FORD plays the handsome, colorful leader of the British Commandos, Lord Lovat, who led his men on to Bloody Sword Beach. Lord Lovat scorned the conventional regimental attire and wore a knitted sweater into the battle.



RICHARD TODD as Major John Howard, whose swift surprise assault on the Orne River Bridge advanced the Allied cause by weeks. Todd on D-Day was a paratrooper and jumped a few miles from the bridge.



TREVOR REID (right) as General Sir Bernard Montgomery, who urged General Dwight D. Eisenhower (played by Henry Grace, left) to launch the D-Day invasion.

Continuing — PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

from page 23

would inevitably be reported by the three "spies" watching the side entrance to the Palace.

I presumed her visit had been judged unwise, and he never saw her again. Not until after his death did she come to Athens.

The King died suddenly just six months after his return from exile. He was only 57.

The night before he died he had been in almost continuous conference with the coalition government he had finally succeeded in forming.

At lunchtime he was too ill to eat and ordered a cup of consommé to be sent up to his sitting-room.

The King was lying on his sofa. The moment he saw me he said, "Oh, King, would you please get me a glass of water."

I always recall that "please." His good manners did not escape him even at such a moment.

They were the last words he uttered, for when I returned, he had collapsed.

The Princess makes me her steward — at £26 a week

After the public funeral service in Athens Cathedral, the burial took place privately at Tatoi, the summer palace some miles out of Athens.

Shortly after the committal service had begun around the open grave, Queen Frederika, the wife of the new King Paul, and Princess Katherine hurried over to the late King's friend, who had just arrived from London, and drew her to the graveside. Their touching thoughtfulness brought tears to my eyes.

Queen Frederika, whose brother, Prince George of Hanover, is married to the Duke of Edinburgh's youngest sister, is a very charming, intelligent, and natural person. Every Wednesday she spent entirely with her three children while the head nurse had the day off. The Queen saw to their meals, took them on picnics, read to them, kept them amused, and finally gave them their baths and supper and put them to bed.

One delightful incident illustrates her engaging naturalness. The morning after the funeral, King Paul attended his first Cabinet meeting, and when it was over I delayed announcing lunch until the King had greeted his guests.

But I timed it rather badly, for I did so just as the King was embracing the Queen. Perhaps I looked a little abashed, for the Queen called out, "Oh, look at King! He's perfectly horrified."

King Paul and Queen Frederika asked me stay on in Athens, but I had just received a letter which could have a great and exciting bearing on my future. It asked if I would be interested in joining Princess Elizabeth's household after her marriage to Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, R.N.

I was thrilled to the marrow. To join the household of the second lady in the land would be the crowning point in my career. In a word, I was mad keen to have the job, so I returned to England at once.

It was Mr. Bysouth, steward to the Duchess of Kent,

who had put forward my name, as he had likewise done to King George of Greece. I was told to ring the steward at Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, to arrange an appointment.

This was September, 1947, the Royal marriage was taking place in November. When I rang I was asked to come for an interview the following Sunday.

I had heard from an authentic source that, after the Abdication, Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) had told the Master of the Household that any of the Buckingham Palace servants who had been in close contact with Mrs. Simpson should be transferred to duties outside the Palace. Were this story true, would not the Queen object to me?

I thought of what might happen if the Press got hold of the story that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's former butler was now with Princess Elizabeth and her husband in their first home. Would that not cause trouble? And trouble was the last thing I wanted to cause these young people.

To tell or not to tell? Wasn't silence the best answer?

I drove over to Royal Lodge that Sunday morning in a mixture of excitement, hope, and fear, and the steward met me on arrival. His first words were, "Well, the old man's here, I expect he'll want to see you."

We all spoke of our employers as "the boss," "the old man," or "the gov'nor," so there was no question of impertinence, even though "the old man" in this case was King George VI.

As a matter of fact, neither the King nor the Queen saw me. They apparently decided to leave it to the young couple to make up their minds about me unaided.

The steward then escorted me to the Princess and Prince Philip.

For a girl of 21, who had led a sheltered life and could have had no previous experience of engaging servants, the Princess made a most competent job of it. For an hour she and Prince Philip put me through a thorough interrogation.

I laid bare much of my life's history of employment, from Barnstable and my boyhood days with the Chichester family, to Athens and my service with the King of Greece.

With one omission. I made no mention of having worked for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. It was the one great mistake in my life.

Why didn't I admit it? Because, quite simply, I thought I wouldn't be engaged if I did. I was afraid to admit it. I thought that were I accepted and later it became known, my work would have proved my worth and my deceit be excused.

And then I heard the Princess saying that she was pleased to approve my appointment as her steward (Royalty do not have butlers). I scarcely dared breathe. Then the Princess added: "Please go to the Master of the Household at Buckingham Palace to confirm all arrangements. I am not starting housekeeping until January 1 and hope this will be all right for you."

I had been approved and I would serve Her Royal Highness to the death if need be. It was a moment of pure happiness for me.

The Master of the Household, Sir Piers Legh, brought me firmly back to earth. He told me that the pay was

£230 a year, about £4/8/- a week, less insurance contributions.

I said that I had not received so small an amount for over 20 years, that since before the war it had always been £8 a week.

Sir Piers Legh replied, "Yes, but it's always more outside than you get inside," meaning inside the Royal Household. Finally, the offer was increased to £6 a week.

It was a strange coincidence that in entering the Princess' employment I was again heading for Windlesham Moor, on the "Millionaires' Mile" at Ascot, where I had spent almost a third of my working life.

Sunninghill Park, where I had spent 13 years, first with Captain Alastair Mackintosh and later with Mr. Philip Hill, should have been Princess Elizabeth's and the Duke of Edinburgh's first home. King George VI gave it to her as a grace and favor residence, but in August, 1947, three months before her wedding, it was destroyed by fire.

When Mr. Hill had to leave Sunninghill Park during the war he bought nearby Windlesham Moor, and it was Mrs. Philip Hill herself who, after the fire, suggested the possibility that this house might suit the Princess and her future husband.

Just prior to the Royal wedding I met the Princess and Prince Philip at Windlesham Moor to arrange final details before they took up residence after Christmas. There was no plate, linen, or household china, and there were no carpets or rugs in the drawing-room.

I gathered that many of the valuable wedding presents then arriving at St. James' Palace would be used at Windlesham after the public showing closed.

With the Princess was Miss Margaret Macdonald, her lady's maid and official dresser. Little did I think when the Princess introduced us that there was anything momentous in that meeting.

But I did notice, after Prince Philip's cordial manner at my first interview, that he seemed distinctly standoffish toward me.

After we had gone around the house there was one matter that had not been touched upon — the number of footmen to be engaged for my pantry staff, so I respectfully broached the subject.

Prince Philip said firmly: "We don't want any footmen. When we have extra guests in the dining-room for lunch or dinner you can have my valet to assist you. And Usher can do the washing-up. We shall have only one footman when we go to Clarence House."

Rigid economy ordered for Royal Household

Usher was the detective-inspector who had been detailed by Scotland Yard for duty with the Princess and Prince Philip. I had to swallow my surprise at his trying to get by with such a make-do method.

It has to be remembered that in 1947 we were still living in conditions of wartime austerity and rationing, and that for the past 20 years I had lived in surroundings of extreme luxury.

Economy was something new to me, but once its necessity in the Princess' household was made clear I became super-economy conscious.

There were many Labor Parliamentarians in 1947 who



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and PRINCE PHILIP on their honeymoon. When they appointed Ernest King as their steward, he says, "it was a moment of pure happiness."

were ready to attack the slightest sign of luxury in connection with the Royal bride. Many wanted to reduce her allowance of £50,000 a year.

"The time has come for a break with the large number of servants, hangers-on, spivs, and drones surrounding them," said one Socialist M.P.

Mr. John Colville, private secretary to Princess Elizabeth, stressed the need to exercise rigid economy and not to be extravagant in any way. "It is Her Royal Highness' express wish," he told me.

For her first cocktail party, the first time she and the Duke of Edinburgh entertained as young married hosts, they invited some 30 people to Windlesham Moor for tea and drinks at five o'clock.

With no footmen to assist me I had to prepare everything myself and admit and announce the guests, among whom were her father and mother, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

I made two kinds of cocktails, one a martini and the other unsweetened pineapple juice and gin, using about four bottles of gin.

When the guests had left the Princess said to me, "What was the alcoholic content of the cocktails you made, King?" I replied that the dry martinis were nearly all gin, and the other a fifty-fifty mixture.

"And how many bottles of gin did you use?" the Princess asked.

I don't think she was being mean, merely wanting to know as a guide to future occasions, but it may well have been a reminder to me that my millionaire past must not tempt me into any undue extravagance.

After this party Miss Macdonald wanted to know if Group-Captain Peter Townsend, then Equerry to King George VI, had been present. When I said he had been, she exclaimed, "Such a nice man! Such a nice man!" I often wonder if subsequent happenings changed her mind.

Somebody thought I was drinking the brandy

The Duke occasionally kept a weather eye on cellar consumption. One evening as I was pouring him a brandy he asked me, "How long does a bottle of brandy last in this house?"

I replied that it depended on the number of guests and what was taken, but usually about three weeks.

Quite obviously the Duke had put the question for some reason. He must think that the brandy, part of a considerable wedding gift from the wine-growers of France, was disappearing faster than it should: that somebody must be drinking it. Not me! I never touch brandy. I don't like it.

I happened to glance at the Princess as he spoke, and my attention was held by the strangeness of her attitude. She was holding her fruit knife and fork rigid and upright in her hands, and her eyes were fixed on me as if trying to read my thoughts.

So I added, "You may remember that when Mr. James Robertson Justice and Lieutenant Parker were here for the weekend a bottle was finished in two nights."

And then a trifling incident

during the past week came back to me. "As a matter of fact, your Royal Highness," I continued, "some brandy was consumed from that bottle while you were away. A kitchen maid was taken ill and the cook, on two days running, asked me for some brandy for her. I gave it to her from that bottle, as it was the only one open."

I could see the Princess begin to beam, her face lit up with relief as if she were saying, "Well, that's the answer to that."

The Duke, however, added a final word. "Another time anyone is taken ill, King, give them some of the brandy that comes from the local grocer."

Somebody must have thought I had been drinking the brandy myself.

Application was made for a catering licence when the Princess and the Duke took up residence at Windlesham Moor, but it was refused on the ground that one catering licence had been granted for Buckingham Palace and two could not be allowed.

Our ration of meat came from the same butchers who supplied Buckingham Palace. Their van was stopped eight or nine times and searched. I suppose someone in the local Ministry of Food office had a grudge against Royalty and hoped to catch them out.

A wartime measure introduced by King George VI was the wearing of blue battle-dress by all Royal men-servants. Hooked at the neck it avoided the necessity of starched shirts or collars, and proved so acceptable and economical that it has now become the established livery in all Royal households, except on occasions of State.

One who objected strongly

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MY COOKING SECRETS

by Leila Howard of The Australian Women's Weekly Kitchen



TREAT FOR MOTHER.

After one of those mornings at home when nothing seems to go right, try cheering yourself up with a glamorous lunch like this one. Blend finely chopped apple and celery with cream cheese or mayonnaise. Spread this mixture on lightly buttered bread

or slimming biscuits. Place a dollop of the same apple-celery mixture into the hollows of canned peach halves, and toast both bread and peaches. Dish it up on your prettiest platter, then settle down with a magazine and your favourite piping-hot or icy-cold drink.

SAVE THAT SYRUP! Left-over syrup can be used to add extra flavour to jellies, custards, sauces, pie fillings, rice desserts, party drinks and even cakes and cookies. But remember to balance the sweetness to taste.

PEACH PARFAIT. There's nothing like a really professional looking parfait to put a gleam in a man's eye! Here's one that looks good, tastes good, and is so simple. Mix together some raspberry

jam, drained peach syrup and a dash of lemon juice. Spoon into tall glasses in alternate layers with chopped canned peaches and thick whipped cream. Place an extra scoop of cream on top, and decorate with a cherry and a wafer biscuit on a rakish angle.

SUNDAE DELIGHT. Sundaes, too, are ever-popular—especially with menfolk and youngsters. Place two up-turned peach halves on a pretty dish. Fill the cavities

with raspberry jam and balance a giantsize scoop of ice cream across the centre. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and stick in a wafer biscuit or penny paper parasol.

A REMINDER. Dietitians say we all need a serve of fruit a day. Make sure your family get their fruit by keeping several cans on hand always. Canned fruits are versatile, sustaining, easy to digest and lower in calories than most puddings.



CHOCOLATE PEAR PRINCESSE

INGREDIENTS: 1 can pears; ½ cup pear syrup; 1½ pints milk; 3 oz. grated chocolate; pinch salt; 3 eggs; ½ cup sugar; 2 teaspoons rum or ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 4 or 5 slices stale bread (cut into fingers); 2 tablespoons extra sugar; extra grated chocolate.

METHOD: Place milk, grated chocolate and salt into saucepan and heat slowly until chocolate melts. Add ½ cup drained pear syrup. Separate eggs, set aside 2 egg-whites and place remaining white and 3 egg-yolks in basin. Add sugar and rum or vanilla and beat until creamy. Stir in chocolate milk mixture and bread fingers. Set aside for ½ hour, then spoon into greased ovenproof dish. Place in another dish containing 1 inch water and bake in a moderate oven until set. Remove from oven and allow to cool slightly. Meanwhile, whip egg-whites until foamy and fold in extra sugar. Beat until dissolved. Arrange pear halves on top of chocolate custard and coat each with meringue. Return to oven for 10 minutes to set and lightly brown meringue. Sprinkle extra grated chocolate over each mound before serving.

Easy! open a can of perfect pears



PEAR & LETTUCE SALAD

INGREDIENTS: 1 can drained pears, lettuce leaves, prunes, creamed cheese, walnuts, mayonnaise, parsley, meat rolls.
METHOD: Take 1 lettuce leaf for each serving. Arrange in centre of lettuce, 1 pear half. Top each pear with creamed cheese, prune, walnut, and parsley. Arrange meat rolls around the edge. Chill. Serve with mayonnaise.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD!

All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours — any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm... just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit



THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE GROWERS OF PEACHES, PEARS AND APRICOTS THROUGH THEIR SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE. IT IS ONE OF A SERIES DESIGNED TO HELP YOU PREPARE CANNED FRUITS IN NEW AND EXCITING WAYS.



Continuing—PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

from page 26

to the King's battle-dress ruling was Queen Mary's steward. He persisted in his objection, and when it came to the notice of Queen Mary she decided to tackle him herself.

"I would sooner leave than wear battle-dress," was the reply she received. "It is the King's orders," Queen Mary pointed out. But the steward would not give way, and he left.

I, too, had very strong feelings against battle-dress for domestic servants, but I had equally strong feelings that such a request from one's employers must be accepted with good grace. So off I went to the Royal Household's tailor to be fitted.

They asked me if I had any medal ribbons to go up, and I said, "Well, only those for 1914-18. No need to put those three up, is there?"

"It is the King's orders," I was told, so up they had to go.

Stewards of the Royal Household wore a gold stripe on the shoulders of their battle-dress to denote their position. The Princess, however, asked me to wear a silver stripe instead of gold, "because the King's is gold, and I'd like to be different."

Windsor Castle bills us £400 for food and flowers

Her cipher, which was embroidered on the pocket of my battle-dress jacket, was a silver crown above the initials EP.

The first time I wore it the Princess touched it with her hand and said, "I do like that!" She spoke with such youthful pleasure and pride it made wearing it well worth while.

You can imagine that the arrival of the Princess and the Duke at Windlesham Moor brought the eyes of the world upon us, and stirred up local interest to fever heat.

All the people in the village of Windlesham—some two miles away—signed and sent a book of welcome. The cricket club naturally looked forward to the Duke playing for them.

And a battle might well have broken out between rival churches for possession of the presence of the Princess and the Duke.

Two days before they took up residence at Windlesham Moor, the parson from Bagshot called and said that, having examined the ordnance survey maps of the district, he found that Windlesham Moor was, in fact, in his parish.

I said that in the number of years I had been there I had never yet seen the rector of Bagshot, and that on Mr. Philip Hill's death, his funeral service had been conducted by the local parson.

He finally asked me to tell the Duke and the Princess that they were in his parish.

I duly repeated this on the arrival of the young couple, and I rather think it persuaded them to avoid rousing local church jealousies by going to the church near Royal Lodge, in Windsor Park.

Windlesham Moor was no longer the source of plenty that it had been in the days of Mr. Philip Hill. There was only one greenhouse, and

being January when the Princess and the Duke first arrived there were no flowers in the garden.

The very idea of the Princess entering any room in which there were no flowers was unthinkable, but where were they to come from?

The vegetable situation was not too wonderful, either, and there were no cows to give milk or chickens to lay eggs.

I therefore asked the Comptroller of Supplies at Buckingham Palace to advise me. "You can get all you want from Windsor Castle," he said. "Milk, eggs, vegetables, and flowers, just telephone."

So, having made out a list of what was required with the cook, I telephoned. To our combined horror there arrived some 10 weeks later a bill from Windsor Castle for a supply of goods and flowers of £400!

The Princess's Comptroller, Sir Frederick Browning, was on to me in a flash. He sent me a long list of questions, beginning: "Her Royal Highness would like to know how it came about that these goods were ordered from Windsor Castle? Who gave the order for the supply of flowers?"

I had to say that I had done so on the advice of the Comptroller at Buckingham Palace.

Officials at both Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle were anxious to "mother" the Princess, believing they had to look after her interests and comfort.

When I next saw Sir Frederick Browning he asked about a man who came specially to wind the 12 clocks at Windlesham. I said that the Superintendent at Windsor Castle had appointed a firm at Windsor to look after the clocks.

"Well, in future you'll kindly assume responsibility for winding them up!" he told me.

The Duke's suggestion that his valet could wait at table and his detective wash-up at the sink had been wisely forgotten, but Sir Frederick had many headaches in trying to find suitable footmen.

The two who were finally appointed were both raw young recruits, so I had to father them gently into the job. One harsh word and I might have lost the pair of them.

One footman was always detailed to see that the reception rooms on the ground floor were always tidy, the fire made up, and the cocktail bar ready for use, and never short of ice.

It was one thing to tell them to do this, but quite another for them always to remember. I was shocked one evening to see the Duke getting his own ice out of the fridge in the kitchen.

With servants available that sort of thing risks inviting slackness. He should have rung the bell. He only had to get the ice himself two or three times, and the footmen would never bother to do so again.

Some years later I read a story of how the Duke returned unexpectedly late to Clarence House, found the kitchen closed and nothing to eat, so he sent his valet out for some fish and chips.

Everybody thought how amusing, but not me. I just considered it had organisation. Somebody should have been on duty.

Directly you employ servants, whether it's one or 50,

WINDLESHAM MOOR, near Ascot, the first home of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. Gossip and petty jealousy in the household made Ernest King unhappy.

in a private house or a palace, you've got to observe certain rules between you and the staff.

If there be a pantry and kitchen, with steward or butler, cook or chef, the lady of the house can't just pop in when she likes. She's bound by certain unwritten customs. Normally she asks when it is convenient to visit pantry or kitchen, or makes known the time of her visit.

It has to be remembered that the Princess and the Duke were meeting new problems for the first time. Both had much to learn in the handling of a household.

Several times I was surprised to find the Princess in the pantry where some of the wedding presents, a selection of china and glass, were kept.

I guessed she had slipped in to see that all was in order, and if there had been any breakages, because she was loath, or too shy, to ask me direct.

Some time later the Duke came into the pantry to tell me of arrangements for the weekend. I saw him looking hard at the china and glass cupboard. Casually he said, "Tell me, King, has anything been broken since we've been here?"

So much to discover so little. I could have told them any time they asked, and I was happy to reply that nothing had been broken, chipped, or cracked.

My training made me too formal for friendly Duke

Later I was profoundly shaken to find the Princess standing on a chair in the staff hall one Sunday morning, examining the knives, forks, and spoons of the staff cutlery.

On seeing me she turned and said, "Where did these come from, King?" I replied that as there had been none on our arrival, and as I had been enjoined to avoid all but the most necessary expenditure, I had arranged for this staff cutlery to be borrowed from Buckingham Palace until such time as her cipher was struck and engraved on a new canteen of plate.

The borrowed cutlery wasn't too bad, even though it had been used in the coffee room at the Palace. Starting any home from scratch, it's hardly possible to

have everything in apple-pie order at once.

The Princess took a different view, however. "This won't do," she said to me. "The servants can't use this. Give them one of our spare canteens of plate." The one we used had been a wedding present.

When finally the plate for the servants' use was delivered, stamped with the Princess's new cipher, I don't think any economy-minded M.P. could have objected to the price. Purchased wholesale, it cost 4/- a piece.

There only remained the problem of the silver we had been using, which had become scratched. It took me about three days a week for over a month, in my spare time, to work it back into good condition.

The result of my lifelong training, never to presume, and only to speak when spoken to, may have led to some misunderstanding between myself, the Princess, and the Duke.

I know it did on one occasion. The Duke had ordered his car to be at the door at 9.15 the following morning without his chauffeur. He would be driving himself to London.

I, too, was going to London for the Princess the next day. A wedding gift from the South African Government had been a shipment of timber to be made up into furniture. Sir Frederick Browning wanted to see me in connection with occasional tables to be made out of this wood.

They were for Clarence House, for which the Duke and the Princess were now busily planning decorations and alterations.

As usual I caught the bus and had just knocked on Sir Frederick's door, at Buckingham Palace, when the Duke appeared down the passage. "Hello, King," he said. "I didn't know you were coming to London. Why didn't you come with me?"

I would never have dared suggest such a thing. Ask His Royal Highness if he could give me a lift to town! I would never have dreamed of it.

Against the Duke's friendly informality was my life-long background of always observing the strictest formality with my employers. It would have meant crossing the borderline of undue familiarity. I just couldn't do it.

And yet I heard him say to Lieutenant Michael Parker, his Private Secretary, as he

entered his room, "Here's King come to London and he wouldn't even damn well ride with me." The pitfalls of misunderstanding, how they can trap one!

On these frequent visits to Buckingham Palace, I often felt I was stepping back into another world, half old England, and half old Gilbert and Sullivan—"The Yeomen of the Guard."

For instance, distinct from Pages of Honor, personal and unpaid appointments, were the Pages of the Presence to the King and Queen.

The worst gossips are ladies' maids and nurses

Their duty was to remain in constant attendance and within hail of their Majesties to take and deliver messages, papers, documents, and orders, and with a place the size of Buckingham Palace it is pretty necessary.

Then there were the Yeoman of the Wine Cellar and his assistant and the Page in Charge of the Gold Plate, who, when not in battle-dress, wore a blue tailcoat, velvet collar, and white waistcoat. There were also the Page of the Glass and China Pantry and his assistant and the Page of the Silver.

Once all these pages were powdered (the war ended that) and all drew their powder money, and I imagine a few old servants are still entitled to do so.

Such appointments are not superfluous as they may at first sound. You can hardly expect to run a Royal Palace like a self-service cafeteria.

Type, Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. run the Buckingham Palace Garden Parties and other functions, but that is not the end of Royal hospitality. There are day to day occasions, receptions, presentations, banquets, lunches, dinners that require an experienced staff to handle them.

You can't just ring up a domestic agency to whip up additional servants whenever necessary—even if available today—to meet unexpected demands.

True, for Royal servants there is frequent temptation to idleness. Menservants at Buckingham Palace only work every other day, though that can still add up to much more than a 48-hour week.

The footmen don't have to wash up any plate or silver. They can just pitch everything into the lift and forget all about it, as it is handled by a pantry staff.

Always have 1½ men to do one man's job had been King George V's rule, and I could see little change in it.

A Royal servant's life inevitably turns around the Royals. Because their employers are constantly in the public eye, the servants have ready to hand subjects about which they can talk and talk from morning to night with unending interest.

I have never heard so much gossip in my life as at Buckingham Palace and Windlesham Moor. I have never known so much petty jealousy.

It's difficult not to gossip, but it's dangerous. I have always set my face—and ears—against it. To listen to the gossip of one servant about another is fatal. It sows suspicion. It undermines confidence.

It's bad for the staff and it's bad for the employers. It brings about distrust of never knowing what is being said behind your back. There can be no contentment, no sincerity where there is perpetual gossip. My position was not made any easier to find myself in the throes of it.

Brought up in the Royal Households, where servants' gossip was part and parcel of the background, it was not something that would have seemed so unusual to the Princess.

I think the worst gossips can be ladies' maids and nurses. They have the ear of their employers, and some employers have an insatiable appetite for gossip.

The more they hear, the more they want to hear. The more they are told, the more they want to be told. The appetite comes in eating, as the French say. Gossip thrives on gossip.

There is an answer to all this. A butler I knew once complained to the cook at the sudden news that there would be 18 that day for lunch. The cook repeated this to her mistress, and she summoned the butler.

"I've heard," she said, "of your overburden at the added numbers coming to lunch, and I'm giving you a month's notice. You might tell the cook to come and see me. I'm giving her notice, too, for telling me."

Ladies' maids, rather more than most women, can be angels or devils. Perhaps the position they occupy, a part of the staff, yet apart from it, may explain it.

(Copyright, Ernest King, 1962)

NEXT WEEK: I get the sack after row with Princess's dresser.



"My husband — orator"

By "WINTERSUN," TASMANIA

● I will never forget the first time my husband accepted an invitation to speak at the local "Rotary." He had three weeks to find a subject, do the research, and steel himself to face an audience of friends.

WORDS fail me when I try to describe the tensions of the 21 days, but we eventually came to the "dress rehearsal."

A good friend and myself provided the audience to listen to "The Romance of Money," and for 25 minutes we sat and listened to him "orate" in a flat monotone, for all the world like a big schoolboy reciting a much-hated school "chore."

Do we ever understand our husbands?

When he left the house for the meeting I really felt sorry for him.

A man going to the scaffold could not have looked worse. A wan smile, a kiss,

bronze coins circulated in Britain and the Commonwealth.

Then, breaking away from the technical, he dealt with the sterilising of money, and the audience apparently loved it, as his humor and tales are mostly drawn from his early life in Scotland.

In America it is proposed to treat dollar bills of all denominations with plastic, to allow cleaning after return from circulation.

In the talk, my husband explained this was no new idea, as his own grandmother, at the farm where he spent his school holidays, was a person with high standards of cleanliness.

Saturday was the "big" day, everything was washed and polished, all the family

with the customer handling the "till."

The purchase is made, the customer pays by placing the money in the jar, then fishes out the change from the vinegar.

Just imagine how closely the shopkeeper watches the customer, eyeing each coin as it is taken out!

Truly, plagues can be upsetting, but we can also admire the ingenuity displayed in using vinegar as a sterilising medium.

After hearing this report of my husband's speech, I felt that all my worries in regard to his future talks would disappear.

But no, nothing is simple when you have a husband who is a "budding" orator.

He next gave a talk on "Slot Machines" and the preparation this time was even more nerve-racking. Every day would come the query, "Can you think of anything else you can buy at the 'slots'?"

Honestly, when I went to buy provisions it would haunt me.

I kept asking myself, "Can I buy flour, butter, cheese, or some other article at the slot machines, or must I get it at the stores?"

Looking through his notes, I realise now that he spent hours and hours listing everything, and tracing the development of the machine from something the early Greeks had to a proposed idea of divorce by means of the slot machine.

He was really funny when he told them, in a most racy style, how such a divorce could be obtained.

sounded convincing, because he swears one of his audience asked him hopefully if the system would ever be introduced in Australia.

Versatile to a degree, hubby spoke on many subjects to a variety of audiences. I believe his favorite subject was one called "Auld Reekie," otherwise Edinburgh.

After dealing at length with a street, in that city, which had 29 public houses in its three-quarter-mile length, he went on to tell them how Princes Street, so beautiful, was really the result of a bad smell.

What is now the garden site of Princes Street was formerly the Nor'loch, or North Lake, and early inhabitants of Edinburgh used it as a convenient place to dispose of all types of rubbish, refuse, and sewage.

As the stench became greater, so did the determination of the councillors to get rid of it.

Result, the Loch was drained, the silt and rubbish carted away to make the famous Mound, on which is built the National Gallery of Scotland.

It is lovely to hear the lilting accents of the old country when my husband speaks of the glories of the Castle and the wonderful War Memorial.

Children love to hear about the little panels immortalising the mice and the canaries which were carried in the trenches to detect poison gases, and have their place among the

The agonies...

and my hero had gone to his Waterloo—or so I thought.

When he came home from the ordeal I asked, "How did it go?" The husbandly response "All right, I think" did nothing to allay my fears.

So next day I approached our local hardware merchant, a Rotarian, and asked him about the "talk."

Apparently my husband did absolutely nothing as he had planned.

He dispensed with the courtesies and plunged into a story of how he visited a chemist on his way to the hall and drank a stiff "pick-me-up."

On his arrival at the hall (he said) he discovered he had left his notes on the chemist's counter, so rushed back.

But instead of getting his notes he was handed a bottle of "Eyewash," which (he declared) the chemist had dispensed from the bit of paper!

From there on he joked with his audience, saying he had a comparatively easy job, for, judging from the look of them, he was relieved of the task of telling them how to make money.

Without any notes he traced the coinage system from China of 500 B.C. to the time of his talk, including the unusual currencies of shells, stones, etc., and the development of British coinage and the meticulous weights employed in the minting of gold, silver, and

had baths, the front doorstep was whitewashed, but there still remained one thing more — the money in the purse.

It was tipped into the soapy water, washed thoroughly, dried, and replaced in the chamois-lined purse.

Then, and then only, could Grannie face Sunday with a happy heart.

Developing this theme, my husband took his hearers to the dread time of the plague in London — and here he acted like an old "trouper."

The shopkeeper of that time (he told them) still opened his shop for business,

even after a night of horror, hearing the mournful tolling of the bell, the rumble of the cartwheels on the cobblestones, and the voice calling out, "Bring out your dead, bring out your dead."

He described the awful sounds and the dull thud of bodies being tossed into the cart. At last the cart passed into the night and the shopkeeper slept.

Opening for business next day, the shopkeeper's first act was to place an earthenware jar on the counter. He poured vinegar into it and coins for the day's business, then he was ready for the customers.

Here we have a complete reversal of business practice (explained my husband),

...and the funny side

"You file your petition. Then you are led to a slot machine and your name is inserted in a panel on its front."

"Next, you receive 25 silver dollars, which are inserted at the rate of one each day, to establish residential qualification; this is checked by time clock."

"At the end of 25 days, the last coin is inserted."

"Then the divorce starts to come through — the machine lights up, and the wedding march, played backwards, blares out."

"The machine ejects a neatly rolled parchment, emblazoned with the seal of the State — and you are free to hunt for another mate."

My husband must have

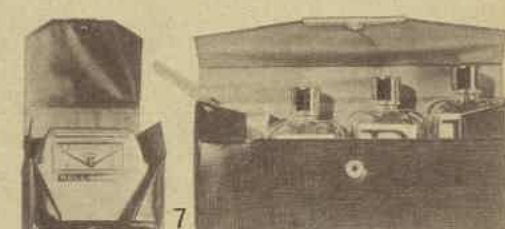
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COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Glass cellarette

This unusual ruby-red glass cellarette with decanter and eight glasses is reputed to be 250 years old.—J. T. Langenbach, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

The cellarette (left) is Venetian glass and is only about 90 years old. It is, however, a very fine example of the glassmaker's art. Very few examples of this type have survived in perfect condition.



● Staffordshire plate.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers queries sent by readers.

This plate, part of a dinner service, is marked 2972. The plates are colored in deep blue, red, and gold.—L.A.H., N.S.W.

The plate (left) is English and was made at Staffordshire about 1870. The design is a typical Derby pattern which was fashionable throughout the 19th century. Many English factories reproduced this design on their wares.



● Melon-shaped teapot is English.

This teapot belonged to my grandmother and is known to be at least 100 years old.—Mrs. S. J. Pauley, Parramatta, N.S.W.

The teapot (above) in attractive melon design with insulated handle is a good example of early English electroplate, and was made about 1850-55.

★ ★ ★

The peony rose is made completely of ivory and is inlaid into a slab of black lacquered wood. Could you tell me its approximate age and origin? — I. R. Burns, Geelong, Vic.



● Rose in ivory.

Your framed ivory rose (above) is of fine quality. It is Japanese and was made in the late 19th century.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me anything about this jug? — A. Fergusson, Yenda, N.S.W.

The jug (below) is Longport pottery with decoration in relief and a Britannia metal cover. It was made by T. J. and J. Myers about 100 years ago and is a good example of Victorian ceramic art. Apart from the factory mark you illustrate, the number 97 is probably the factory design number for record purposes. Much ware between 1842 and 1850 bore a registration mark to prevent piracy of designs.



● Longport jug.



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BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Somehow or other most of us manage to get caught out at least once at Christmas. The poor weary postman, making his last delivery on Christmas Eve, usually brings you a card or two from people you'd never thought of sending cards to.

AND you're bound to get at least one present from someone who wasn't on your Christmas shopping list.

I'll bet you do what I do—hastily whip the card off the bath-salts Aunt Mary gave you (and which you were dying to try) and parcel them up again and give them away.

I've been reading a very amusing story by A. A. Milne, which suggests another alternative—if you're game to try it.

All you need is a fountain pen — and a head-start on everyone else so that you find yourself alone under the Christmas tree while the others are still under the shower.

Mr. Milne's hero found himself at a large Christmas house-party where he hadn't expected to give or receive any presents.

But on Christmas Eve he discovered that everyone was preparing a present for him and taking it for granted that he would need wrapping-paper and cards and some privacy for preparing his own offerings.

Having nothing to wrap up, he spent the time in doing a little detective work.

"What are you giving our host?" he said to a fellow guest called Charles.

"Mary and I are giving him a book," Charles said.

Then he approached the host's sons and daughters and discovered that various ones had clubbed together to buy presents for people in the party. Bright and early next morning he went downstairs and found the breakfast table laid with parcels beside each place.

At his host's place he quickly found the book Charles and Mary were giving him and altered the card so that it read: "To John, from Mary and Charles and William."

Then he went from pile to pile, adding the words "and William" to any parcel that looked suitable.

By the time he'd been all the way around the table, everyone had a present that was partly "from William," and he could greet the others and sit down to breakfast with a quiet mind.

"It is of course impossible to thank every donor of a joint gift," A. A. Milne writes. "One simply thanks the first person whose eye one happens to catch. Sometimes William's eye was caught, sometimes not."

"But he was spared all embarrassment; and I can recommend his solution of the problem with perfect confidence to those who may be in a similar predicament next Christmas."

Please take the thought for the deed

I'D like to take this idea a step further and turn it into a do-it-yourself plan for all those very kind people who have written to me during the year and haven't had any replies to their letters.

Believe me, the fact that they haven't been answered certainly doesn't mean that the letters have not been appreciated.

I make resolutions about it, I mean to answer every letter that comes, I even do answer them in a way by composing replies while I'm ironing or mending or doing the washing-up.

But somehow time always gets away from me, and those answers that I've enjoyed thinking about somehow fail to get themselves transported on to paper.

So if I still owe you a letter, will you accept my thanks and my apologies and put it right for me by choosing your prettiest Christmas card and writing "and Margaret Sydney" after the name of the friend who sent it to you?

Letter of thanks for gift of piglet

THAT prodigious letter-writer Charles Lamb was one who answered all his correspondence as soon as it came, and knew that Christmas decorations must be down and all thank-you letters for presents written by Twelfth Night.

This was the letter of thanks he wrote to a Mr. and Mrs. Bruton, who had sent him a little sucking-pig as a Christmas gift.

Twelfth Day, 1823.

"The Pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy. There was some contention as to who should have the ears, but I contrived to get at one of them."

"It came in boots, too, which I took as a Favour. Generally these petty toes, petty toes! are missing; but I suppose he wore them to look taller."

"He must have been the least of his race. His little foots would have gone into the Silver Slipper. I take him to have been a Chinese and a female."

"He cracked delicately."

"I left a blank at the top of my letter, not being determined which to address it to; so Farmer and Farmer's wife will please to divide our thanks."

"May your granaries be full, and your rats empty, and your chickens plump, and your envious neighbours lean, and your labourers busy, and you as idle and as happy as the Day is long!"

VIVE L'AGRICULTURE

How do you make your pigs so little? They are vastly engaging at that age: I was so myself.

Now I am a disagreeable old Hog, A middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half; My faculties (thank God) are not much impaired.

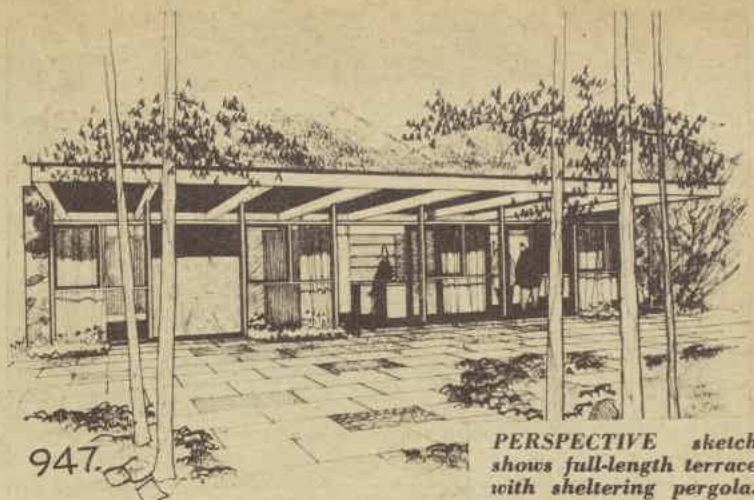
"I have my sight, hearing, taste, pretty perfect; and can read the Lord's Prayer in common type, by the help of a candle, without making mistakes. Believe me, that while my Faculties last, I shall ever cherish a proper appreciation of your many kindnesses in this way and that the last lingering relish of past favours upon my dying memory will be that little ear. It was the left ear, which is lucky. Many happy returns, not of the Pig, but of the New Year, to both!"

Charles Lamb.

Mike's "thank-you" notes are somewhat briefer

I MUST show Lamb's letter to Mike in the hope that it will improve the form of his thank-you letters, which usually go like this . . .

Dear . . .
Thank you very much for the beautiful book. I haven't had time to read it yet, but it looks a beaut. Did you have a nice Xmas. I do hope so. We had a really beaut time, so I hope you did, too. Must close now, love, Mike.



PERSPECTIVE sketch shows full-length terrace with sheltering pergola.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● A holiday house that can grow with the family is this week's Home Plan.

TWO more bedrooms can be added and the living area can be extended, with perhaps a study built on later.

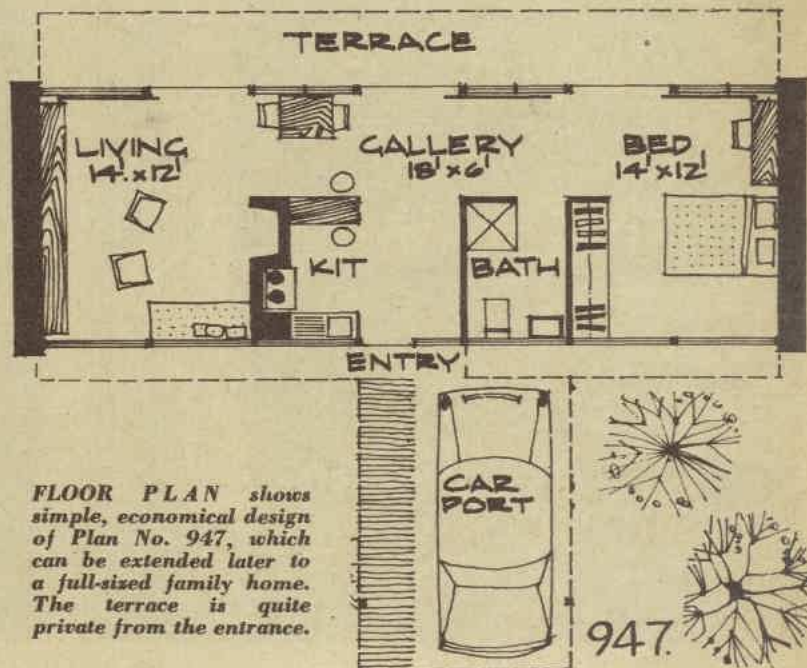
The house as illustrated here has a brick area of 7 squares. In timber the area is 6.5 squares.

The house has been economically planned to take full advantage of every inch of space. The large bedroom has a double bed

and built-in vanity bench-writing desk, although the room is quite large enough for two double-decker bunks.

The bathroom has a shower recess (which doubles as a bath), a toilet, and handbasin. The kitchen is spacious and is separated from the gallery by a bench which can be used for quick snacks.

The large living-room, which has an open fireplace, could be used to accommodate extra guests by furnishing it with divans.



FLOOR PLAN shows simple, economical design of Plan No. 947, which can be extended later to a full-sized family home. The terrace is quite private from the entrance.

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☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)



TANGY TASTE of fresh mint enhances the flavor of these simple fruit slices. See the recipe at right.

Mint cakes win prize

● A recipe for an unusual lunchbox cake wins the £5 main prize in our contest this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a delicious meat dish made up of lamb or veal chops marinated overnight in claret and a simple and quick refresher drink for hot weather.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRESH MINT CAKES

Two and a half cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 cup washed currants, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mint leaves (washed and dried), 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, extra 1 tablespoon butter and sugar, lemon-flavored icing.

Rub butter into self-raising flour, add sugar, salt, mint leaves (chopped very fine), currants, lemon juice. Beat egg, add water. Stir into ingredients. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Grease swiss-roll tin, place mixture in, spread over top the extra butter and sugar mixed together. Prick all over with fork. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes, cool; glaze with lemon-flavored icing, decorate with sprigs of fresh mint, if desired. Cut into finger lengths.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Chapman, 61 Carlisle Street, Safety Bay, W.A.

GRECIAN MARINATED CHOPS

Eight loin chops (lamb or veal), 1 cup claret, 3 tablespoons oil, 6 slices pineapple (cut into halves or leave whole if desired), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 rashers lean bacon, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 1 large cooking apple (finely chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato paste or puree, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper.

Marinate chops overnight in wine. Next day remove from wine, dry on paper towel; brown quickly in heated oil, remove. Add pineapple, apple, and onion to pan, sprinkle over sugar; saute mixture lightly. Arrange layers of chops, bacon (chopped), and onion and pineapple mixture in greased casserole, sprinkle over raisins. Combine marinade with tomato paste or puree, garlic and Worcestershire sauce; season with salt, pepper. Pour over mixture in casserole. Cover, bake in moderate oven until chops are tender (about 45 minutes). Serve with fluffy mashed potatoes or boiled rice and green peas.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Scullion, 23 Beswick Ave., North Ryde, N.S.W.

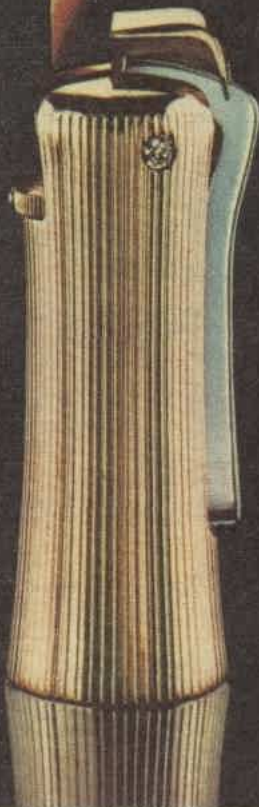
FROZEN LEMONADE CUBES

Two cups water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup lemon juice.

Combine sugar and water, bring to boil, combine with lemon juice; cool. Freeze in ice-cube trays. Serve 1 glass of iced water with two cubes. This makes a refreshing drink for all the family.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Hoddinott, 283 Wantigong Street, North Albury, N.S.W.

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RONSON

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this week's SUNDAE



Little islander

One 15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple, 6 macaroons, 1 tray ice-cream (strawberry flavor), 1 pint red jelly. To garnish: Currants, cherries, chocolate biscuits, button meringues or whipped cream, fudge buttons, slivered almonds.

On mixture of broken macaroons, crushed pineapple and chopped jelly place scoop of ice-cream. Make eyes with currants, mouth with cherry, nose with almond. Make hat with chocolate biscuit with button meringue crown (or use whipped cream). Decorate shoulders with fudge buttons. Quantities above serve six.

SUMMER FRUITS



● Take advantage of the profusion and great variety of luscious fresh

fruits available in summer and serve them

often while they are at their best and cheapest.

TO preserve the full food value of fruits, serve them raw as often as possible — on cereals for breakfast, in lunchboxes, and in simple or elaborate preparations as dessert for the evening meal.

Level spoon measurements and eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes on this page.

APRICOT MELODY

One pound ripe fresh apricots, 1½ cups sugar (less if desired), ¼ pt. cream, 1lb. cherries, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup rum.

Prepare this sweet the day before required. Blanch apricots, remove outer skin, cut in halves and remove seeds, reserving about 10. Rub apricots through fine sieve, place in basin. Crack reserved seeds, shell kernels, mash them finely, also rub them through sieve. Whip cream until thick, fold into mixture with the sugar. Chill basin in freezer until mixture is thick, then pack into fancy mould. Seal tightly with aluminium foil, chill overnight. Prepare cherries: Remove stones, place fruit in large screw-top jar. Heat water and sugar together, stir until sugar dissolves; add rum. Cool slightly, pour over cherries. Screw top down airtight; chill mixture overnight. Just before serving, unmould apricot sweet on attractive serving-dish, spoon cherries round edge. Serves 4 to 6.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

MELON GLACE

One large firm rockmelon or honeydew, 2 bananas, 1 small pineapple, 1 cup pitted cherries, 1 cup small white grapes, ½ to ¾ cup port wine, sugar, mint leaves.

Cut top from melon, scoop out all seeds; discard. Carefully take out all melon flesh without damaging shell. Chop flesh into small dice, mix with sliced bananas, chopped pineapple, cherries, grapes. Fill back into melon, add port wine and enough sugar to sweeten. Replace top in position, wrap in damp cloth; chill in refrigerator until serving time. Place melon on plate, cutting small slice off base so it will sit straight. Remove top, decorate edge with mint leaves. Serve ready to spoon into small glass sweets dishes. If desired this mixture can be spooned over ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

PEACHES FLAMBE

Six peaches, 1 pt. cold water, ½ cup sugar, ½ stick cinnamon, 1 piece lemon peel, 1 cup strawberries or raspberries (crushed), 4oz. brandy, 2oz. curacao, 3 or 4 small pieces orange peel, 6 scoops vanilla-flavored ice-cream.

Cook peaches in their skins in covered saucepan with the water, sugar, cinnamon, lemon peel for 15 minutes or until tender but not broken. Take out peaches, cut in halves, remove stones. Place peaches in chafing-dish or pan, add strawberries, ½ cup of peach syrup and allow to heat. Add brandy, orange peel, curacao, and flame. Spoon over scoops of ice-cream, serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

STRAWBERRY ROMAINE

Two boxes strawberries (washed and hulled), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 6oz. sugar, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 1-3rd cup cold water, 1 pt. cream.

Mash strawberries, press through fine sieve. Add lemon juice, sugar and stir until sugar is completely dissolved. Soften gelatine in cold water, stir over hot water until dissolved; fold into strawberries. Stir mixture over bowl of iced water until beginning to thicken. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into serving-dish; chill. Serves 4 to 6.

FRUITS of every color, texture, and taste are available in abundance at this time of the year and will help to provide many refreshing meals.
Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

ALMOND FRUIT DESSERT

Four or 6 fresh peaches, ½ cup olive oil and orange or lemon juice in equal quantity with grated rind, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, 1 cup cream cheese, 1 to 1½ tablespoons honey, ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon.

Peel peaches, cut in halves and remove seeds, spoon orange-flavored french dressing over. Chill 1 hour. Combine almonds, cheese, honey. To serve, arrange 2 peach halves on individual sweets dishes, spoon cottage cheese mixture over each, add light sprinkling of cinnamon. Serves 4 to 6.

JEWEL FRUIT SLICES

Six ounces cream cheese, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup cream, 3 cups fresh fruit salad (made up of peaches, apricots, cherries, nectarines, etc.), 1-3rd cup maraschino cherries (cut in halves), 2 cups chopped marshmallows, lettuce, cherries to decorate.

Soften cream cheese, blend in mayonnaise gradually. Whip cream until stiff, fold into cheese mixture. Drain fruit salad well, add to mixture with cherries, marshmallows; mix all lightly through. Fill into loaf-tin, freeze until firm. To serve, allow to stand few minutes to thaw slightly, then turn out of tin. Cut into slices, place 1 or 2 slices on each plate with small lettuce leaf and few fresh cherries to decorate. Serves 4 to 6.

FRESH FRUIT TRIFLE

One dozen coconut macaroons, ½ cup sweet sherry, 6 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 4 cups fresh fruit salad (made up from summer fruits), ½ cup finely chopped almonds.

Dip macaroons into sherry, place in base of attractive serving-bowl. Beat egg-yolks in electric mixer 5 minutes or with rotary beater 15 minutes, adding sugar gradually. Add salt and any sherry left over from dipping macaroons. Place in top half of double-boiler, cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Pour over macaroons, allow to cool. Just before serving, cover with fresh fruit salad, sprinkle with chopped almonds. Serves 4 to 6.

IRISH CHERRIES

One pint claret, 1 cup sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, 6 whole cloves, 1lb. cherries, 1 or 2 tablespoons red currant jelly, 2 tablespoons cherry brandy, ½ pt. cream (whipped and sweetened).

Place claret, sugar, cinnamon, cloves in saucepan with the cherries. Bring to boil, cover and simmer 12 to 15 minutes or until cherries are tender. Drain off cherries; chill. Cook syrup until reduced to about 1-3rd of original quantity. Add red currant jelly; chill. Just before serving time add cherry brandy to sauce. Spoon cherries into sweets dishes, pour over sauce, top each sweet with spoonful of whipped sweetened cream. Serves 4 to 6.

SALAD SERANNE

Three apples (peeled and thinly sliced), 3 pears (peeled and thinly sliced), 2 oranges (peeled and thinly sliced), ½ pt. stoned cherries, 1½ cups melon balls, 4oz. sugar, ½ pt. sauterne, 1 or 2 tablespoons brandy.

Combine apples, pears, oranges, cherries, melon balls. Sprinkle with sugar. Mix sauterne and brandy together. Pour over fruit, mix gently but thoroughly. Chill at least 3 hours, serve very cold. Serves 4 to 6.



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for all
the family



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The world's
first instant sweet

**HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS**



Continuing . . . A STAR FOR CHRISTMAS

from page 17

Mr. Overstreet had donated a radio so that everyone could dance. There was a little Christmas tree, and a fluted green-and-red paper tablecloth on the big table. There were sandwiches from the delicatessen and paper cups for the martinis that came out of bottles. Mary Jean had never tasted a martini in her life, but luckily someone had produced soda water so she had something to hold in her paper cup while the gay couples danced past her.

At first she sat on her folding chair and smiled eagerly, hoping someone would ask her to dance. After a while she talked about the weather with one of the older women sitting beside her. And finally she just sat, holding her paper cup and watching while pretty little stenographers and finger-snapping office boys did fancy steps.

By that time she wasn't even hoping, and so she was totally unprepared for Mr. Overstreet when he loomed up out of nowhere and pounced. Mr. Overstreet was stout and vigorous and no doubt he only meant to be kind, but six martinis had had their way with him and he was in a complete state of jollification. Mary Jean's heart had gone straight down into her neat shoes. When he asked her to dance, she said no. Not even no, thank you.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Overstreet jovially, and then he made an issue of it. "Darn it," he said (or his martinis said it for him), "why don't you loosen up a bit?" He hauled her to her feet and grabbed her in his big arms and started trundling her around the room.

She tried to pull away politely, but her nose was welded to Mr. Overstreet's tie and she might as easily have escaped from a dancing bear. He kept right on steering her around the room, and then, when he finally stopped and she thought escape was in sight, the awful thing happened.

HE had stopped for a purpose, directly underneath the knot of mistletoe that hung from the ceiling. Incredibly, Mr. Overstreet swung Mary Jean right off her feet and landed a large, moist, enthusiastic smack on her face. She put both hands against the front of Mr. Overstreet and shoved hard with all the strength that was in her. And then, while he stood there startled and outraged, she turned on her heel and ran.

Sitting now in her small, neat apartment, Mary Jean tried not to remember the awfulness of it, the little wave of giggles that had followed her out of the boardroom and down the hall. The sensible thing, she knew, was to put it out of her mind.

Today was Saturday, and tomorrow was Christmas. Tomorrow had to be planned, and because yesterday had been so wrong she deliberately set herself to work out something pleasant for tomorrow.

Her original plan had been to open the presents her family had sent, then have lunch at the particularly nice cafeteria up the block, and then go to the neighborhood cinema. It wouldn't cost much, and it would be a change.

Suddenly, it wasn't enough of a change.

She had ten dollars put aside, and all at once she made up her mind to spend every bit of it on herself. Instead of the cafeteria, she would go to a really good restaurant and order every-

thing on the Christmas menu. She would eat slowly, watching the people around her and enjoying the attentions of a waiter, and then she would take a bus to Radio City.

There she would spend a long time looking at the great tree that towered above the plaza and the ice-skaters spinning on the rink. After that, she would walk over to Broadway in the frosty Christmas air and see one of the really expensive movies. Later, if she had any money left, she would go into a shiny drugstore and have a soda or a double malted milk.

Sitting there, she pictured in her mind exactly how it would be, even to the dress

She had done a lot of staring at those windows, alone in her apartment. On the fifth floor there was a family with a houseful of children, teddy-bears on the window-sill, a playpen just visible. On the fourth, two elderly people sat together talking sometimes, sometimes reading.

On the third floor, right across from her window, lived the young man who did illustrations. He sat there a good deal of the time, with his drawing-board in front of him, his hair rumpled and his necktie off. He looked pleasant, and when she first moved in Mary Jean had woven dreams around him.

Maybe some day they would meet outside on the sidewalk and say hello to each other. He might even think her bag of groceries was too

city of New York on the day before Christmas.

When she finally raised her head from the sill she found herself looking straight across the court and into the young man's eyes. Her nose was red, her eyes were red, her cheeks were stained with tears, and there he stood, staring at her and looking terribly puzzled. For a whole minute their eyes met, and then she abruptly realised what a fool she must look and jerked back from the window.

Despising herself, she went into the bathroom and washed her face with cold water. Thank goodness, she thought, they had never met on the sidewalk. Thank goodness she would never be anything more than a face across the court.

She took a long drink of water and went back into the living-room, carefully avoiding the window. She turned on the radio and the announcer was prophesying snow. Back home in Meridian, Wisconsin, there would be deep piles of it already, and her small brother Danny would be making a snowman.

The yard would be full of the neighbors' children, flapping about wildly, and there would be a cookie smell coming from the kitchen.

She stood by the radio uncertainly, her handkerchief wadded into a soggy handful. From her corner, she could still see the young man at his window, but he couldn't possibly see her. He had a box full of red balls and he was stringing them on the tree.

She watched because she couldn't help watching.

He got the balls on the tree, and then he started to hang tinsel, great loops of the shiny stuff. It sparkled all along the branches, and he frowned, getting it just right to suit him. Finally he added one last ball, a gold one with spangles like a net.

Now, she thought. Now he would go and get the Christmas star and the tree would be finished. She waited, holding her breath.

He went away and didn't come back. She waited and waited, and nothing happened. The tree stood there, all finished except for the star. Didn't he have a star?

The clock on the bookcase went on ticking, and finally in the silence of the room she began to hear it and realised how long she had been standing there. The loneliness began to come back. The radio was playing a Christmas carol, and she turned it off sharply.

Her head ached with crying and she looked around the room as if something in it might talk to her, but nothing said a word. She went to the couch and lay down with her arm across her eyes. She could cry now if she wanted to with no one to see her, but the tears had dried up. After a while she fell asleep.

The doorbell woke her. She blew her nose, which was stuffed up, and went to answer it. A delivery boy was standing outside, and when he saw her he thrust a long white box into her hands. It looked like a florist's box.

Mary Jean shook her head and said, "That's not mine." He glanced at her briefly and then at the name on the box. "You Mary Jean Porter?"

"Yes, but—"

"It's for you. Sign, please." She signed, and he said, "Merry Christmas," as if that were part of the job of delivering packages.

She closed the door and went back into the room, and then she took the cover off the box, unfolding the waxy

green paper that sheltered the flowers. They were roses—long-stemmed American beauties, brilliant and red and beautiful. There was a tiny florist's envelope lying on top.

Very slowly, as if she might be dreaming, she opened the envelope and took out the card. "Merry Christmas," the card said. And just below, "From your friend across the way."

Mary Jean Porter froze. For about three minutes she froze solid. She didn't breathe, she didn't move, and the reason she didn't was, of course, that she was really dreaming, and if she moved the dream would go away. It was such a wonderful dream.

She began to tingle, a sensation that started in the soles of her feet and rose slowly and deliciously to the top of her head. She turned a perfectly lovely shade of pale pink as the tingling rose up all through her. Her head whirled in a wild wait; her feet wanted to.

She looked at the card again, and its message was perfectly clear—"Merry Christmas. From your friend across the way." She pulled the whole fragrant bundle of roses right up out of the box and buried her face in them. Around her the furniture clasped hands and began to sing. The stars fell out of the sky and through the ceiling, and they ran around the floor like mice. The philodendron and the African violet spun with the clock. "Oh," said Mary Jean inadequately.

ROSES in her arms, rockets in her head, she began to twirl, and in a moment she was twirling all over the room, with her skirt spinning around her. Drunk as twenty lords, she whirled until she got dizzy and fell on the couch, with her feet sticking out, and sat there laughing like a lunatic until the room quieted down. She was Mary Jean Porter again, but now she was the Mary Jean Porter who had been sent red roses by the young man across the way.

She sobered. He was sorry for me, she thought. He saw me crying, and he was sorry for me. Then she sobered. Maybe it was only pity, but someone in New York knew she was there, someone cared and called himself "your friend." Someone had gone right out and ordered expensive roses just for her.

How on earth had he found her name?

Easy, she thought happily. Ask the janitor, he was a good man to ask. Or look at the names downstairs. It would be simple to figure out what apartment she lived in. Trilling like an inebriated meadow-lark, she rushed off to get a vase. There was nothing big enough on the shelf except an old glass pitcher, but when she put the roses into it it turned to crystal. The whole room glowed with their color, the twelve most beautiful roses in the world.

How could she ever thank him properly? How would she even go about it? Write a letter, send a pigeon? She put her hands to her hot cheeks, and dismay seized her. Maybe he didn't want to be thanked. If he did, wouldn't he have written his name? Maybe thanking him would embarrass him. Maybe he was already sorry he had been so impetuous.

Well, however he might feel, she had to say thank you. She rushed to her desk for pen and pencil, and the words came fast. All two of them came fast—"Dear neighbor." After a while, she managed to add two more:

To page 35

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 47. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

she would wear and her best hat. It would be a wonderful afternoon, perfectly suitable to Christmas. Only, the more she sat there and thought about it, the bleaker the wonderful afternoon became. She would still be Mary Jean Porter, all alone on Christmas Day.

The clock she had brought from home struck three, and when the sound stopped the room was emptier than it had been before.

A misery of tears pricked behind her eyelids. She blinked them back angrily, and then she got up and went to the window and stood staring out at the arched way that separated her building from the next one. The court below was swept, and cold, and clean. Across, the windows stared at her, and she stared back.

heavy and offer a helping hand, and in the hallway he would stand beside her and talk about his work while she looked for her key.

Today the drawing-board was out of sight. It had been moved away from the window, and in its place was a small pine tree. Even if he lived alone there was going to be Christmas in his house.

The ache of her own Christmas which was not a Christmas at all clutched at Mary Jean suddenly, and all at once she couldn't stand it any longer. The tears that had welled up spilled over, and this time she let them come. Her head went down on the window-sill, and the painful luxury of a stormy fit of crying took over. She must have cried for five minutes, there all alone in the

Continuing . . . A STAR FOR CHRISTMAS

"Thank you." And after that she picked up the paper and tore it across. There had to be some other way of doing it, just some simple expression of gratitude, such as giving him the moon.

She went to the window, approaching it cautiously so she wouldn't find herself suddenly staring into his face, but he wasn't there anyway. Only the little tree without any star on top.

A brilliant idea came instantly. She would go out and buy a star for the top of his tree, and she would take it over to him. The awful daring of the project almost paralysed her for a moment, but one look at the roses was enough. The Mary Jean who had a dozen roses could do anything.

She whipped her coat off its hanger and dashed out of the apartment like a comet, racing down the two flights of stairs.

Outside on the street, the early winter dark was just beginning to come, and lights were on in the windows. Against fading panes of glass, hollyberry wreaths with great scarlet ribbons hung fat and Christmassy. There was a smell of snow in the air. Up the street, the grocery store had vanished behind a grove of Christmas trees that spread balsam boughs above the sidewalk.

Stars, thought Mary Jean. Where do I buy a perfect star?

She remembered the district called Yorkville, somewhere around Eighty-Sixth Street, where wonderful European imports glowed in the windows among marzipan pigs and meerscham pipes. Yorkville was famous for Christmas decorations, and it was only about twenty blocks away.

SHE raced to the corner and caught a bus as it lumbered up the avenue. It was full of people and bulging with mysterious packages, everyone mellow with Christmas spirit and smiling back at Mary Jean. When she got out she stepped riotously on at least three pairs of feet and formed a general impression that she had invited all her victims home to share a Yule log.

Yorkville was stuffed with Christmas. Fat geese hung from hooks in wild Dickensian butcher shops. The streets were forests of trees. There were six Santa Clauses to every block, and the corner newsstand displayed a plastic reindeer that fell over every time someone bought a paper.

Spinning like a top, Mary Jean raced up and down looking for the perfect store to solve her quest and found it at last in a novelty shop that was jammed to the doors. Thousands of small children were snatching at red and gold and green balls and getting themselves smacked. Thousands of parents were waving decorations around and shouting, "I want this one!" It was the price to be paid for last-minute shopping, and it was better than a six-ring circus.

Mary Jean tried to be polite and waited her turn, but politeness would get her out of there around New Year's Eve, and Christmas was coming, the goose was getting fat, please to put a penny in the old man's hat . . .

She waved at a clerk and shouted, "I need a star," and the fat lady next to her said, "Oi, they've got lovely stars. Right down the counter, lovely." Spurred by this road map, Mary Jean skipped sideways, bouncing off babies and packages until she arrived at the Milky Way, where all the stars in the merchandisable heavens were lavished about in celestial display. She began to paw through the heap, and an embattled clerk said, "Yes, miss?" with a waxy smile.

"I want a star," Mary Jean told him breathlessly. "Something really beautiful. I don't care how much it costs." She could live on a handful of hot dogs and rice, like the Asiatics.

"Sall we've got—right in front of you." The clerk slapped despairingly at a small pair of mit-

from page 34

tened paws creeping illicitly along the edge of the counter.

"Oh, but—" said Mary Jean, staring around wildly. "They aren't—I want a star that—" And then she saw the perfect star. It was part of an elaborate display, full of gilt balls and pink angels and tinsel streamers, and in the middle of it was the most beautiful star imaginable. "That one," said Mary Jean, pointing.

"Not for sale," said the clerk.

"I have to have it," said Mary Jean, loud and clear.

"Ask the owner."

"Where is he?"

"Somewheres," said the clerk dimly, and then he took pity on her. "Over there, in the wreaths."

Like a bolt from the blue, Mary Jean flew to the wreaths and cornered the owner, a solid German with a moustache like a horn of plenty. She stood by his ear until she penetrated his attention, and then he said the star was not for sale. The scene became quite operatic. Mary Jean said she had to have the star; the owner said it was part of a display. Mary Jean said she had to have the star; the owner said he was busy. Mary Jean said she had to have the star. A man at her east elbow

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country garden
in your
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salad-time!

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open
a can
of Edgell!

Members of the Edgell family of fine foods
carefully prepared by an all-Australian company.

said, "Oh, let the girl have it, Max," and a woman at her west elbow yelled something in German. A baby shrieked.

Mary Jean said implacably, "I have to have the star," and then a woman's cunning descended on her and she said, "I'll give you five dollars for it." The owner hesitated, and she threw the whole of her Christmas money away in one glorious gesture. "I'll give you ten."

This touched a nerve and it awed the customers. "Well, call me a Cadillac," said the man at her east elbow, deeply impressed. The store owner said "Ach" or "Ja" or something equally enthusiastic and lumbered off to get the star before she changed her injudicious mind. When he handed it to her, safe in a paper bag, there was a strong impression that all the people in the store lined up like a chorus and shouted huzzas.

The bus flew her home, and she ran up her two flights

Continuing . . . A STAR FOR CHRISTMAS

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of stairs. She threw her coat to one side of the room, her purse to another, and her scarf to a third. The roses glowed at her, and when she unwrapped the star they glowed a little more.

All she had to do now was put the star in a proper box and take it over to the young man. She had no idea what she would say to him, but not a shadow of worry on the subject passed through her wondrously addled brain. The roses spoke their reassurance as she fitted the five silver points of the star into a gold-covered box that until now had held her best gloves. Nested in tissue paper, it looked precisely right.

Forgetting her coat, she went next door and winged her way up to the third floor. One of the doors on the right side of the hallway said "Anna Lobdell," which

couldn't be his. The next one said "Ilkinov," which might be his but probably wasn't. The last door said "Roger Miller." She drew a deep breath and rang the bell.

The door opened almost immediately, and the young man facing her was the right young man.

the tree, struck by a horrible thought, but it was all right. "You don't have a star."

He said no, surprised, and added that he had been going to make one out of fancy paper, but the only paper he could find was purple, and that was a heck of a color for a Christmas star.

"Yes," said Mary Jean. "Well, that's why I brought you this one. I found it in Yorkville and—" She held

we at least—well, couldn't we walk down to Radio City together and see how their tree is doing? Not as handsome as mine, of course, but—" He looked at her. "I mean, if you're not—well, if you're not tied up."

She wasn't tied up. Or at least she hadn't been until this second. Now she was. She was tied up for Christmas afternoon like a spangled Christmas box with a scarlet ribbon bow on top. She just stood there and looked at him. "Well, then, that's settled," he said.

And it was. The roses weren't mentioned again, and neither was the star. They had done what Christmas wanted them to do, that best of all possible Christmases, the one of which Mary Jean Porter had been so afraid.

There is a postscript to this story. The postscript came on Monday morning at the office when Mary Jean walked in, humming to herself.

Mrs. Evans was already at her desk, and she glanced up vaguely. "Have a nice Christmas?" she asked.

"I had a wonderful Christmas. I hope you did, too." Somehow Mrs. Evans didn't look nearly so large and distant this morning. In fact, Mrs. Evans shimmered a little at the edges, like the desk and the telephone.

"Mr. Overstreet's been looking for you."

"Oh?" said Mary Jean lightly, and then abruptly. "Oh!" She put her hand to her mouth, aghast, remembering how rude she had been to Mr. Overstreet at the Christmas party. How could she have behaved so badly? At Christmas, of all times! "Excuse me, I'll be right back,"

said Mary Jean, and walked straight out and across the hall to Mr. Overstreet's office, forgetting even to knock.

He was sitting at his desk, writing on a large yellow pad, and he looked up, scowling, because his wasn't an office that people came into without warning.

Mary Jean said, very fast, "Mr. Overstreet, I've come to apologise. I didn't mean to be so rude to you on Friday. I'm terribly sorry."

He looked at her standing there, and then he shook his head. "I'm the one to be sorry," he said. "I guess I had a few drinks too many. You'll have to forgive an old fathead." He smiled right at her suddenly. "We'll both forget about it. Did you like the roses?"

She stared. "The—roses?" "The ones I sent." He saw that she was still staring, and he put down his pen with a smack. "Don't tell me they didn't come! Good heavens. I'll wring that florist's neck. I told him they were to go right out, and I put in a note. 'Merry Christmas from your friend across the way.' I said. If that idiot didn't send them—"

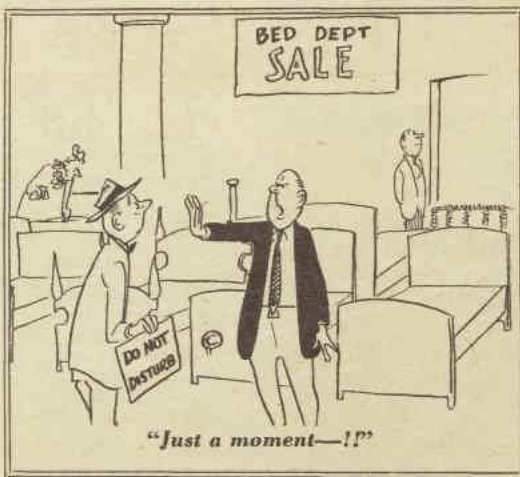
"The roses," said Mary Jean numbly, and then again, "The roses. Oh, Mr. Overstreet, of course the roses came. Your roses."

He looked down at the yellow pad almost shyly, as if he had been caught doing something silly. She stared at the top of his head, and he shimmered a little, too.

There was a very small catch in her voice. "Mr. Overstreet," she said with perfect conviction, "those were the most marvellous roses in the whole wide world."

And, of course, they were, since Christmas is the season for marvels.

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"Oh," said Mary Jean, appalled. She suddenly couldn't imagine what she was doing here, not even wearing her coat on a cold winter day, and visiting a strange young man in a strange apartment.

He said, "Hello" doubtfully, and then he said, "Oh, hello there," because he'd obviously recognised her.

Mary Jean said weakly, "I'm—" and got no further. She couldn't just say, "Hello, I'm the girl you sent the roses to," or "I'm the girl you were kind to because you felt sorry," or even "Thank you for the roses." Everything sounded foolish, and she almost turned around and ran away, except that she had to say thank you, and he had to have his star. "I'm—" she said again. "I—I live across the court from you."

He smiled. "I know you do," he said. "I'm afraid I glare at you sometimes when I'm staring out the window and trying to get an idea. It's a bad habit I have." He looked at her anxiously. "Can I— Is there something?"

He tried again. "Are you feeling better?" That was kind. He was blaming the flood of tears he had witnessed on her not having been well. She thought of the roses, and then she thought again that maybe he didn't really want to have his anonymous gift acknowledged. Maybe he was already regretting having been so kind. She looked around. "You've got a nice place."

"It's sort of a mess now. I've been trying to finish a rush job, and I'm afraid I don't keep things very neat. I mean, all those paints and stuff. I suppose I ought to—" He stopped. He was as nervous as she was.

She drew three deep breaths, one on top of the other. After all, they had been introduced by twelve American Beauties. "I was watching," she explained. "That is, I couldn't help seeing that you were trimming a Christmas tree—"

"Silly, sort of," said Roger Miller. "Oh, no, it isn't silly at all. I thought it was—nice." She took deep breath number four, the most determined one to date, and held out her box. "The thing was you didn't have a star—" She looked past him quickly at

out the box and said lamely, "Well, here it is."

He took it, astonished. There on the tissue paper was the star itself, and there was no need for Mary Jean to do any more talking. He said, "But—that's—that's beautiful."

She nodded. It really was. He took the star out of its paper, holding it with careful tenderness, and then walked over and fastened it at the very top of the tree. The tree, which was pretty but not extraordinary, immediately became the most extraordinary tree that Christmas had ever seen.

She was awed, standing there and staring at it. They were both awed, and for a moment neither spoke.

Then Roger Miller turned to her. "That's the kindest thing I ever heard of anybody doing," he said.

"The second kindest thing," said Mary Jean, thinking of the roses. She must thank him somehow. "The roses were the kindest things. The roses from—a friend."

He looked down at her, and she looked up at him. He smiled. "Red roses?"

"Yes. Red as garnets."

"Red roses are the best ones," he said.

"Oh, they are," said Mary Jean very earnestly. "My room hasn't been lonesome at all since they came."

"Nobody's room ought to be lonesome at Christmas. Is your family away?"

There it was. He was thanked, and he knew he was thanked. She began to explain about her family, and in another minute he was talking about his. They lived in Iowa, and Iowa and Wisconsin were practically in each other's pockets.

"Tough to be alone at Christmas," he said sympathetically.

"Tough for you, too." "I'm tough. It doesn't matter."

They had laughed at the feeble joke. It was unbelievable how the star glowed.

"Look," he said, "I don't want to be fresh, but we're neighbors and we're both minus our families for the moment. If you aren't doing anything on Christmas Day—" He gestured at the drawing board. "I'll have this job finished by then. Couldn't



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1962



"Darling, are you all right?"

"I think so . . . I just had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed your boss and his wife came to dinner . . ."

"Go on . . ."

"And I came in with the chicken . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"And you carved . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"And the boss's wife said 'Can I have some stuffing please?'"

"What happened then?"

"There wasn't any. We forgot the stuffing!"

"Oh brother! Now that your dream is over, I hope you have plenty of stuffing in the kitchen."

"Oh I have! I've got PAXO."

"Is that the stuffing your mother told you about?"

"That's it."

"Good, now we can relax and go to sleep. Anything your mother recommends is bound to be good. What a cook!"

"Beast!"

"Go to sleep."

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I wonder if she still lives and waits for me?

Caspar, cold and academic, pedantic as always, said, "Our calculations proved right. Truly our voyage was predestined." But he thought to himself, as he had done throughout the day: I touched that man, the carpenter. I don't remember when, if ever, I have willingly touched another human being. I—I put my arm about the shoulders of that man, though I cannot bear the closeness of my fellow men. I touched him, and I felt at peace.

Old Balthasar, the wise and kindly king, seemed not to hear him, but that was usual because he was deaf. Yet his head was cocked to listen and finally he said, "Is that a bird singing? A bird singing sweetly and long? And now a chorus answers the song? Is it, tell me, is it?"

Melchior looked at the deaf old king and said softly, "Yes, it is the birds settling to their rest, singing as always their concert of the evening. Great Balthasar, King, can you hear me?"

"I hear you, my son," old Balthasar said, "and I hear the singing of the birds."

He knelt down among the wildflowers by the river and tears ran down the furrows of his brown, weathered face. "I have not heard the singing of the birds since I was a boy in my father's palace, and they sang in the closed gardens of my mother." His voice was like a prayer.

They watched him in silence. An unaccustomed smile softened the face of Caspar, Melchior, in his sad heart, praised the Lord. And their servants moved slowly closer and wondered.

Then the old King Balthasar turned his face south, and lifted his eyes to the Star that had led them on their journey, and suddenly his voice was joyous. "I came bearing gifts to you, O Child, O generous King! But you have returned my faith an hundredfold. I hear again the sweet sounds of this world I love, before I die!"

Then he prepared himself, called his servants, and bade his two companions goodbye. "I must leave you now. My heart is too full. I go in joy and content, my friends, and wish you good speed."

They stopped at this last oasis before the desert until dawn, the sad young King Melchior, and King Caspar who did not love his fellow men. But this night they talked under the stars, over their meal, and on, long after their servants and animals had settled to rest.

Academically as always, weighing his words, his voice cold, Caspar said, "I have heard the story of Balthasar, the Lord of the Treasury of his Land. He was the eldest son of the Ruler, his father. When but a boy he was thrown from his horse. He recovered, but he had lost his hearing. The tale I heard was of a boy who could not only play the known musical instruments of the world, but had invented a flute of such sweetness he could charm the birds to join his music."

"A tragedy," said the sad young King Melchior, "a greater tragedy for one who loved the world of sound."

"Do you think . . ." the voice of Caspar unaccountably softened.

"That his returned hearing is a gift from the Child?" Melchior helped him. "Why shouldn't it be possible, for He is a Great King. For many things there is no explanation our minds can understand."

"For everything there is a logical reason," Caspar said sharply. "Logic is the reason and substance, calculations are the blood of the stream of thought. I must try to figure

Continuing . . . THE TRAVELLERS

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through my charts how this could have happened."

But though his words were cold, again, inexplicably, he found an unaccustomed softness moving the muscles of his set face, and as he passed Melchior he touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Goodnight. Sleep. I will chart tomorrow's journey as well."

Now the heat met them and the arid, pathless wastes. As they made their slow swaying way across the rust-pale, windless, undulating sands of El Hamed, each, in his own mind, thought the thoughts closest to his heart.

CASPAR, the cold and logical, looked back to his lonely childhood, wondered about his unknown mother, his hated father. No one had loved him and he had loved no one, then or later. A wise, slant-eyed scholar from the farthest lands of the East had tutored him coldly, dryly, in figures and calculations.

These, in a sense, had come to take the place of the pulsating life of the palaces, streets and bazaars, for young Caspar. Arrogant in thought, disdainful in manner, he found in his calculations the highest purity, the alpha and omega.

Yet now, after the night in Bethlehem, he felt a strange longing in his being, a nostalgia for something he did not know, a something he had missed all his life. But his scholarly calculations did not tell him his lack was the ability to love—his nightly studies merely led to an insoluble vacuum.

For the first time in his life he finally turned away from his charts and parchments, away from the cold stars and mental gymnastics, for a solution of his problem. He remembered the moment he had put his arm about Joseph, the carpenter, to reassure the man and give him courage. He thought of the strange welling in his heart when kind old Balthasar had heard the birds singing.

He studied, covertly, the slender figure of Melchior, and wondered at the cloak of sadness about the young king. Sadness, what was sadness, how was it he could recognise it? He himself, he felt, knew nothing of these human emotions—they had no place in logic.

He even turned his attention to his attendants, the grizzled camel drivers who served him and whom he had ignored as though they were but inevitable pieces in the mosaic of living. There was a young lad with them. One evening as they camped he wondered for the first time why he was with them.

"You," he said. "Here!"

The slim boy came to him with the dignity of his race.

"Your name?"

"Ahmed, sire."

"Your job?"

"I care for the donkeys, sire. I do the tasks not fit for camel drivers."

"I remember ordering only veteran travellers to accompany me. Experts. How come you into my entourage?"

"I begged my father to take me, sire."

"And he disobeyed my orders to please you?"

"I am his only son, sire."

"But why, boy? Why did you want to come on this perilous voyage?"

"The Star, sire. All of us in the bazaars had heard that you went questing after the Star. I had seen the Star, sire."

No logic in that, no reason, Caspar thought, as he waved

the boy away. He didn't understand it, and he didn't like not understanding.

That night the sad young king sought Caspar in his tent.

"I have been weary of heart all day, O King, my companion," he said. "May I share your mat for a time and talk to you? Perhaps so talking I can find peace for this night."

Caspar made a place on his mat, and they sat by the tent under the stars.

"Perhaps there is something wrong at home," young Melchior said, "more wrong than usually. Or perhaps we are being overtaken by the vigilants of Herod the Cruel, and some unknown wisdom within me is giving me forewarning."

"Hm," said Caspar. "Well. Talk."

"What is really the matter," Melchior said, "is that I am worried about my wife, Leila. I've never been away so long

with me in a dream of happiness that would never be?"

Caspar drew with his finger in the sand. Then he turned and looked south where low on the horizon the Star of Bethlehem could still be seen. Then he looked into his own heart and spoke to Melchior. "Remember Balthasar," he said.

"Balthasar the wise?" young Melchior said wonderingly. "Of course I remember him. Why, what—do you mean, Caspar, King—do you mean that possibly—"

"You yourself spoke of the gift from the Child. You yourself said there are many things without an explanation that is within our understanding. Who knows? Perhaps—"

Slowly Melchior stood up and turned to face south. He crossed his arms across his chest and lifted his face to the stars. He stood, listening, longing, believing. When he turned to Caspar his face was radiant. "I must get home!" he said. "I must hurry. Could



from her. She is sweet and gentle and lovely as spring flowers that bloom but a day on the desert, but—but you see, she cannot move."

Young Melchior turned his sorrowing face to the cold King Caspar. "We were betrothed as children, and we have always loved each other. But then, years since, an illness struck her and took away from her the use of her limbs, of her body. Even she urges me, the king in need of an heir, to marry another and forget her. But I love her, and I cannot give up hope. Always I hope. She lives only for me, and now that I have been gone so long—I worry."

"Hm," said Caspar. "Hm."

"Last night," Melchior said, "I dreamed that as I returned to my land there came people with garlands and flowers to meet me, and there was joy and singing in the air. And I dreamed that as I rode on to my house they followed me, dancing. And I dreamed that as I drew close, Leila came out through the arches to meet me—walking. Caspar, O King, I dreamed that she walked to meet me."

"And all today, remembering my dream, I have been restless and awed, frightened and hopeful, not knowing what to think, how to translate this dream. You, O King, could perhaps draw a chart of wisdom, tabulate, and calculate—reach the answer? Are dreams true, or are they the opposite of reality? Is she ill? Is she dead? Were her last thoughts

we leave now? Immediately?"

A cracked, deep, rumbling sound arose from Caspar's heart, constricted his throat, escaped through his mouth. For the first time in his life, the cold, calculating, scholar king had laughed. "Of course, boy," he said and reached out and ruffled Melchior's hair. "Why not?"

But when they had broken camp and mounted, in the solitude upon his swaying dromedary, Caspar remembered Melchior's remark about the vigilants of Herod, and calculated that if they had not lost the trail they would now be close behind them. So now as he rode, he kept one eye to the wastes behind them, dropping, as he never had before, to the end of the caravan, as a guard over them.

There came a day when the horizon ahead of them was smudged not by clouds but by the shimmering shapes of mountains. These they knew would be the highlands and peaks of Tudmur, which they must pass before dropping to the lowlands and green valleys of the Euphrates.

As they saw and exclaimed at the promise of the mountains, Caspar, looking back, saw far behind them the whirling dust-cloud of sand which could only mark a caravan riding fast.

He rode briskly up to Melchior, the young king in a hurry, and said to him, "I think it would be wise to part ways here, my son. You take the quickest pass through the mountains to your homeland.

After the mountains you'll be safe from the pursuers of Herod, if they are still after us."

"And you, O King, my companion?"

"I'm old, Melchior, and now it behoves me to ride slowly with my thoughts. It has lately occurred to me that many of my calculations have proved incorrect, and I should like to spend time in aloneness in the desert, to ponder where my logic has gone wrong. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," Melchior said reluctantly, "but I had hoped you would come home with me first."

"Perhaps one day we'll meet again," Caspar said. "Go now, boy. Ride fast. And you," he said to his servants and camel drivers, riding down the length of the caravan, "you accompany the young King Melchior. Keep good speed. You must get through the mountain pass before nightfall. That is my order."

"O King," said the chief of the camel drivers, "you go alone?"

"I go alone," said Caspar forbiddingly.

So, without pausing, they rode past him, the men with whom he had journeyed to Bethlehem, and he turned and rode slowly to meet the cloud of dust whirling far behind them.

His mind was cool and his heart fearless. A little diversion, he thought, that in all logic will slow up the pursuit. If they truly are Herod's men, I'll show myself to them, and then strike west toward the heights of Baalbek, away from Tudmur. They will certainly follow me. However good their camels are they will be tired. Mine is the queen of racing camels from the stable of racing camels and we rested long last evening. She will carry me to safety.

And should they catch me, he thought, they must talk to me and find out if I am one of the three kings, and then they will certainly wish to take me back to Herod. Whatever happens, while they argue and debate, and wonder about me, Melchior and the rest will have found the pass, crossed the mountains, and reached safety.

Logic, he thought, was clearly the best in the end. One could see so clearly all the alternatives and eventualities.

At midday he stopped at a small oasis of a few palm trees and blessed shade. It was then he saw that he had been followed.

Trotting stubbornly, a small donkey ridden by a slim youth came on his trail, quite close now, for he himself had ridden slowly. He stood, tall and cold, a forbidding figure, and waited.

AHMED slipped from his donkey and knelt before him. "O King," he said. "I followed you to serve you. You couldn't manage alone."

And when Caspar the King did not speak, Ahmed the donkey boy, the least of his followers, said, "O King, I know quite well that you have never boiled water. How then can you make the mint tea you favor? What do you know of cooking? Nothing, O King. Have you cared for a camel? Would you know how to find water when there is no water in sight, as I who am of the people who know? O King, that is why I came."

Caspar looked at the boy, still kneeling at his feet. "Come into the shade," he said. "If you are so clever, find water for your donkey."

Then, as Ahmed busied himself happily, the cold, cal-

culating King Caspar walked in the heat of midday to a dune of sand beyond the oasis, where he could judge the closeness of the approaching caravan. It was quite clear now that they were not a peaceful group, for despite the time of day they were travelling fast, faster than merchants or migrants would ever travel.

In the whirling dust he could see sunlight flashing off their spears. There was no doubt in his mind, these were Herod's men.

The two of them on his camel might have a chance, Caspar thought, but not much of a chance. The donkey was nothing but a hindrance. Then, very logically, he thought, the boy is light.

He stroked his chin and found himself smiling. Without calculations and charts he knew what he had to do. There was not much time. He walked briskly back and spoke to Ahmed. "I am glad you came, for now you can do me a very great service." He fingered a large rich jewel that hung on a golden chain about his neck. "I had forgotten to give King Melchior a present—a wedding present. I wish you to take my camel and ride fast, ride until you overtake them, and bring him this."

"But, O King," said Ahmed stubbornly, "I cannot leave you here alone."

"Remove the saddle bags from my mount, clear it all but the saddle. Quickly now. I'll help you. I command you to go."

Still the boy hesitated. "Go," said cold King Caspar. "Now."

The camel went like the wind, and the tiny dust-cloud of its going was soon lost against the clouds and the shapes of the mountains piling up on the horizon.

Caspar walked once again up the dunes of sand and down to the windswept, arid lands of El Hamed the great desert. He walked towards the riders who came through the whirling sun and sand, straight and proud, a king.

Now he could see them, turbaned and heavily armed, the hired warriors of Herod, riding their racing camels at high speed.

And then they saw him. A man, alone, walking through the desert towards them, proudly. Was it a mirage? Was it evil magic of the Magi they hunted?

They drew to a disastrous halt, their camels colliding, their spears dropping from their nerveless hands. On, towards them, came the solitary man.

Panic spread in the pagan group. "Away," they shouted to one another, "away from here before he reaches us . . ."

As Caspar walked towards them, from somewhere, from the future, from the past, he did not know and did not care, a gentle voice called to him. "Love one another," it said.

He lifted his head to catch the words, and heard others—"God so loved the world—"

A panicking warrior of Herod, carried close to the solitary king by a crazed camel, at last came to a moment of action. He lifted his hand and the spear flew.

Caspar felt it in his side, and as he fell, through the sudden absolute darkness came a flash of blinding light. Love, Caspar thought, that is the magic I have sought. At last I have solved the enigma of life—Love.

His last word has drifted long on the desert air. You can hear it in the wind over the sand dunes, in the rustling of the palms in the oasis, in the streams when the wadi begins to flood—Love.

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"The law's the law. I don't know, Anna—I don't know. We got to figure some way, try to make a break . . . She's crazier by the minute, nearly. You seen it, too. It could be—it jua' could be—she'd be too crazy to tell anything, now—make any listen to her. If we jua' took that car 'n' made a run for it, like I said . . ."

"No," whispered Anna. "She would. She's not all so crazy—not yet, Harry. She talked real sharp and straight to me about the greens not bein' fresh tonight."

For a while there was silence in the big kitchen. She sat looking listlessly down at the sewing in her lap; he got up to fill his pipe from the tobacco jar on the mantel. Presently he said, "Funny—they old clothes still bein' there. What'd you do with 'em?"

"They're wrapped up in paper in

t' pantry—I thought you could put 'em down in y'r compost heap, like I did . . . Or maybe nex' time you burn leaves 'n' such . . ."

He grunted and then looked at her. "Like you did what?"

"I dunno what you mean. Nothin'. Anyways, get rid of 'em." She took up her sewing again with sudden determined vigor and he fell silent, watching her uneasily.

It was only a thirty-mile run down to the village of Abervy, Morgan the Post told Glentower; he should make it inside an hour. He would have been there by eight o'clock, but first he had a puncture and then he got off the road.

When he got back on the road at last, it turned out not to be the one he'd been on; the next signpost made no mention of Abervy,

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

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and though it seemed a waste of time he did the sensible thing and went on to the next village to ask directions. He was almost twenty miles out of his way by then and rain was falling heavily.

It was twenty minutes to ten when he drove into a village he thought was Abervy. There was a lighted inn halfway up the high street: The Dog and Gun. He parked and went in.

"Good evening, sir. Just time for a quick one before closing time, eh? Whisky, yes, sir . . . This is Abervy, indeed."

Glentower repeated his description of the widow. The landlord was a florid, not unhandsome man with a head of wavy silver hair; he

eyed Glentower with curiosity and speculation and said at once, "That'll be Mrs. Trefoile, sir, at the house called Llandudno."

"Ah," Morgan the Post hadn't remembered the woman's name, only that it was Tre-something. "Thanks very much." But it was too late, damn it, to go and see her tonight. He couldn't go on tonight, anyway, even when he knew which direction to go; no point in it. "Can you put me up tonight?"

"Well, we don't often have visitors, sir, but dare say we can take care of you o'er-night. You'll be wanting to see Mrs. Trefoile, then?"

"Yes," he said, sketching a plausible tale rapidly, "I must see her in the morning, but perhaps you could help me, too. I'm a lawyer, and I'm trying to locate a young American lady who was staying with Mrs. Trefoile last week. She's on holiday, you see, just driving about, and I don't know where to get in touch with her—I thought Mrs. Trefoile might be able to tell me where she was making for when she left here."

Everyone in earshot looked at him with lively interest. Next to him at the bar was a little wiry dark man with a clever, ugly face; he said, "Oh, right enough, sir, that young lady was at Mrs. Trefoile's, last Friday-Sa'd'y it'd be. T' one as was engaged to young Mr. Trefoile an' he killed in a naroplane over in t' States year ago July. We was all a bit curious to see her, if you understand me, sir—for this 'n' that reason . . ."

"Indeed," rumbled the landlord. "But none did, her only bein' o'er-night, or just about—exceptin' Tom here's woman . . ."

"As we've the general shop, see, sir, an' t' young lady stopped nex' morning—the Sa'd'y that'd be—an' bought two postcards. A very nice-lookin' young lady, Gwen said, an' friendly." Some memory put a brief laugh in his little dark eyes.

"Saturday?" said Glentower blankly. "I'd thought—she was planning to stay a few days." Hell,



a week ago tomorrow—she could be at the other end of England. No: remember the first card was posted at Welshpool on Wednesday.

"Ar? Well, seems she didn't. She said that to Gwen, time Sa'd'y she was in t' shop. Leavin' that day, she said."

Found it too awkward and difficult, he deduced, and made some excuse to get away. "I see. Well, as I say, Mrs. Trefoile may know where she planned to go from here. She didn't say anything about that to your wife?"

The little man shook his head and retired into his beer. The landlord said in his surprisingly smooth bass rumble, "Beg pardon, sir, I'm John Davies and this here's Tom Evans." Glentower introduced himself. "I seen the young lady myself that very morning. Came by on the way t' church with Mrs. Trefoile, an' that was something out of usual, too. I can tell you—Mrs. Trefoile not settin' foot in church a good five year, along o' the quarrel with rector she put up—but that's by the way, you won't be interested in that. Nor I don't reckon as she's been in the village in six-eight months or longer, either—she keeps to herself, shut up in her own house, if you take me . . ."

Glentower said, "Miss Carroll told me she—Mrs. Trefoile—in rather . . . ?" He raised an eyebrow.

Both men relaxed and grinned. "Say it twice, sir," said Davies solemnly. "Straiter-laced. You know the sort. Girl slaps on a little lipstick, she's bound straight for perdition—and all such-like ideas. No odds what she wants t' believe, but folk take it amiss when she tries to make 'em toe the line according, an' that's another idea she's got, too, her gentry an' us ignorant peasantry like they say an' we did ought bow an' scrape to her."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 26, 1962

"Did any of you see Miss Carroll drive away that morning — which way she went?"

"No, sir, don't reckon. My boy Garry, our last at home an' a handful he is, too, he seen her come — about tea-time on t' Friday. Ravin' over her fine new car he was. But I reckon when she went on, 'twas t' other way, not through t' village. Way she come, see?"

Davies rapped on the bar after a glance at the clock. "Time! Time, boys! Drink up and go... I'll see a room's fixed up for you, Mr. Glentower. You stayin' in the house, you can buy another drink if you please."

Glentower went out to the car for his bag and was taken upstairs to a tiny bedroom where a girl was just making up the bed... Saturday. Damn, another two days to trace her. He was a fool to have come here; all this time wasted! He should have tried to trace her from Welshpool, casting every road asking if she'd been seen, stopped for petrol... Hadn't been thinking straight, to start this far back. He knew she'd been in Welshpool on Wednesday.

Did he? In the middle of unpacking to get at his pyjamas he stopped. Did he? That was only if she had been a free agent. That card had been intended as a blind; this whole fantastic notion hung on that. She'd been compelled to write it, an excuse to him, to put him off. They — whoever they were — would not post it from the place they actually held her?

It all sounded thinner and thinner... real life: these things just don't happen...

Damn it, there was something — not right.

Late on the trail, he thought. Six days, seven days. But do what was possible. Tomorrow morning, see the eccentric and difficult Mrs. Trefoile and ask her — if she knew — where Pat had intended to go from here.

PAT woke slowly, aware as soon as half-consciousness returned of the lassitude, the reluctance to face another day. After a while she forced herself out of bed. It was not as cold this morning, perhaps the summer was coming in at last; but it was still cool this early, and she shivered as the air struck her bare flesh. She took up the wreck of her dress, the cardigan, slipped into her shoes. She got the brandy from the desk, went into the bathroom: largely a futile gesture, applying brandy to the wound in her shoulder — it looked much worse, puffy and red — but perhaps it was helping the deep scrapes on her arm and leg. She washed in cold water, put on her dress and cardigan, and had a drink of brandy.

Very bad, drinking first thing she got up, she thought vaguely. But there was quite a calorie count in most liquor, wasn't there?

More of this second bottle of brandy had gone (vainly, perhaps) for external treatment than she'd drunk, but there was only about a tea-cupful left.

They took her by surprise; she hadn't expected them for another half hour—but there was the rattle of the bolt. Pat's heart jumped — the brandy bottle — she tilted it up and swallowed all that was left in three hasty gulps, almost gagging at too much of the fiery stuff at once, and

slid the empty bottle under the old-fashioned bathtub as she got up from the stool. She stood in the doorway looking at them, two ugly women she was afraid of, and tried to keep any fear from her eyes.

In a moment she felt the brandy hitting her; in sudden queasy alarm she thought, too much — on an empty stomach, equivalent of four or five drinks—I'll do something, say something silly. Be careful. But I'm not afraid of them any longer. That's good.

There was something different. Mrs. Trefoile did not carry her little Bible. No reading today? And the other

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of caked blood. As her mind began to clear and she remembered, she thought numbly that she'd been lucky... the old woman had done nothing else to her, at least—yet. That one moment her eyes had held murder. But she had gone away. Or had Anna, frightened at last, taken her away?

Pat sat up. Such a fool—it was the brandy. Oughtn't to have drunk all that brandy—just to hide it. They never went into the bathroom, anyway. Fool.

She got up to her feet unsteadily, staggered into the

really very long. Something would...

Postcards. They hadn't been any good at all, either of them. She had known they wouldn't be; all her silly contriving. Alan Glentower had read the first one and been momentarily disappointed and tossed it away. And Joseph must have picked up the second one or it would have been found by Anna or Hector and something said, but he hadn't shown it to anyone—maybe he'd thrown it away by now.

She must not let herself feel hopeless. Make another plan, however wild; make herself believe something would happen; she'd make something happen, and...

She got up and went out to the bedroom on uncertain feet. Sat down at the desk, because her legs were unsteady, and wrestled with the little bent prongs of the pin-curler to open another bottle. It was false strength and courage, but any kind of strength and courage was her lifeblood here and now. She drank out of the bottle. For a moment her stomach rebelled, and then decided to keep it. She sat, head bent, waiting for the brandy to reach her.

The false warmth and a little new confidence began to flow back into her before the bolt was drawn back and they came in.

Pat got up from the chair and leaned on the desk behind her. She looked first at Anna, and the small spurious new hope leaped higher, for Anna looked frightened.

"I have prayed," said the other woman in a loud rapid voice. And Pat looked at her and saw that she held in her right hand not the little pistol but a long knife. "I have prayed for guidance—and received it."

Oh, dear Heaven, thought Pat. She did not move; there was nowhere to run to. And then, in the second of time before the old woman spoke again, a door banged somewhere below and there came the pound of heavy footsteps up the stair, and a man's voice calling, a fist pounding at this door.

"Car comin' up the drive — some'un coming—take care..."

Someone from Outside! Pat whirled, stumbling, for the broken window and got out one scream before Anna was on her. Heard the room door open—She fought clear with the surging strength of desperation, and ran for the door blindly, and came up against the solid rock of the man. In one astonishingly clear glimpse she saw Mrs. Trefoile just standing there motionless, rapt-eyed, knife in hand. It was the other two who so instantly understood the need for action.

"We can't let—hold her, don't let—"

Hand over her mouth. She hit, she twisted and squirmed in that hard grasp. Felt herself lifted to the bed. Fought free one second and screamed again, and was caught and held firm—"Got to gag her, no choice," he was panting; queer, queer, all this time and this the first she'd heard Hector speak so close, seen him—taking part—in this. "Anna—quick—your apron, girl, I'll do it—"

A brief nightmare glimpse of Anna's face distorted with panic as she whipped off her apron — folds of ill-smelling cloth in her mouth, about her mouth, and their hard labored breathing over her, holding her jointly as she struggled frantically. Then she was flung over on her side, her wrists caught, and something rigid drawn round and round them together while the woman's hands held her...

And the hands withdrawn. A confusion of sounds and voices.

Suddenly they were all gone, gone. The door slammed, the bolt shot.

A visitor. Someone from Outside. Could it be—Alan Glentower, alerted by her secret S.O.S.? She lay here helpless, the apron stuffed into her throat and bound round her jaws, her wrists bound behind her with—was it a man's belt? It felt like it. She struggled against it, desperate, determined—listening in despair, frenzy, agony, to the knocker falling on the house door.

Glentower looked about the room, waiting for its mistress. The drab middle-aged maid who'd admitted him—looking breathless and flurried, probably left something boiling in the kitchen—had been very much what he'd expected; so was the room. Perfect period piece. What they'd said of the woman last night, he couldn't

wonder that Pat had stayed only a day.

It was barely nine o'clock now.

He wasn't much interested in Mrs. Trefoile—it was a type, and a dull one; but that was a false premise in a way, for no human person is ever wholly a type, and his interest quickened a little when she came in. Absently, aside from his interest in what she might be able to tell him.

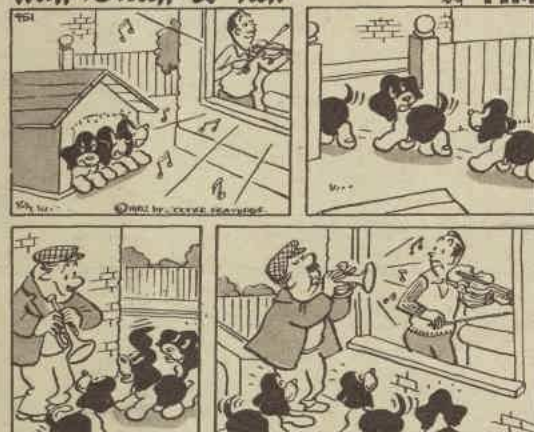
Queen Victoria gone to seed, he thought, eyeing the stained black gown thirty years out of date, the untidy grey hair. She stood just inside the door, and he thought her sight must be poor by the way her eyes stared past him, just in his general direction; she did not ask him to sit down.

"Mrs. Trefoile?" "Yes—yes. What was it—you wished?"

He told her his plausible story. Very urgent to get in touch with Miss Carroll;

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



woman carried no tray. Another fast-day? The hell with them, said the brandy; they'll never hear me begging!

"You know something, Anna?" she said. "This is all going to come to an end sometime, you know—maybe very soon, today or tomorrow — and whatever Hector's wanted for they'll find him and take him. And they'll take you, too — and you'll need a lawyer for your trial, cause I don't suppose even you are so crazy as to think Mrs. Trefoile'd pay for that. So I think you'd be very smart to take my offer of a thousand pounds, don't you? Seeing that I'll get out, anyway — or someone come to fetch me out—sooner or later. One way, you've got nothing and are arrested as soon as I get out—the other way, I get out today and you've got a thousand pounds."

Anna stood silent, head down, sullen. "I have prayed," said Mrs. Trefoile suddenly, loudly.

"I'm not surprised," said Pat. "You're good at that." She walked across to the old woman, careful to walk straight. "You're good at everything except taking a little of your own medicine, aren't you?" She struck her a resounding sudden slap hard as she could. One part of her mind said in civilised horror, An old woman; most of her tingled with joy at giving even a little back.

Mrs. Trefoile's head snapped back under the force of the blow, and then her eyes went quite wild and she lashed out with the hand that held the pistol. Pat thought she heard the crack as it struck her, and knew she was falling; she heard Anna say something in a frightened voice, and then everything went away from her.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying there on the dusty carpet where she'd fallen. Her head was throbbing savagely; putting a wavering hand to her temple she felt a little crust

bathroom, and clumsily bathed her temple until the dried blood was gone and she could feel only the tender bruise.

Fool. What would the woman do now, after this?

She was so hungry that her whole body felt sore, aside from her bruises. Evidently they didn't intend to feed her today. For an unspecified time she sat there huddled on the stool, lax, feeling sorry for herself; the tears kept flowing hot and wet down her face, she kept

FROM THE BIBLE

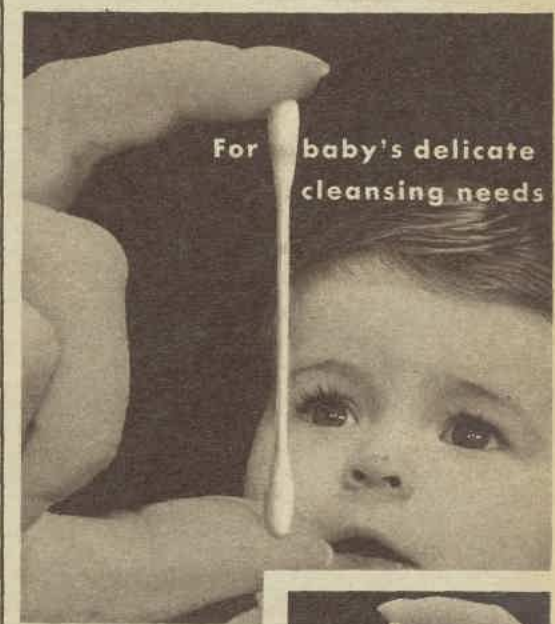
● "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." — Luke 2.15.

The shepherds had received the good news the world had been waiting for, and they were going to see for themselves what it was about.

smearing them away, uncaring how she looked or how stupid and dangerous it was to let herself get so far — demoralised.

At last she made a great effort to force herself up from this black pit of despair. It simply could not happen that in this day and age, wherever or however, anyone could hold an unwilling prisoner in a private house very long. Something would happen. A week, a week today. Almost exactly a week ago today she had been walking to the church in the village with Mrs. Trefoile—and thinking, in an hour or two I can escape — buying postcards from gossiping Mrs. Evans at the shop. A week wasn't

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 26, 1962

BEAUTY in an URN



LARGE POTS, urns, and tubs are used to great advantage in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lowe, Lindfield, N.S.W. (top picture). In them are orchids, retinosporas, pelargoniums, a camellia, and a fuchsia. CLOSE-UP picture is of a display of pelargoniums. These need roomy pots of fair depth, as they grow tall and develop hefty roots

Cut out and paste in an exercise book.

Watch pot-plants in the heat

P**POT-PLANTS** have a torrid time in many gardens and homes during the hot summer months. Those left outside, especially, feel the heat and should be checked daily for moisture.

Some people use a small hammer to "sound" the pots, giving each one a light rap on the side. If the sound is dull or heavy the soil can be assumed to be moist enough, but if the pot gives off a sharp noise it is probably dry and needs immediate watering.

Suitable for growing in large pots out of doors or in porches and patios are conifers and retinosporas—plumosa (pale green), thuyea (various colors), africana (grey-green) crispis (green and gold) and aurea (golden)—and also cumquats and lemon, mandarin, and orange trees.

At this time of the year many smaller plants can be taken indoors, such as coleus, cyclamens, rex and fibrous-rooted begonias, tuberous-rooted begonias, African daisies, geraniums, pelargoniums, bromeliads, beloperone (shrimp plant), Primula obconica and sinensis, cacti and succulents, orchids, fuchsias, gardenias, Hoya carnosa (a climber), Cissus antarctica, philo-

dendrons, ivies, hydrangeas, and Saxifraga sarmentosa.

All will thrive indoors if given a light window and plenty of care during the summer.

When pots are very dry it pays best to use a deep galvanised or plastic dish half full of water. Each pot should be stood in this until all bubbling ceases. Then remove the pot, let it drain, and put it back in the house or on the shady side of the garden, or wherever you happen to grow the plant.

Once or twice a week of this treatment is usually sufficient to keep the average pot-plant in good condition. If growth is slow apply some fertiliser or weak liquid manure. There are many good fertilisers on the market that will assure a quickening of growth if carefully used.

Feeding of pot-plants has to be done carefully. "Little and often" is the best plan, and weak liquid manure is the best material to use. If you must use powdered fertilisers, be sparing with them. Fork in with an old tablefork and water well.

Well-rotted leaves (leafmould), compost made of any decayed vegetable matter, some medium to heavy loam plus sand and a very little rot-

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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ASPARAGUS SPRENGERI is a weak-climbing plant that can be trained on stakes or allowed to droop if given a high shelf on the ledge of a wall or a high pot-stand. It is very hardy and produces innumerable tuberous roots. Rarely bothered by pests or diseases. Makes a good pot-plant if given a spacious container. (Picture taken at Mrs. Austin Mack's home, "Luton Hoo," Bingara, N.S.W.)

Gardening Book—page 66



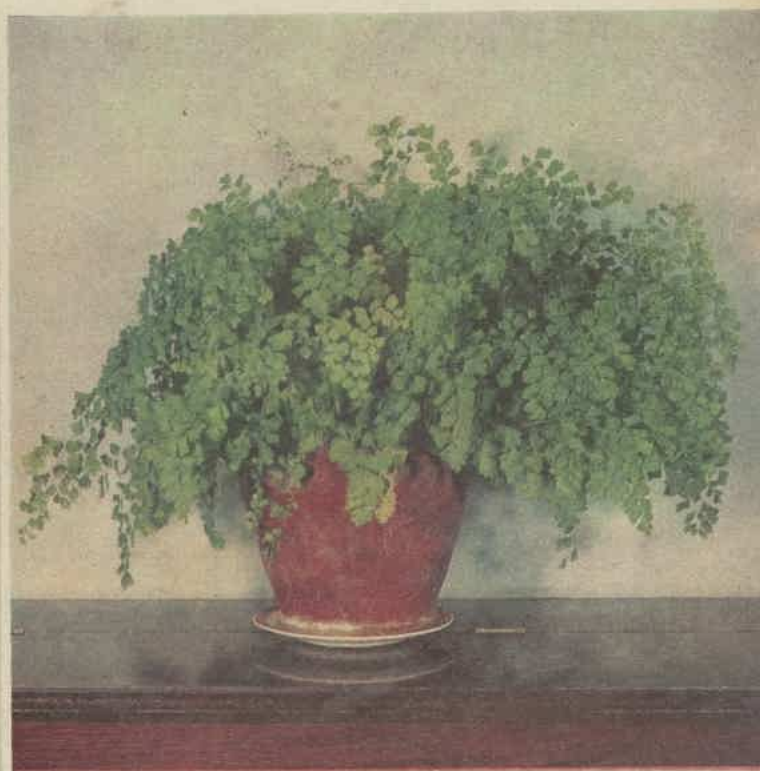
CAMELLIAS should be given a pot a trifle bigger than the ball of soil that holds the roots. They are lime-haters and need acid soil that holds moisture well. Spray with white oil occasionally to control scales, and be sure to water the soil regularly, otherwise the buds will drop off and there will be no flowers. Variety pictured is Lady Clare, at home of Mrs. B. Mander-Jones, Greenwich, N.S.W.

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HYDRANGEA *parsifal* is a medium-height variety of this popular shrub. The flowers can be changed from pink or red to blue by treating the soil with alum or aluminium sulphate, or changed from those colors to pink or red by liming the soil. Does well in a spacious tub or large, medium-depth pot. Needs half-shade in summer. (Plant pictured grown by Mrs. S. Eather, Newport, N.S.W.)

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MAIDENHAIR (*Adiantum*) **FERN** is a shade-lover and does well in soil that is acid and holds moisture well, but needs good drainage. There are temperate-zone and tropical varieties. The latter need glasshouse culture, but the cool-climate types do well facing south or in any shady position. Scales are about the only pests. (This plant grown by Miss Margery Coleman, at Bondi, N.S.W.)

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New...and with suction to spare...

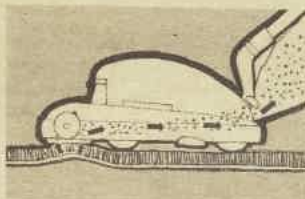
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GERANIUMS are old-time favorites and easy to grow. If given good soil they grow vigorously and flower better than if half-starved, as they often are in home gardens. They can be raised either from seeds or tip-cuttings, which should be planted in sandy loam. Plants are subject to rust disease, which colloidal sulphur will check. (Photographed at Mrs. John See's home, Sutton Forest, N.S.W.)

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BONSAI AZALEA. Bonsai, or the art of dwarfing trees and shrubs, is now quite popular in Australia. This charming azalea, about 11 in. tall, was trained by Sydney Bonsai collector Stirling Macoboy, and is a semi-double variety which needed little pruning to reveal an attractive natural shape. Roots were trimmed lightly in early winter. The azalea bloomed from early September to late November.

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POT-PLANTS — continued

ted cow, horse, or sheep manure will make up a good potting compost.

At one time gardeners went to endless trouble experimenting with different kinds of soil and compost for plants of different types of growth. For example, hardwood or softwood, deciduous or evergreen, and so on. In recent years this has been more or less exploded, and it has been shown that one standard mixture, with a few slight modifications, suits practically all of them.

Christmas gifts

So much for pot-plants in general and the care to be taken with them in the hottest months. Now for another topical subject—pot-plants that might be received as gifts at Christmas.

Gloxinias, or **sinningias** as the botanist calls them today, are glorious plants with medium-sized trumpet- or bell-shaped blooms of almost every color. They have large, fleshy leaves, are extremely subject to several fungous diseases, but when well grown, with their allergies considered and cared for, will bloom for months and give the greatest pleasure.

They grow rapidly in a compost of equal parts of fibrous peat or peat-moss, leafmould, fibrous loam, well-decayed manure, and a little fine sand.

The leaves are very brittle, and if they touch the pot rims they may develop botrytis or grey mould. Avoid wetting the leaves when watering and make sure the ventilation in the room is good at all times, as the plants are also very allergic to mildew.

Keep a supply of Zineb handy for

spraying if mildew or leaf-spot appears, and use blotting-paper or a small sponge to mop up spots of moisture if the leaves appear likely to hold it for any time.

All the gloxinia (gesnera) family suffer from these troubles, including the **African violet**, and potting conditions are in every way similar to those recommended for gloxinias.

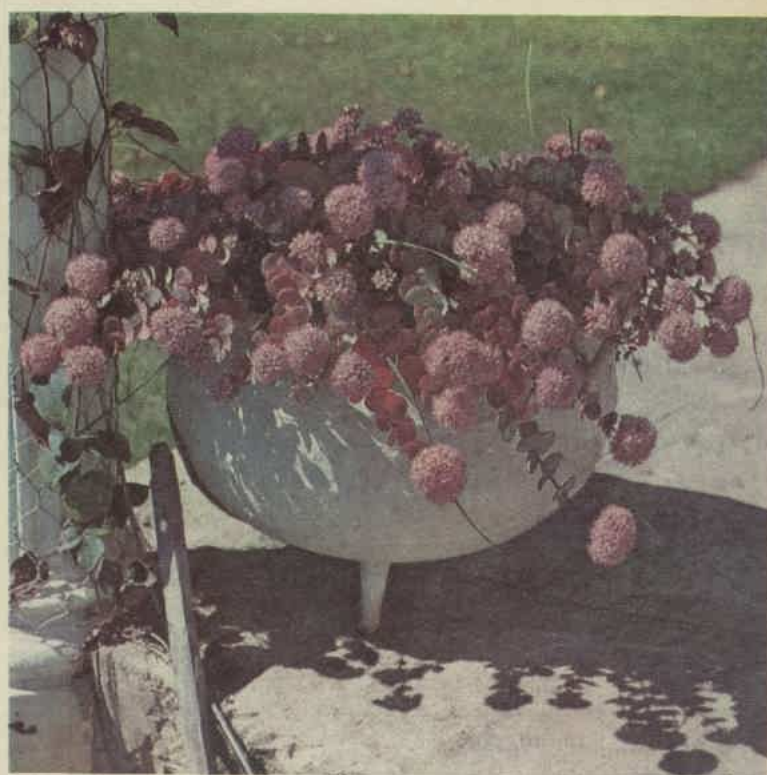
The popular little African violet can be grown on a glass-topped table, in a pot on a zinc tray in a window, or even on a shelf provided it gets light and your loving care and attention during the critical stages of its life, together with a fairly even temperature.

Tuberous-rooted begonias usually flower in summer. Over-watering causes the chief trouble, bud-drop and flower-drop. Mildew is frequent, but Phaltan takes care of that if sprayed early. The plants need support as they become heavy.

Caladiums are tuberous-rooted, deciduous perennials with arrow-shaped leaves of most glorious color combinations. They require to be planted in pots containing equal parts of turfy loam, leafmould, rotted manure, and fine sand. They can be increased by dividing old tubers in late winter or early spring.

The **camellia-flowered begonias** reached here a few years back, and several fine varieties are now on the market.

The most popular variety is Camille, which has double pink blooms about an inch across and deep red or plum-colored foliage. Andy and Pandy (rose-pink and rosy scarlet respectively) are two more of these semperflorens types.



SEDUM sieboldii is a native of Japan and has rose-red globular flowers of most attractive appearance. It sprawls widely as the plant grows, as the picture indicates. Does well in any ordinary loamy or sandy-loam soil. Can be raised from seeds, cuttings, or divisions of established plants. Makes a decorative pot-plant. (Photographed at Mrs. J. Thomas' home, Moss Vale, N.S.W.)

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Gardening Book—page 72

known she was to be staying here; did Mrs. Trefoile know where she had intended to go when she left?

"Miss Carroll," said the woman. "Miss Carroll. You are asking—where she has gone. Miss Carroll."

Rather more than eccentric. A bit off. "Yes, that's right. I understand she left here a week ago today."

"She has left," said Mrs. Trefoile. "Yes. She is gone. She had a motor car—she was alone. So foolish and dangerous—a young woman—travelling alone. I said that at the time, did I not?"

"Did she say anything to you about where she meant to go? Which way did she drive off, north or south?"

"I do not know where she has gone. I do not know where she has gone," said the woman. Yes, rather more than a type; he thought it might not be long before Abervy lost its eccentric widow to the local asylum or a home for seniles and incompetents. He saw her make an effort to surface conventionality, as if dimly aware that she was talking strangely; she made a vague gesture and said, "We are quite out of the world here, of course—I live very quietly, as you see. Only a modest establishment—everything is so very dear these days."

"Perhaps one of your servants would know which direction Miss Carroll took?" But if she'd driven through the village, going south, someone would have seen her, surely.

"Direction? I do not think so. Miss Carroll," she said; and for the first time her eyes met his directly and he felt a little shock for their pale coldness. "You are asking about—I would have her in my house no longer! A very wicked loose young woman, deep in the ways of sin. I have struggled with evil all my life—I know it well! I would not abide her presence—and so I informed her—and she has gone."

"I see," said Glentower. He was rather surprised that Pat had stayed overnight. She had said she wasn't looking forward to this, and her fears had evidently been justified. "There's no more to be said then, thanks very much," and he came toward her for the door.

She did not move aside. "Who are you?"

"I introduced myself a moment ago—my name's Glentower," he said icily.

"Glentower!" she exclaimed. "The man who—go, get out of my house! Anna! Anna! I will not tolerate—"

"With pleasure," said Glentower grimly, and marched out. The drab maid was coming up in a hurry from the back premises; she looked frightened. Nothing helpful to be got here at all. There was a man just outside the front door, a gardener—big stocky fellow on his knees over a flowerbed. Glentower stopped. "The young lady who was here last week—she left on the Saturday morning—"

"Aye, sir—that's right," muttered the man.

"Did you happen to notice

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 39

which way she turned from the gates?" He had a ten-shilling note in his hand suggestively.

The man straightened and looked at him. "I couldn't say, sir," he said expressionlessly.

Glentower shrugged, pocketed the note, and got into the car. As he backed and turned the car he was conscious of the man's eyes on him.

He went back to the inn, collected his bag, and paid his bill, and found the one petrol station. No one there had seen the young American lady or her new red sports car. He started south from the village arguing to himself—even if no one had seen her pass it might have been the noon hour and most people indoors—she wouldn't have headed north again, where she'd come from the day before. There weren't many petrol stations or secondary roads along here or villages, but he tried them all, and there were enough to make it slow work.

IT was maddeningly tedious work. By one o'clock he had worked his way down nearly to the Carmarthen border, and got nothing—nothing. Here the road forked and became two main roads, one running east-west—the county town of Cardigan west; Brecknock, Hereford, and all England east—and one continuing on south for Carmarthen and the Bristol Channel ports. He had investigated eleven side roads, asked questions of thirty-odd people. He was only twenty miles from Abervy in direct line.

Nobody had seen her. He stopped at this latest village and had lunch. It was surely odd that someone hadn't seen her.

In this lonely rural countryside a new bright-red sports car would be noticed, a sufficiently rare sight. And wherever she stopped, for food or petrol, she'd be marked as American, and remembered—American tourists didn't often get this far into Wales. Another thing, it was school-holiday time, and herds of small boys would be loose, and if there was one thing boys noticed it was automobiles.

He got out the postcards to look at again, for the fiftieth time tried to decipher the anonymous black-ink blur of postmark on the second one. It was just a blur. All it said to him was that she had bought it—both cards—somewhere in Cardigan. The Lake of Berwyn. The Teifi Pools. He was a fool; he knew where she'd got the cards. Tom Evans had told him, the general shop in Abervy, last Saturday. And it didn't matter where she'd bought them, of course.

Deliver me speedily . . . an house of defence to save me . . . the net that they have laid privily for me . . . I am in trouble . . .



thirty miles on, east or west of this point, would put her at Carmarthen town, or over the Pembroke border somewhere, west—and east, over into Brecknock, or south-east, into the Black Mountains, say, at Cray.

She'd come from Brecknock. She expected to be in Newcastle—expected to let him guide her around Carmarthen—later on, so she wouldn't have headed there, was that a fair deduction? Expecting to come back to Newcastle Emlyn within a few days, where might she have intended to go? Around the Pembroke coast, perhaps—down from Newport past Fishguard, to Milford Haven—plenty to see. Or south-east through the mountains into Monmouth the other way.

He couldn't sit here wasting time; he must decide which way to go on. Toss a coin, or something.

Irrationally, suddenly, he decided on the west. He turned the car in the village street and took the right fork on the main road west.

"God's voice," said Mrs. Trefoile. "I do not know. I do not know. That man—asking. I must be certain—of God's voice speaking to me."

Pat held herself upright in the chair with immense effort.

She seemed to be all pain, not bright, sharp pain that in some perverted way could be stimulating, but one great, dull throb—her head, her knee, her shoulder.

The pain and the hunger made her a little light-headed; she clung obstinately to the quite irrational determination not to let the woman see her weakness.

"I am an old woman, it said. He will call me to His throne before He takes you. I cannot keep you safe—it said—for Stephen—"

Pat looked at the other woman. Anna, standing rigid there, quite expressionless, but a kind of wild uncertainty in her eyes. "Anna," said Pat softly. "Anna. Do you believe me now? Will you do it

now? You can't—you can't—"

The other woman looked past her and said nothing; but her eyes moved whitely.

Nothing, nothing, nothing. Glentower came out of the inn in Newport and stood beside the car, lax, uncertain. The inn was starred in all the best-known travel brochures; if she'd got to Newport at teatime, dinnertime, ten to one she'd have stopped there. She hadn't. All along the way, nobody had seen her.

He tried to reckon sums in his head. Say she was getting, what, twenty-five miles to the gallon—less, on a new car?—say the tank had been full at Abervy. She could have got much farther than Newport before filling up. But she'd have stopped for meals.

SOMEbody should have seen her if she'd come this way, but nobody had. All right, so she hadn't come west. She'd gone east or south-east, down through Brecknock into Glamorgan, thinking to drive up round the south coast by Barry and Port Talbot and Swansea, leisurely, and over into Pembroke, to come up into Carmarthen from St. David's or somewhere.

He'd have to cast back, that was all. It was five o'clock. He'd wasted the whole damn day. No. He knew she hadn't come this way, that he knew at least. He'd covered one possibility. Glentower got into the car; and in that instant he knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to go back to Abervy.

There was no reason in it. She had left that place. All the evidence he had said so. She had run into danger and trouble, but there was no danger there—except that of boredom and insult in that old woman's house. Why did he want to go back there, why did he feel it was—necessary? Glentower was a Welshman.

An intelligent, educated man—and brought up in a fair-sized town—exposed to no rank random superstition in his formative years. But a Welshman; and despite himself, all his rational mind, he could not be rid of the Celtic remnant in him. The primitive, instinctive conviction of This or That to help or harm.

Whichever it was, whatever it meant, it whispered to him now, "Go back to Abervy."

He switched on the engine. He turned the car and drove out of Newport north, and at the fork where the signpost said "Cardigan," north-east, and "Pembroke," south, he turned north-east. It would not be dark for four hours normally, but a storm was making up fast. Unless he was lucky he'd do the last half of the journey in blinding rain.

He didn't know why he was heading back. She'd left Abervy. Last Saturday. But because he was a rational, intelligent man he had to find some excuse for himself. He found it, slim and meaningless as it was, after thought.

Mrs. Trefoile, that almost-mad and certainly queer old woman, had recognised his name. She had said, "The man who—" The man who, what? And then, "Get out of my house!"

So Pat had mentioned his name; what did that say? The man whom the wicked and sinful Miss Carroll had mentioned? But why the disapproval?

And he did not know why he kept his foot hard on the accelerator, cursing at the bends slowing his pace. . . . He'd driven many miles today, but hadn't gone far from Abervy. Call it thirty-five, forty miles; he'd be back there in time for dinner.

He pulled up before The Dog and Gun again at six-thirty. He got his bag out of the boot and locked up the car and took the dozen steps to the door of the inn.

As he laid his hand on the door, the storm broke. There was a blinding, long, brilliant stroke of lightning, and almost as it died the thunder sounded, a great ominous rumble. A moment of breathless silence, and the rain began.

Glentower thought, Now the air will be better, cooler. He pushed open the door and went in.

Though it was Saturday night, not so many had ventured out in the storm to gather at The Dog and Gun. Glentower was received back with civility, secret curiosity, but not questions; he had not made up any tale to explain his return. He sat now over the remains of his dinner in the public bar; at the next table three men sat talking, and Davies had joined them companionably.

Glentower was aware of glances stolen at him; they were interested and curious. Now the landlord rose and took the few steps to his table, to ask politely, "Is there aught else you'd be wanting, sir?"

"Bring me a Scotch and water, will you?" Abruptly Glentower half-turned his chair to face the other men. "None of you happened to see Miss Carroll—the young American lady—when she was here? Or—"

"Young lady weren't here long, sir, like you know." It was a big broad young fellow spoke, one he'd not seen before; boyish-looking, freckled, but his blue eyes were shrewd and steady. Evans was there, too, and a third man.

"An' no wonder at all," said Evans. "By what Gwen said, t' young lady'd had her fill o' Mis' Trefoile o'er-night." An amused murmur. "No, I'm not surprised. I saw the woman this morning."

I shouldn't wonder if you saw her carted off to the asylum one day," said Glentower. There was nothing he could do tonight; relax, he'd accomplish nothing by sitting here worrying. "She struck me as mad as a hatter."

"That wouldn't surprise me," said Davies, setting the bottle of Scotch on the table before him with two glasses, one of water. "Bound to say she do seem to tend that way, an' I reckon it gets worse as she gets older. Beg pardon, sir, but she couldn't help you about the young lady at all, then?"

"No. Damn it, she had the gall to say she was a—'loose young woman' and she—Mrs. Trefoile, I mean—had ordered her out of the house."

THE third man said, "Religious mania. They do get like that, I'll have another. Mr. Davies, please. We shall all get wet going home tonight, a regular Niagara it sounds like."

"All the more reason for summat inside to keep out the cold," said Davies genially. With Glentower's little confidence they had all relaxed to companionship with him. "This is our chemist, sir, Mr. Ormsby. An' this here's the local representative o' law and order, Davy Griffiths, the polis, who didn't ought t' be drinkin' on licensed premises."

"I just come in out o' the rain," said the constable with a grin. "You ain't located the young lady as you're lookin' for, sir? I daresay you know, if it's summat important, like a legal matter or such, you can get 'em to broadcast for her. They do it at the end o' the news."

"Yes, I know," said Glentower. "I may—have to do that . . . What did your wife say?" he asked Evans.

Evans chuckled and drank beer. "Why, they come into t' shop that morning, see, on way t' church. T' young lady come in first, an' bought two postcards, an' talked a bit to Gwen—said who she was 'n' so on. Gwen said you could tell she was t' kind o' smart young lady as 'd be wearin' powder 'n' lipstick usual, an' jewellery, too, all got up nice—not tarty, just like all t' girls do nowadays—but she hadn't a bit on then."

"An' when she paid for t' cards, she said she was leavin' that day, she'd got a urgent appointment—solemn as a judge, she says that, an' she dropped a wink at Gwen, t' old lady bein' behind her. Gwen says 'twas all she could do not to wink back. She knew well enough what t' young lady meant. Likely Mis' Trefoile'd made her come out without her powder 'n' lipstick 'n' so on, an' been nasty other ways along o' her funny notions, see, an' t' young lady was gettin' out of it fast as she could."

Glentower joined in the laugh with an effort. "Yes, I see. I don't wonder. They went to the church together, on Saturday morning? That seems funny—if she'd ordered Miss Carroll away beforehand."

"Maybe 'twas after. I wouldn't want to say what Mrs. Trefoile might take into her head," said Griffiths thoughtfully. "I reckon you're not far off the mark, sir, say she'll maybe end up in asylum. Let me have another pint, John."

"I must say," said Mr. Ormsby to his gin, "I always felt sorry for the boy."

"Stephen Trefoile," said Glentower. "What was he like?"

"He was what she made him," said Ormsby. "A very

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



good-looking young man—he looked like his father—but weak, if you know what I mean. We were all surprised he ever got out from under her thumb."

Glentower asked idly, "What was the father like?" There was an unexpected moment of silence. Then Griffiths said, "If I'd been constable then, summat more 'd have come of it. Gentry or no gentry—or money or no money."

"There wasn't," said Ormsby, "any evidence that was evidence."

"The talk was," said Davies to Glentower, "she killed him, you see. Yes, sir, her husband."

"She'd never've got a husband, 'twasn't for t' money," said Evans. "I were here an' seen it an' heard it all, which t' rest o' you never—least-ways, Dave, you were here, but only a youngster wif no sense at the time, an' 'twas afore John or Mr. Ormsby came to the village. I can tell you."

"And have, many's the time," said Davies with a grin.

"No odds. I don't say the man was no saint, but I do say he had excuse in plenty. Allus a real friendly, fair-spoken chap, as was liked well. Only trouble wif Cap'n Trefoile, he liked his pleasures an' he hadn't no money. He were in t' army awhile, that's where he got the cap'n, but reckon he couldn't keep up wif other officers at standin' drinks 'n' so on. It was a bad day he met that one."

"She had the money," said Glentower. "Was that it?"

DAVIES nodded. "Indeed she did, sir—an' has. He met her somewhere up north—we heard, her just come into all her family's money. A good ten year older 'n him an' plain as mud in the bargain. But he weren't t' only chap as ever swallowed his pride to wed money, were he?"

"Oh—certainly," agreed Glentower. "It happens all the time."

"As you say, An' the Cap'n, I'd say he meant t' be as good a husband as he could be to her, honest an' aboveboard. Only it didn't come out that way, on account o' her bein' how she is. I reckon—if you follow me—she wanted the—the look o' bein' married, because it's the thing for females t' do—an' that's for why she took him. But anything else—well, you see what I mean."

Evans shrugged his thin shoulders. "An' I'm all for morals like Reverend preach, but I reckon he liked his drink 'n' he liked his women—'twasn't no harm."

"It were harm when he got to Cerridwen Lewis," said Griffiths. "So I've heard."

It was a familiar story. Glentower asked, "And his wife found out?"

"Along o' Jack Lewis, her dad. Any road, Mis' Trefoile got to know. She was allus awful religious, an' I reckon—"

"No need t' be trottin' to church seven times a week to figure that immoral," said the constable. "Not that I say she'd any right to do murder."

"You mean she really killed him? What happened?" Ormsby said, "I believe I'll have one more, Mr. Davies. There was no evidence at all, by what I understand, but perhaps that was more—er—luck than good management as they say. There was a quarrel—"

"Ellen Parr heard that—the was housemaid there at

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

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the time, see, sir—but she couldn't swear to seein' nothin'. She—"

"I've seen the statements," said Griffiths. "In the files they still are at the station. The maid said as she come down the upstairs passage, one bedroom to t' other, makin' up the beds that morning. Cap'n Trefoile had his own room—best in the house, private bath and all—and a bolt on the inside o' the door, so he could do a bit o' private drinkin' without her walkin' in to lecture him."

"Any road, there the maid was, and she said they was goin' at it hammer and tongs. Mrs. Trefoile at the top o' the stair and him a step or two below her—like she'd stopped him just as he were goin' out, see. The maid went into Mrs. Trefoile's bedroom, but she could still hear 'em. And then the maid hears a noise, and she comes runnin' out and there's Cap'n Trefoile fallen backwards down the stairs and broke his neck."

"She pushed him," said Ormsby softly. "Of course she did. She caught him off balance—a big, heavy man he was, wasn't he, Tom?—he'd no chance to save himself at all, you see."

"Yes," said Glentower, "I can see that happening. A nasty little story."

Ormsby said, "I do believe the rain is letting up—I must be getting along home. Good night, sir—Mr. Davies—good night, all."

"Ar, Gwen'll be thinkin' I'm drunk or drowned. Reckon 'tis time we was gettin' along." Evans got up reluctantly.

A rather usual little story, thought Glentower, taking himself to bed. A tragedy if you liked—or just more evidence of human nature. The kind of thing that had happened before and would happen again.

He didn't think much about it. He thought about what he'd do tomorrow. Another cast—south-east. Before he fell asleep the rain was slackening, the thunder long silent.

He woke to a golden summer morning—still damp, the gutters dripping, but the sun out full and early.

He shaved and dressed hastily; he meant to get an early start. The fact that it was Sunday made the hunt just a little more difficult; some places shut, and people not as available.

Davies asked as he served him breakfast if he'd be wanting the room tonight. "No, thanks, I won't be back."

"I hope you'll find the young lady, sir," said Davies politely. "A pity she didn't leave word where she'd be, but some folk do like to go jauntering about without any plans that way. But if 'tis an important legal business, like Griffiths was saying, you could get them to broadcast."

"Yes . . . How much do I owe you?"

And Glentower the rational man did not believe in mysterious supernatural powers—in the existence of This or That to help or harm—or he hadn't, up to that Sunday morning. After that he'd never feel quite sure. Call it coincidence that he'd forgotten his cigarette case; it was a likely enough thing for him to do; he often wondered why he carried it, for he seldom took the trouble to fill it.

At any rate, he had left it upstairs on the bureau, and as he opened the car door he remembered it, and went back. The maid had already found it, and was just coming down the stair to hand it to Davies. Glentower thanked her, rewarded her suitably, and came out to the car

again, putting it away in his pocket.

Just in time to collide with the girl passing the inn.

"I beg your pardon!" He caught her arm to steady her; in a hurry, he'd knocked her off balance.

"S O.K.," she said, flashing him an automatic smile. "No harm done."

He took three steps toward the car and stopped. Something—something—was

the good-natured careless sort, a talker, friendly. "Don't laugh," he said, "but I couldn't help noticing your perfume—it's nice—I like it. I'd like to get some for my sister, I think she'd like it, too. Would you mind telling me what it is, what it's called?"

The girl relaxed, gave him an automatic provocative smile. "Your sister, indeed! There's a story! 'Tis nice, isn't it? And good—I mean it stays on a long while. It's called Ginger Carnation, it's from America—some company

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS By ELSA MURRAY / Week starting Dec. 19

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, red, green.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

* A fortunate week and a good Christmas Day. If you are working, conditions are excellent for job and career, especially Friday and Saturday. Health should improve over the week.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* An excellent week for love, luck, and for buying tickets. Saturday is good for romance. You should enjoy exciting parties, pleasant evenings, gay company.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

* Your ruling star is romantically and fortunately aspected this week. Home conditions should be harmonious and you should enjoy a happy Christmas Day. A good week for domestic affairs.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* A good time to push your affairs before the Christmas break. You should enjoy a happy Christmas. It is a week of romance. Saturday is ideal for partying and making friends.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* A happy Christmas with your loved ones, with a happier New Year. A good week for business and finance. Saturday evening is ideal for dancing and gaiety, with perhaps new romance.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, tan, black.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

* Fortunate vibrations to your ruling star ensure a happy and successful week. Saturday is romantic and fortunate for entertaining and celebration. Buy tickets Friday or Saturday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

* As a peace-lover you should enjoy a tranquil Christmas. The week favors all matters. Home and family affairs prosper. A good, safe period for holidays and travel.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* A most fortunate and romantic week. Among the good things are relatives. All holiday matters are favored—and travel should be without incident.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24—DEC. 23
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, grey, red.
* Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

* A festive week with few discordant influences. Sagittarius, renowned for their gaiety and gusto, can really go to town. If a career girl, go hard for that rise in pay.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 24—JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

* This should prove a truly festive week with merry Christmas. Just before Christmas Day your ascendant cycle begins. Work hard on your plans, mixing pleasure with business.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* Love and luck have a merry and fortunate run. An ideal time for the ray side of life. Friday and Saturday mornings favor speculation with little risk of losing your investment.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, red, green.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

* A pleasant week lies in store. It is a lucky time for wedding bells and matters of partnership generally. Sign that important contract and promote that new idea you've been working on.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

saying urgently to him, Pat. Sudden, nostalgic, vivid memory surged up in him—unprecedentedly real and warm, a physical sense—the sensation of her as she had been, sitting opposite him that night, close, over the hearth fire at the Tregarth Arms—the sight and sound and scent . . .

Scent. Her perfume—something unusual, spicy, and strange . . . That girl was wearing the same scent, one he'd never known before, something very different . . .

He turned and ran after her. "Miss! Oh, miss!"

She stopped. He came up to her, feeling suddenly foolish. She was about twenty, a pretty girl with a lot of ash-blond hair, a little too much in the way of make-up.

"Yes?" she said, a little puzzled, a little curious.

"I—" He summoned a smile, reading her as to type:

I never heard of before, in New York. I expect it's awful expensive here."

"You expect?" he said teasingly. "Was it a present from the boy-friend, then?" She was the sort of girl who'd respond mechanically to flirtation, meaning nothing by it.

She giggled. "Aren't you smart? Sure it was, a present I mean—my auntie gave it me for my birthday on Tuesday, if you want to know . . . You're the lawyer gentleman here looking for the American girl as come to see Mrs. Trefoile."

Villages. Everything known five minutes after it happened. "That's right," said Glentower. "I just happened to notice it—couldn't help it, could I, you practically falling into my arms? My sister's got a birthday coming up, and I know she'd like it—where could I get it, d'you know? Could I order it somewhere? Where'd your aunt get it?"

"I dunno, I expect some big department store in Lunnon could get it for you. I couldn't say where Auntie got it—maybe she saw an advert and ordered it. She sure didn't get it around here, I know—must've ordered it from Lunnon."

"Oh, she lives here?" "That's right. Auntie's with this funny old Mrs. Trefoile as you went t' see yesterday. Didn't you? I reckon as she saw an advert in some magazine and ordered it. 'Tis nice, I'm crazy about it. I s'pose, like I say, a Lunnon store could get it for you."

"I see, thanks. Thanks very much. I'll ask, anyway—when I get back to town. I know my sister 'd like it."

She patted her pompadour of ash-blond hair and gave him an impudent grin. "Sister! You're welcome, I'm sure. And I'll be late for early service." She teetered off down the street on her stilt heels.

Ginger Carnation. An American company. That funny old Mrs. Trefoile.

Auntie. The drab middle-aged maid who'd admitted him?

He lit a cigarette and strolled up the high street, past the Evans' store and the outlying cottages. A hundred yards, two hundred, round the sharp bend in the road, there were the iron gates with Llandudno painted on them.

Anything to that story Evans had told last night? Probably she had pushed him. The gates were partly open.

He went in, started up the curving drive. He would ring the bell—the maid, Auntie, would answer—and ask her about the scent.

Why? It was self-evident what had happened. Pat had forgotten it, and Auntie committed a very small felony in taking it.

The bolt—Julian Trefoile's inside bolt—Pat struggled with it frantically, sobbing. It would never move—but it moved at last, reluctantly, and shot home. She staggered backward to collapse on the bed.

They could not come in any more. It had come to an end—one end.

The knife in the old woman's hand. The only way. Use the knife—to make it so that no man would look on her but with loathing.

It would be better, if it came to a choice, to go out the window. She thought that bleakly. Risk the broken bones, the broken neck.

An hour ago, ten minutes ago—time had ceased to mean anything—the old woman mouthing incoherences, about the divine instruction she had received, and the knife in her hand—"To mutilate, to destroy, the only way—" Pat would never know where she found the strength, the courage. But Anna was frightened—if not for that, she'd never have been able to do it, fighting them both. The old woman stronger than one might expect, but still an old woman—and Anna very frightened.

Somehow, an ugly nightmare of physical struggle, she had beaten them off, toward the door, and they were out . . . But she had known she could never get past them out there in the narrow hall, they'd been taken by surprise, but they'd stop her there . . . And then she remembered the bolt, and slammed the door as the old woman turned on her in the doorway.

They could not get in again. She could not get in, pistol or long knife. I would rather go out the window, she thought.

The man stopped dead still, looking at him. He was very big, but with a closer look

Glentower saw what he was: what they used to call a natural. "Hello," he said again. "Do you work here?"

The natural looked at him nervously, warily, head down and barely raising his eyes. "Work—that ol' Hector a-catchin' me, I does. Don't like t' pull weeds, I don't."

"I don't blame you," said Glentower. "Do you remember the pretty girl who was here awhile ago? What's your name?"

That was a mistake, two questions at once. It was only the last one got answered. "Joseph."

"Do you remember the pretty girl, Joseph?"

The almost colorless eyes were blank on him. And it was a waste of time and effort, this one wouldn't have noticed or remembered anything, but—try him.

"She came in a motor car, a bright-red motor car, and she stayed overnight."

"I like red," said Joseph, smiling. "I had a nice red shirt once."

"Yes, it's a pretty color. Did you see the red motor car?"

"T' owd badger don't like it nowadays, though. He were right scared. I see him scuttle back t' burrow quick. No call folk got, scare owd badger."

"The car scared him?"

"Car—" said Joseph vaguely. "T'was a motor car, sure-ly. Dark 'twas goin', for t' mist, 'n' owd badger think it's real night, 'n' come out. He run back quick, he done so."

ABSENTLY Glentower fished out a couple of coins and handed them over. The badger was frightened—dusk falling, so that would have been when she arrived, "about teatime," someone had said. "Joseph, did you see the motor car again, when it went away—down the drive?"

Joseph looked at him blankly. "The red motor car," said Glentower. "The one that scared the badger. Did you see it again?"

Joseph shook his head. "You give me two sixpences. I know pennies 'n' florins 'n' sixpences. You're a nice gennelman. I—I—I show you somethin' purty I got." He fumbled at his shirt pocket.

"Never mind that, Joseph. The motor car—did you see it again?" But the simpleton only stuttered, shaking his head, still fumbling at his pocket; nothing more to be got. Glentower went on up the drive.

When he came in sight of the house he saw the big gardener he'd spoken to yesterday, and the maid. The man was at the foot of the house steps, the woman above him and the door open behind her, as if she'd just come out for a moment to speak to him. At the little sound of Glentower's steps on the turf, they both turned, and the woman put a hand to her mouth in a frightened, startled gesture.

"Good morning," said Glentower. Some household crisis? He thought. The man looked worried, the woman distraught—not too strong a word.

Neither of them spoke immediately, and then with an effort the man said, "G' morning—sir. What was it you wanted?"

"You c-can't t' see madam," said the maid. "Madam's—poorly an' can't see no'un."

"I don't want to see Mrs. Trefoile, I want to ask you a couple of questions," said Glentower pleasantly. "I didn't see you when I left yesterday. You saw Miss Carroll when she left that morning, didn't you?" She nodded once, sullen. "Did

she say anything to you about where she was going? Did you see which way she turned from the gates?"

"You can't see the gates from here, sir," said the man.

"No, I didn't see nor I didn't take no interest, I got my work t' do." She kept looking around nervously; her voice was low.

"She was in a hurry, wasn't she, to forget that expensive bottle of scent?"

"What — what d'you mean?" She looked terrified suddenly.

"The one you gave your niece for her birthday. Miss Carroll's special American perfume."

"I — I —"

"D'you take summat o' the girl's, Anna?" It was jolted out of the man by surprise.

"You shouldn't ought to've —"

"How'd you know — bout that? An' I never, anyways! I didn't say nothin' to Gloria, how'd you —"

"But it was Miss Carroll's, wasn't it?"

"I — not that it's any o' your business, but she give it me. I — said as how 'twas nice, I'd like to get some for Gloria — an' she gave me an extra bottle she had — on account I wouldn't have time — get it sent up from Lunnion."

It was as palpable a lie as he'd ever heard. And what did that mean? That she'd deliberately stolen it from Pat's bag, probably. And Pat hadn't missed it before she left.

THE big simpleton slouched up behind him. "He's a nice gennelman, he give me two sixpences."

"You needn't go tryin' get any sense out o' Joseph," she said sharply. "He don't know nothin' about — no more 'n any o' the rest of us, see?"

"Young lady come an' went, that's all any can say — n' why for'd we take any notice which way? We all got work to do!"

There was a muffled thud from somewhere in the house, as if something heavy fell. It came again after an interval, and again. Both the man and woman moved, looked toward the open door. The old woman breaking up the furniture, thought Glentower only half humorously.

"I — I got work t' do," repeated the maid called Anna almost desperately, "can't stand here listenin' to silly questions." As she turned to the door, old Mrs. Trefoile's voice called her name imperiously, and she ran in and banged the door behind her.

Glentower felt deflated. He turned abruptly without farewell to the gardener, anxious to get back to the car and carry on with the job.

The simpleton had slid off somewhere while he talked to the other two, and now reappeared, again from the trees bordering the drive. "Goin' t' town," he confided. "Goin' t' get chocolates."

"That's fine," said Glentower absently, lengthening his stride.

"Ne'er you somethin' purty, maybe you give me 'nother sixpence?" An eager pawing hand on his arm.

"I haven't got time, Joseph."

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 45

"It's luck-full, it is. Things green allus holds luck. I — I let you see it — for 'nother sixpence." The Josephs could be tenacious when an idea occurred to them.

Glentower, fumbling in his pocket without stopping, said, "All right, here's your sixpence."

"But you didn't see it yet, I show you —" He was keeping up with Glentower; they were nearly to the gates now. Glentower tried to shake off the big dirty hand; and then the other hand was held out insistently six inches under his nose, and he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Purty," said Joseph, pleased at attracting his attention.

That was Pat's ring. The big silver ring with the oval green turquoise that she'd been wearing that night.

Pat heaved and pulled at the highboy frantically, and just when she thought she'd never do it, it began to move: a foot, two feet — almost there now. . . . She fell against it, shoving with all her weight, until it was squarely in front of the door.

The heavy regular blows on the door sounded like the steps of doom in that symphony, which one was it? — she didn't know what the woman was using, an axe or something duller, but she could see the door shake at every blow. They were . . .

They? Anna, too? She thought Anna was thoroughly frightened at last. Ten minutes ago she'd heard the old woman calling her, ordering her, "You will do this better than I. I must save my strength," and Anna, "No — madam, you got to see, I — it ain't —" and the other voice rising to a thin shriek with anger. But if Anna was frightened of the consequences, she was more frightened of Mrs. Trefoile — what help would she be?

Oddly enough she felt quite cool herself. This was the very worst, and perhaps the very last — that door wouldn't hold for ever, and they said mad people showed surprising strength. But she hadn't the least impulse to have hysterics or scream foolishly out the window.

She got the chest over in front of the highboy, and tried to shift the desk. All the furniture might gain her another ten minutes after the door was down. Never get the desk all the way across the room.

If she gets in, Pat thought, very rational and emotionless, I'll jump out the window.

"Anna — Anna!" A breathing space when the blows on the door stopped.

"Madam — please, madam, don't —"

Never shift the desk unless she took the drawers out. Pat began to do that. Impersonally she felt rather surprised at herself — she wouldn't have said she'd show up so well in such a crisis; pity there wasn't someone there to admire her and tell about it afterward. Let it never be said she didn't die game, she thought. Or stopped fighting back up to the last minute.

When she took out the middle left drawer she picked up the bottle of brandy and took another drink. And then another. Never knew, it might be her last. In a little while she might even be meeting Julian Trefoile, and she mustn't forget to tell him how much she'd appreciated his legacy of liquor. It had helped her through some bad moments.

Of course she wasn't going to die. Even now, at the last and worst, something would . . .

That door wouldn't last much longer.

Pat gave the desk a final shove and leaned on it, panting. That should stop her, a while even after the door gave. She straightened and went back to the window, as far as possible from the door. She had done everything she could, and now there was no more for her to do but — wait. The fear came up like a great black tide in her.

Pat's ring. She valued it — it had been her father's, she said. She must have been very sorry to lose it. Or have it stolen.

"Where'd you get this?" Joseph eyed him uncertainly, and then closed his hand over the ring.

Glentower made a grab for him. "Give it to me, Joseph. That's not yours — did you

In t' shed," said Joseph triumphantly. "Ol' Hector, he got t' door lock up, but you c'n see through cracks. I show you, n' — you thieve it away?"

Incredibly she was thinking how hungry she was. A cigarette would taste good, too. She should really be thinking of something more serious if these were — equally incredible — her last minutes on earth.

She was rather surprised the door had held this long. Now the blows stopped again, and Pat turned quickly to listen for voices — turned too quickly, what with all the brandy she'd had, and fell headlong over one of the desk drawers. And her handbag, put on top of it when she moved the desk. She knocked the bag over, and its contents spilled out on the floor beside her.

HAZEL . . . by Ted Key



"Rather like it over there."

(Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

steal it? It's wrong to steal, you know. Where'd you get it?" He took the ring, prying open Joseph's hand.

Joseph was frightened; he began to cry. "Give me back — give me back — I found 'un — 's mine! Didn't neither thieve — tain't fair —"

"It belongs to the young lady, Joseph — the one who came in the red motor car, remember? Where did you find it?"

"In t' clover I found 'un — give me back! 'S mine!"

"You can't have it back, but — but I'll pay you for it," said Glentower, "because you took good care of it for her, see, Joseph?" He gave Joseph a pound note, and saw that Joseph had no idea what it was, so he took it back and gave him all the silver and copper in his pocket. Joseph looked slightly mollified and backed away farther.

"The young lady in the red motor car, Joseph. The one that scared the old badger. Did you see her go away?"

"You want t' see that?" asked Joseph. Another idea had occurred to him now; he looked at Glentower slyly and grinned. "That 'ol' Hector, I show you my purty thing 'n' you thieve it — d'you thieve that from ol' Hector, do I show you? I like see that?"

"What? Show me what?" "That there motor car, see,

village — if the household was roused, in their sudden panic they'd send for help before realising.

She snatched up the little chair and turned to the other window, intending to knock out the pane and shout — and she saw something quite incredible.

She saw Alan Glentower come running around this side of the house, with Joseph after him.

What's this? thought Glentower. He looked at Joseph blankly. "The red motor car?"

Joseph nodded eagerly. Quite suddenly a very queer feeling moved up Glentower's spine. He thought, no one saw her leave. "Show me!" he said sharply. "Where, Joseph?"

Joseph started back up the drive. "Hurry!" said Glentower.

Almost to the house the drive forked, the right-hand track leading around the house toward stables or a garage; Joseph trotted up that way. Stables, converted. The double doors shut, but they were warped loose and gaped a couple of inches open in the centre, even with the padlock securing them.

"You look," said Joseph proudly.

Glentower looked, and through the little gap he saw the dim outline of Pat's brand-new bright-red sports car inside.

And then, without wasting time thinking about this incredible thing, he turned and ran for the house the quickest way.

He burst out through a rough tangle of hedge into the open garden about the side of the house. The front door was round to the left; he turned that way. He heard a crash of breaking glass from above, and he looked up and saw Pat.

IF he hadn't loved her he mightn't have recognised her. Her hair was limp and tangled about her pale, pinched-looking face, her dress was torn apart to gape widely above her waist, and her eyes were wild, unfocused on him. She staggered against the window-frame and tried to call something to him, but her voice was only a thick croak.

He heard dull, regular, heavy blows being struck against something in the house.

Glentower turned and ran. The big gardener was standing there on the steps as if he hadn't moved since Glentower had last seen him; he seemed to be listening to those thuds from inside. He started to speak, but Glentower shoved him aside roughly and flung himself at the door. It was locked. He tore off his jacket, wrapped it around his arm and drove his fist through the nearest window, three times, and climbed in over the jagged edges to a dim, stale-smelling dining-room. He heard the other man shout after him. He ran out to the hall and took the stairs three treads at a time — and brought up against the newel post on the landing, staring for one incredible second at the scene before him.

The old woman, her face a distorted mask of fury and madness, attacking a door with upraised axe, and the other woman huddled against the wall, watching with helpless, frightened eyes.

In that instant the door gave, a panel smashed in, and he saw that there was furniture shoved into the doorway inside.

He took two strides and caught Mrs. Trefoile by the shoulders, and she turned on him viciously, blindly, and swung the axe at him. He

got her wrist — she was astonishingly strong — and they struggled pantingly before he twisted the axe away.

The woman was on him like a tiger, from behind — clawing at him, mouthing obscenities. He hit her without compunction, as he'd have hit a man, and she fell sprawling. He dropped the axe and put his shoulder to the door, calling Pat's name — heard a stir behind him, and whirled.

The other woman standing up at last, uncertain, staring. Mrs. Trefoile up again and on him.

The woman came up and took Mrs. Trefoile's shoulder. The old woman turned on her in a flash; it was done before he could move or shout. She bent and came up with the axe, and swung it. The younger woman reeled back to the top of the stairs and over, falling backward.

Glentower dodged the axe as it fell, grappling with her. No time even for incredulity, one frail-looking little old woman . . . He got the wrist, he wrenched it until it gave, and he could seize the axe, he sent it flying over the banister down the stairwell, out of reach. He hit her again and she fell against the wall and lay still.

"Pat! Help me — get that stuff out of the way." He attacked the door, and heard sounds inside; and then the whole centre panel fell in, and she was there, struggling clumsily to shove past the piled furniture into the doorway. He saw her eyes, and reached to catch her as she fell toward him.

He never glanced at the old woman, but carried Pat past her down the stairs. At the foot the other woman's body sprawled head downward, broken and still, and the big gardener stood looking at it. He turned a grey, empty face to Glentower.

"Telephone! Is there one?" "Telephone," said the man. "Yes, sir. It don't matter now, do it? It don't matter at all. I don't mind it. There's a telephone at back o' the hall, sir."

"My darling, my darling — don't try to move now, you'll be all right, don't be frightened any more — what have they done to you, my darling?"

Pat listened dreamily to his incoherent phrases, thinking, How funny — evidently I told Mrs. Trefoile the truth — he's saying he is in love with me.

"They'll be here soon, darling — police and doctor and — don't try to move, dearest, you're too weak —"

"M not so much weak as drunk," said Pat with dignity. "Too much of Mr. Trefoile's brandy. 'D you send for fire brigade, too, because — think — house might be burnin' down, you know —"

"Yes, darling —"

"Much too much brandy," said Pat. "But it was nice of him — leave it there for me, wasn't it?"

"It was damn nice of him," said Glentower with something between a laugh and a sob.

"Must look — awful. Did you really — all of a sudden like that —? Don't know why."

"There aren't any rules about it."

"Guess not," agreed Pat sleepily. "Funny. Think about it later."

"Yes, darling," he said, and heard a car coming up the drive, and got up from where he bent over her on the sitting-room couch. "Here they are, thank heaven. They'll want your story, but it'll wait until a doctor's — Pat? Pat?"

She didn't answer. She was sound asleep, and smiling.

(The End)

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. It's in this, if it's in writing (5, 3, 5).
8. Exhausted by holding a pen (5).
9. Discoverer of electricity produced by chemical action (7).
10. Mountain where the first woman took rest (7).
11. Pass smoothly with a cover in the centre (5).
12. The French trial is the most tardy (6).
14. Leathermaker for sixpence (6).
18. Pertaining to sound headed by 20cwt. (5).
20. Bears witness where cricket fans meet (7).
22. Having spots like eyes, and its end is late (7).
23. Cryptogram or onomancy hides a fool (5).
24. Places suitable for rumination (5, 8).



Solution of last week's crossword.

1. Bellows for a famous biographer (7).
2. The white poplar (5).
3. Half a score in milk pails for young cats (7).
4. In "Hamlet," Act I, Scene I, Marcellus tells Horatio that they are wholesome (6).
5. One of them has a street in New York for the money market (5).
6. This Asian lives in a rain (7).
7. It is the best part, and in

- doggerel it evades notice (5).
13. You may call it a monkish upercut (7).
15. Endeavour ending in a short legislator before tea (7).
16. Feels indignant because of a Japanese coin in disturbed rest (7).
17. A cream (anagr., 6).
18. Strip of leather (5).
19. Acquire knowledge and deserve as a finish (5).
21. More certain and full of ruse (5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

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